

# LIFE

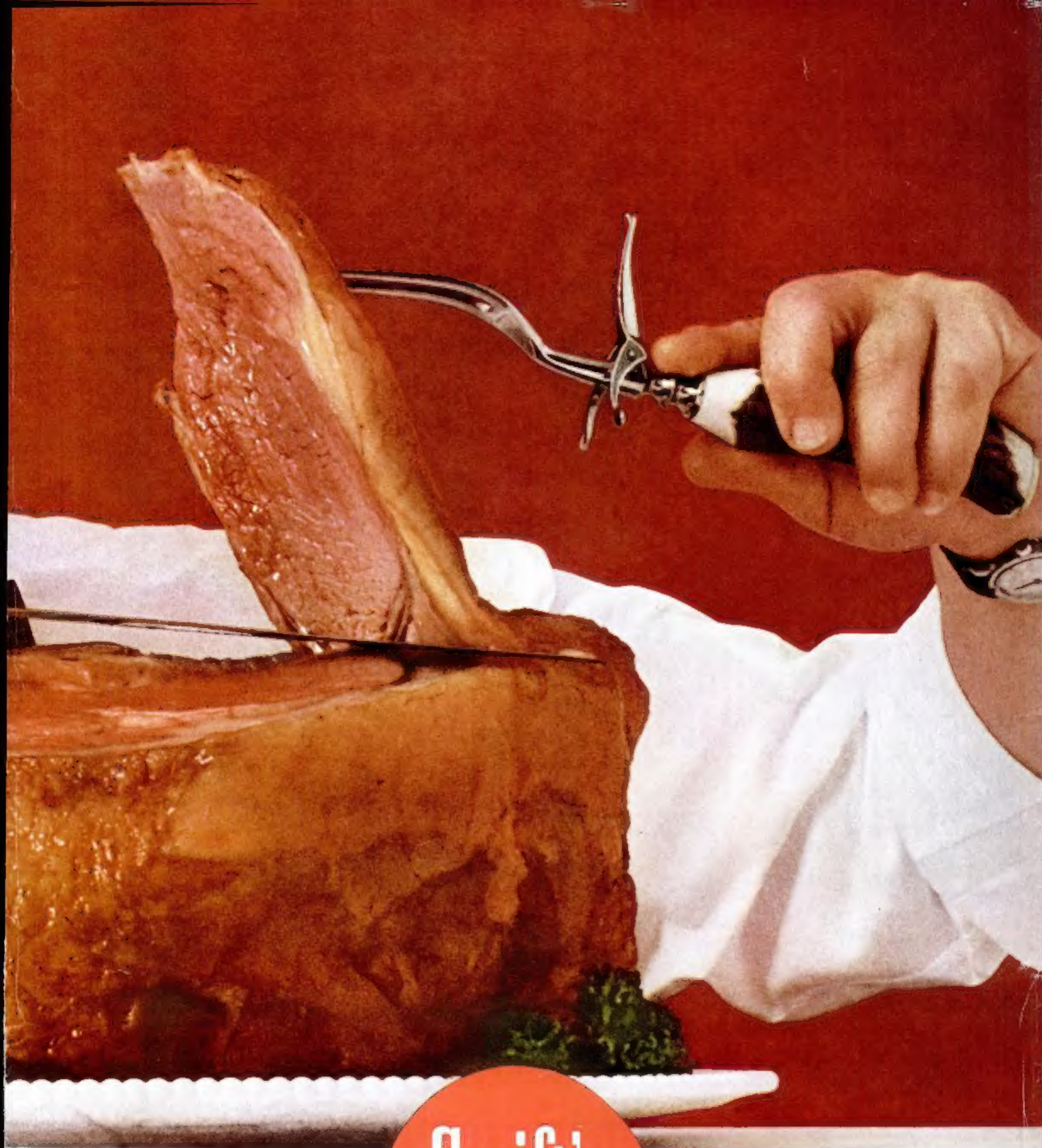
## SPECIAL ISSUE THE GOOD LIFE



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"ingredient" just as important as the complete, high-quality protein fin  
part of the extra value, the extra goodness you always get for your mon





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*Advertisement*

# The Good Life

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expression of The Good Life than  
rare and juicy roast beef labelled...*



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*Don't even turn the page—go at once to your Valiant dealer!*





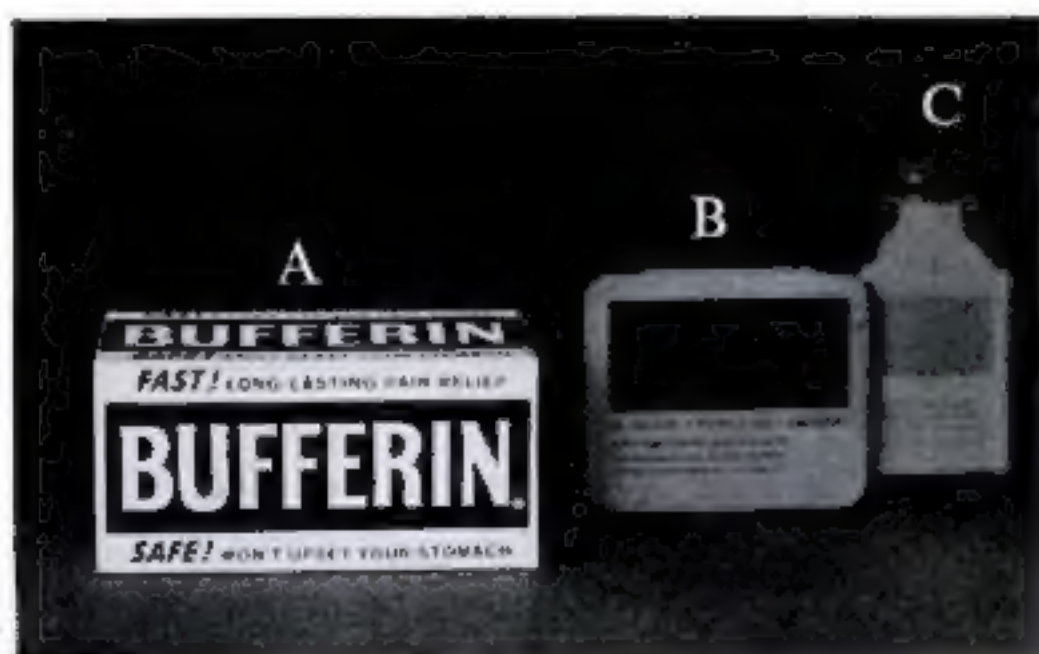
# Why trade your headache



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A SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE ON THE GOOD LIFE

# BEGIN HERE AND HAVE

The Good Life! It's two swimming pools in every backyard, and a jet weekend to Bali. Or is it? Opinions differ. Differing opinions make good horse races and good material for LIFE, week by week. And when a situation affects practically all our readers, a special year-end double issue is called for. So this year's subject is our new-found good life, growing out of our new-found leisure.

On one count there is no real argument. The new leisure is here. For the first time a civilization has reached a point where most people are no longer preoccupied exclusively with providing food and shelter. The shrinking work week now gives us about 75 free, waking hours

as compared with a bare 55 two generations ago. Almost every employe in the land gets a two-day weekend and a vacation. Furthermore, people have the cash to enjoy their time off. But how the new leisure got here and whether it's boon or bane are the questions we take up.

Your Good Life is so much a matter of individual choice that we will merely suggest here that you address yourself to it as LIFE has, by going through the issue from here to the last page. After that, as to what you think about it and what you do about it, you are strictly on your own.

There was a time when only the rich had much leisure

## FROM 1890 to 1975: LEISURE



### THE GAY OLD DAYS

Five artists paint memorable episodes—some rowdy and some classy like the yacht party of J. P. Morgan (left)—of the old days when leisure was a luxury that belonged to

a well-heeled few 12



### WHAT BROUGHT THE CHANGE

Startling color photographs dramatize one important source of America's leisure: the introduction of automated production (left) which brings with it more and cheaper

goods and better jobs 36



### SATURDAY A.M. ON ELM

The big leisure bonus is Saturday morning and LIFE turns six photographers loose in two U.S. Elm Streets to record the important news story of the precious day off

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### EDITORIAL

Leisure can mean a new civilization. By using it, Americans can raise unparalleled standards of excellence 62

### PASSING OF A PRIVATE PLAY YARD

A last stronghold of oldtime elegance is sold 64



### THE CELEBRITIES' LEISURE

From playing French horn to collecting campaign buttons, some well-known Americans like Ralph Bunche (left) set an example by

putting spare time to the use that refreshes 76

### A \$40 BILLION BILL FOR FUN

LIFE Staff Writer Robert Coughlan examines the nation's huge leisure business and finds that everything from worm-raising to water-skiing helps bolster the U.S. economy to the tune of \$40 billion a year 69



### WHAT'S YOUR LEISURE RATING?

Russell Lynes, a witty observer (with an assist by Artist Mike Ramus), charts a new type of class system—from aristocrat to peasant—based on how you spend leisure 85

### DO IT YOURSELF

High labor costs make home handymen think they are having fun and saving money 90



### GREAT U.S. PLAYGROUND

Pure physical fun is a prime outlet for leisure. Name your pleasure and you will find it in the world's busiest arena spectacularly displayed here in a dazzling portfolio of color 96

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### THE COVER

Americans at leisure on LIFE's cover are identified by the key at right. 1 Patrons at Casey's in Limestone, N.Y.; 2 Mrs. Burton Eller in garden of her Denver, Colo. home; 3 Tourist-photographer Gail Gladstone of New York reflecting Big Ben on tour of London; 4 A lifeguard diving into the Fontainebleau pool in Miami Beach; 5 Two members of the square-dancing class on the patio of Western Saddle Club in Phoenix, Ariz.; 6 Jean Mabrey Taylor painting along banks of Mississippi at Vicksburg; 7 Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bayer of Palos Verdes, Calif. heading for Las Vegas on a weekend helicopter hop;

8 Karen Howland, champion amateur figure skater, on Sun Valley, Idaho, outdoor rink; 9 Banker R. Kingston Seibert, Physicist Ashley Carter and Lawyer Ray Hardin playing recorder trio in Short Hills, N.J.; 10 Betsy Boland, 10, of St. Louis ogling a holiday cake; 11 Ralph Jones of New York curling up with a good book; 12 Edward A. Johanson of New York observing stars through homemade telescope; 13 Sol Ebner, thread salesman, sanding a chair in New York's Henry Street Settlement (N.Y.) workshop; 14 Meredith Ogden snoozing in a floating chair in backyard pool at her Atlanta, Ga. home.





# A HAPPY TRIP

# LIFE

Vol. 47, No. 26 Dec. 28, 1959

(aside from unemployment). So the flamboyant way in which they enjoyed their privileges makes a good point of departure. Then came mass production and automation—and suddenly what used to be the small leisured classes became the big leisured masses.

How this has affected us we found out when we descended on two U.S. Elm Streets to see how plain Americans spend Saturday morning. Famous people spend it (pp. 76-82) on anything from steamboats to elephants, and whether or not they—or you—rate as leisure aristocrats or peasants is charted by an armchair sociologist.

In "U.S. Playground" you'll find a spectacular exam-

ple of play and, even if Sloan Wilson (pp. 117-123) finds that we may be playing for all the wrong reasons, we've turned up a couple of million Americans who are spending their spare time, in the summer anyhow, wisely and well.

So we didn't get to that jet weekend in Bali. But we do glimpse the goodies in store for 1975 and remind you of some eternal human needs, solitude and love, that no material blessings can replace. And to show what you may get in the way of tomorrow's good life today, we take you on a different kind of weekend—no traffic fumes, or even roads. Have a nice trip, everybody, and if you want a more detailed roadmap of the issue, see below.

## OF THE CLASSES AND MASSES



### JUST A BIG RAT RACE?

Novelist Sloan Wilson, an expert on social foibles, laments the guilt, fear and discontent that drives many of us to mispend a legacy that we've fought so hard to get 117

### HOW TO PLAY WITH THE KIDS

A St. Louis father shows it can be sensibly enjoyed 125

### FOR ESKIMOS, NO THANKS

Life in Miami is strictly for the Arctic terns 130



### GOOD DEEDS—WITH GRACE

Up to her ears in good works, a Birmingham housewife (left) shows how energy, goodwill and brains can make a city a livelier, kinder and more rewarding place to live 132

### CULTURE IN THE SUMMERTIME

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### THE JOYS OF SOLITUDE

"When you are alone you get down to fundamentals," says Olaus Murie (left), a famous naturalist and 20th Century Thoreau, who finds the quiet wilderness a necessity 148

### LOAFING: TWO POINTS OF VIEW

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### AFTER RETIREMENT, WHAT?

What happens when they've given you the gold watch and the hearty handclasp? A Cincinnati railroad man finds he has to work out a way to enjoy his enforced leisure 161

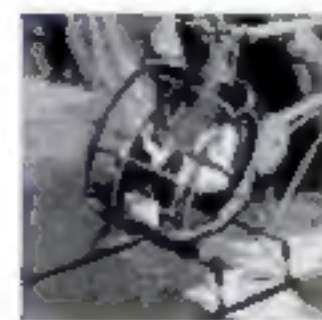
### WHAT'S WITH 1975?

Some experts in planning for the future offer a practical prophecy on what's in store for us—and some others warn us to watch out for pitfalls 168



### LOVE, THE ELIXIR

Whether it's a mother's or a teen-ager's or husband's or wife's, love can be a big beneficiary of our leisure. Six photographers portray in color its special meanings 174



### TOMORROW'S TRIP TODAY

In a tiny whirlybird that gives a hint of how we all may vacation one day, a California couple takes off for the most varied, traffic-free weekend you ever saw 185

OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

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▲ A phone that has push buttons instead of a dial for calling.

▼ A phone with the dial conveniently placed in the handset.



▼ A compact microphone-dial unit for "hands-free" telephoning.



# TOMORROW'S TELEPHONES ?

They're being tested today!

These are models of some new and different telephones that we're testing in the homes of certain of our customers. We want to discover what the customers themselves find most useful and attractive about these phones, and what changes could be made to improve them.

Exciting in themselves, these new telephones are also symbols of many exciting changes going on "behind the scenes" to make the telephone still more useful and convenient. (For example, millions of our customers can now dial their own long distance calls direct.)

Some day you may have one or more of these phones in your home. But even if these experimental models are never put into full production, the research and technical skills that went into them will be used in other ways, to bring you continually improving telephone service.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**







## CHRISTMAS ~ 1959 ~

CHRISTMAS . . . the word itself brings to mind warm and wonderful memories . . . deep and abiding hopes.

In spite of the uneasy tensions of the times in which we are living, the Christmas spirit gives strength to all of us. Its annual rebirth heightens our appreciation of things we hold dear . . . and inspires us anew to hold fast to our way of life and our trust in God.

In this season of good will, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company . . . whose privilege it is to serve so many families throughout the United States and Canada . . . extends its most sincere wishes for all that is good today . . . and tomorrow.

May the warmth of happiness, health and God's blessings be with you at Christmas . . . and throughout the New Year.

THE LIGHT  
THAT  
NEVER FAILS







8. Also: Stairway to the Sea; Let It Rain; Flame of Love; You Are Beautiful; Teacher, Teacher; etc.



4. Also includes: In the Steppes of Central Asia, Polovstian Dances, and A Night on Bald Mountain



2. 19 thrilling selections—Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; Summertime; etc.



1. Also: Whatever Will Be Will Be, Everybody Loves a Lover, Love Me or Leave Me, etc.



7. A recording "paced to emphasize fully the inherent drama... top-notch sound"—Billboard



38. The complete score of this Broadway hit musical. "A hit...another R&B winner"—Newsweek



20. Twelve of Gershwin's greatest hits: But Not for Me, Man I Love, Fascinating Rhythm, etc.



15. "...a warmth and intensity seldom attained on disks...the sound is marvelous"—Billboard



12. A superb performance of this ever-popular concerto. "Dazzling brilliance"—Boston Globe



11. Also: Rice Pulp, Donkey Serenade, Black Beauty, etc. "Unbelievably subtle"—Down Beat



3. You Do Something to Me, When You're Smiling, Five Minutes More, My Blue Heaven, 5 others



43. A new recording of this joyous musical landscape. "Spacious, lyric, noble"—High Fidelity



60. Clair de Lune, The Fire Dance, Gollwog's Cake Walk, Maid with Flaxen Hair, 9 others



21. "Bernstein's performance is full of personal thought and feeling"—San Fran. Exam.



17. Also: Please, Stella by Starlight, Pacific Sunset, Thanks for the Memory, Yesterdays, etc.



5. Ten liting waltzes: Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, Emperor Waltz, etc.



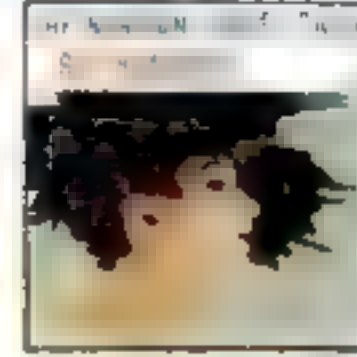
16. An unprecedented best seller. "Hilarious...truly priceless comedy"—L. A. Examiner



20. In the Evening by the Moonlight, For Me and My Gal, Pretty Baby, Sweet Adeline, 12 others



18. Also: 145th Psalm, Holy, Holy, Holy, etc. An extraordinary chorus"—New York Times



4. I Don't Know Why, Don't Worry 'Bout Me, Moonlight, Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, 7 more



39. Red Top, April in Paris, Where or When, Teach Me Tonight, I'll Remember April, 6 more



41. Also songs by Carl Smith, Charlie Walker, Lefty Frizzell, Freddie Hart, Ray Price, etc.



37. When the Saints Go Marching In, Don't It Rain, Walk Over God's Heaven, Jesus, 8 others



27. The complete score of the biggest musical of them all. "...practically flawless"—New Yorker



14. The complete score: The Rain in Spain, You Did It, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.



36. "Wildly exciting La Valse; first-rate Bolero; sunny Nutcracker Suite"—High Fidelity



13. Fourteen tropical tunes filled with "musical excitement that's hard to beat"—Variety



9. Wild Man Blues, I Left My Baby, Fine and Mellow, The Train and The River, Nervous, etc.



40. One Kiss, Desert Song, With You Remember, 9 more. "Charming and enticing"—Variety



56. "...the sound and the playing of the complete score are brilliant"—Washington Post



48. Tico Tico, Besame Mucho, Brazil, 9 more. "A Latin-American grand slam"—New Yorker



10. Miss Stella displays "superb artistry...her voice is warm and velvety"—Musical America



37. Ebb Tide, I Believe, Unchained Melody, If I Loved You, Beware, Forgive This Fool, 6 more



32. I'll Be Seeing You, No Greater Love, Sweet and Lovely, 9 more. "First rate"—Billboard



42. Cold, Cold Heart; Because of You; Sing You Sinners; Stranger in Paradise; 8 others



34. "Beautifully played and recorded...ought to win a large audience"—High Fidelity



51. Just One of Those Things, Stardust, Man I Love, Brazil, April Showers, Blue Room, etc.



35. Also: Just Walking in the Rain; Please, Mr. Sun; Walkin' My Baby Back Home; etc.



62. "The most virtuosic performance and the best sound in the world"—Dallas Morning News



43. Solitude Where I'm When, Tenderly, Dancing in the Dark, Autumn Leaves, plus 4 others



29. "Superb...The Philadelphia Orchestra is the most auspicious of ensembles"—N. Y. Times



32. Also: Lucky Old Sun; Granada; Rosa, Rosa, I Love You; That's My Desire; I Believe; etc.



34. No, Not Much; Istanbul, Standing on the Corner; Moments to Remember; plus 8 others



58. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's fabulous hit, featuring Nelson Eddy as Curly



47. Eight of Bach's loveliest airs—Come Sweet Death, Arioso, Air for G String, etc.



54. One of the great all-time collectors' items. Muskrat Ramble, Heebie Jeebies, plus 10 others



19. The Last Time I Saw Paris, April in Paris, Autumn Leaves, La Vie en Rose, 12 others



24. Entremont plays 7 brilliant compositions with "speed, big tone, a sense of soul"—Time



49. "Hamp" plays 12 solos—all pure gold. My Funny Valentine, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.



42. "Sparkling finger work, wonderfully evocative tone coloring and phrasing"—London Times



28. Also: Come-On-A My House, Beautiful Brown Eyes, Mamba Italiano, Half as Much, etc.



61. "Probably the most exciting performance of this work ever released on records"—Time



44. Twenty-four thrilling marching songs—When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Over There, etc.



33. "Beguiling... infectious spontaneity, weightless effervescence"—American Record Guide



25. Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Jump for Joy, C Jam Blues, Perdido, Flamingo, etc.



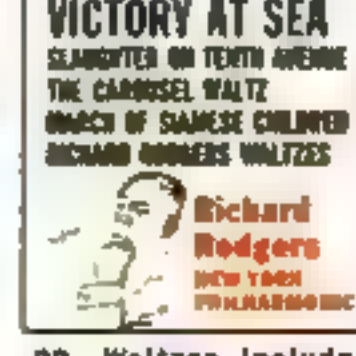
33. A medley of 43 hits by "the finest society dance band in the business"—High Fidelity



55. "Brilliant recording Szell interprets the symphony wonderfully"—Rev. of Recorded Music



46. Among the best recordings made by the Dorseys. "Rich legacy"—Cleveland Plain Dealer



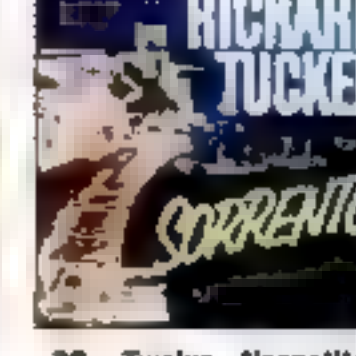
22. Waltzes include: Most Beautiful Girl in the World, Falling in Love with Love, etc.



23. 11 Goodman classics: One O'Clock Jump, King Porter's Stomp, Avalon, Let's Dance, etc.



26. "...the quality of the sound and playing is really extraordinary"—High Fidelity



39. Twelve Neapolitan love songs. "Put this at the top of your shopping list"—High Fidelity



64. Montego Jump Up, Mambora, The Breeze and I, Mamba Manto, Mango Walk, 7 others



31. Handel's most colorful music. "Beautiful...lingering brilliance"—Chicago Sunday Tribune



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be repeated! So act now — mail the postage-free  
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THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET



REX HARRISON AND JULIE ANDREWS  
IN A SCENE FROM "MY FAIR LADY"

JOHNNY MATHIS  
RECORDS HIS GREATEST HITS







**WHEN LEISURE BELONGED TO A WEALTHY FEW**

# ***Gay Old Days of High Living***





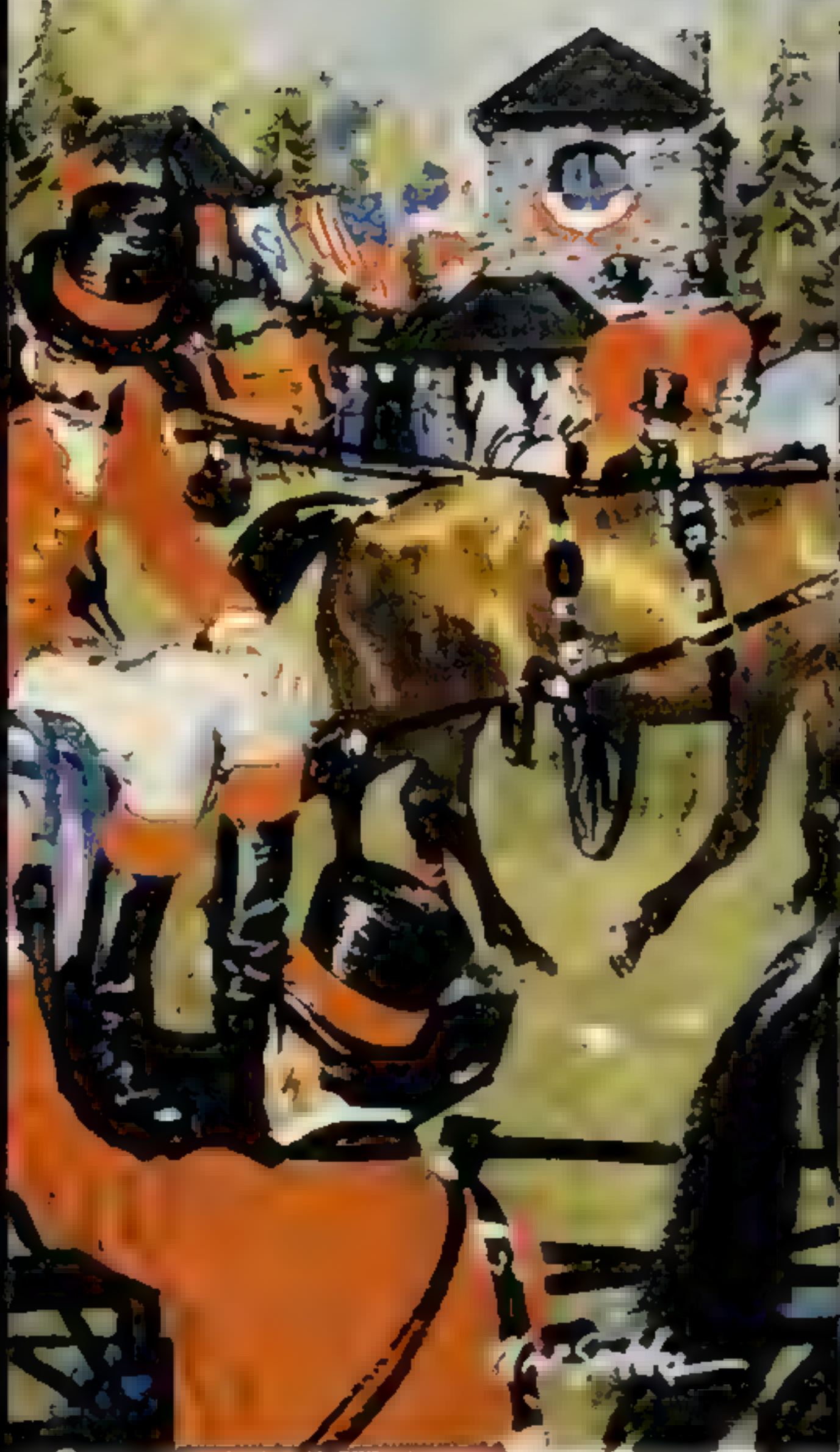
**T**HE flutter of ruffled parasols and Paris hats, the glitter of caparisoned coaches—not too long ago this was the opulence that summed up the very good life which most Americans dreamed of but few achieved. For a few lavish decades at the turn of the century the new American rich, shown here when they turned out in 1886 to open the new Tuxedo Park, gave Old World high living a run for its money. Supported by the rising industrial wealth of the New World, a few hundred families made up the first sizable and recognizable leisure class in America. It was rich and didn't care who knew it.

The exuberant activities of this class, the American counterpart of the extravagant Edwardian era in England, were an outrageous but somehow engaging example of high jinks in settings of awesome luxury. Its notable personages and moments, some of which LIFE shows on this and the following pages in paintings specially done for this

issue, are part of the legendary past. Those were the days of champagne and oysters, after-theater suppers and a man named Berry Wall, who won renown by changing his clothes 10 times in one day. In Boston and New York, and in the resorts of Saratoga, Newport and Bar Harbor, hosts like James Hazen Hyde and hostesses like Mrs. Jack Gardner vied with each other to see who could spend the mostest on a ball. And J. P. Morgan got off his classic reply to a question about the cost of keeping a yacht. "If you have to think about the cost," he said, "you can't afford one."

For all their excesses, this small group of pleasure seekers had the virtues of energy and enthusiasm, and the courage to try anything once. And in that way they set an example for millions of Americans today who, with the wider distribution of wealth, have for the first time the money and the time to enjoy themselves on a large scale.

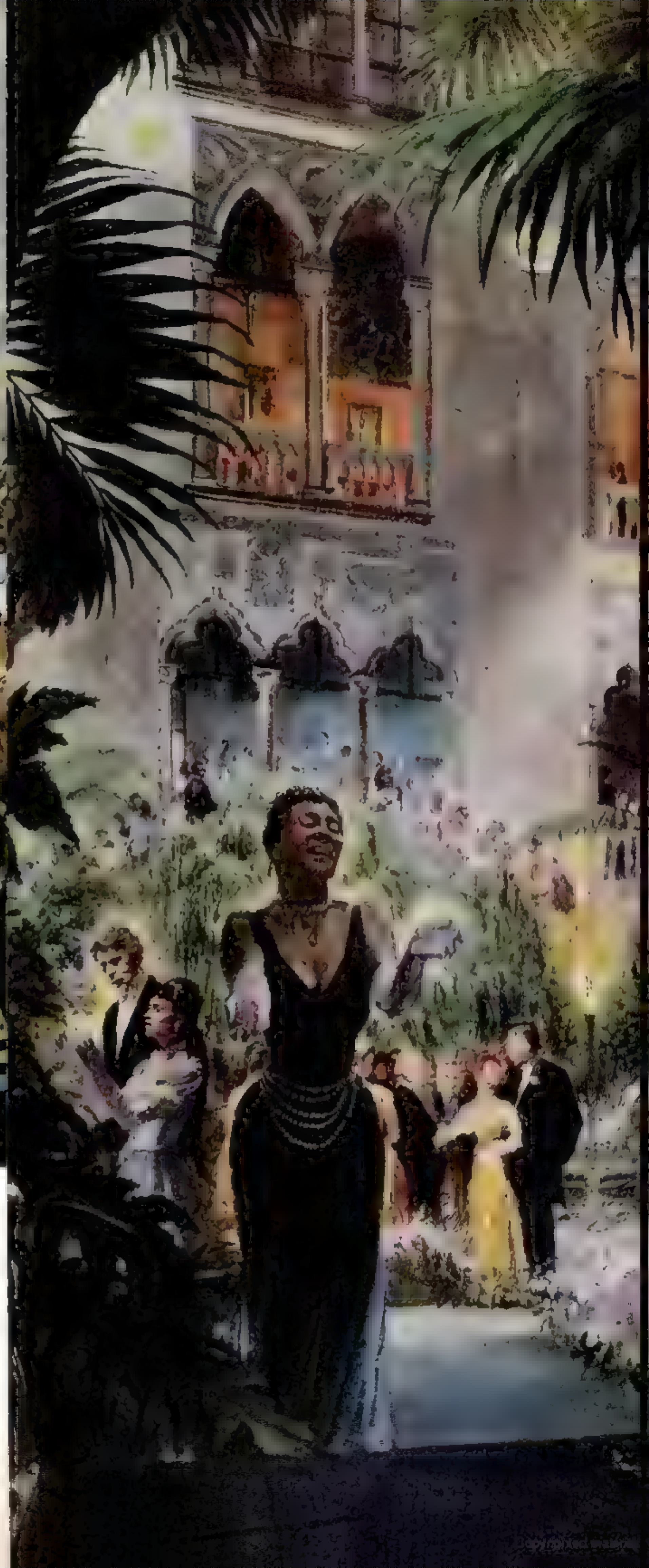




## BIG DAY IN TUXEDO

A hospitable host, tobacco millionaire Pierre Lorillard (*center foreground*) went down to the station to greet his guests on Memorial Day, 1886. He had created a whole new town, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., and had lured special trains (*left*) and coaches (*right*) to get 700 of his friends up from the city and into the park for the opening. Inside after a lunch, they toured stables, swimming pool, grand ballroom and game preserves. The 7,000-acre playpen "for the best people" overnight became a new social resort. Soon Tuxedoites could say, "If you live in Tuxedo one year you will meet everybody you ever heard of."

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## **NEW TOY IN NEWPORT**

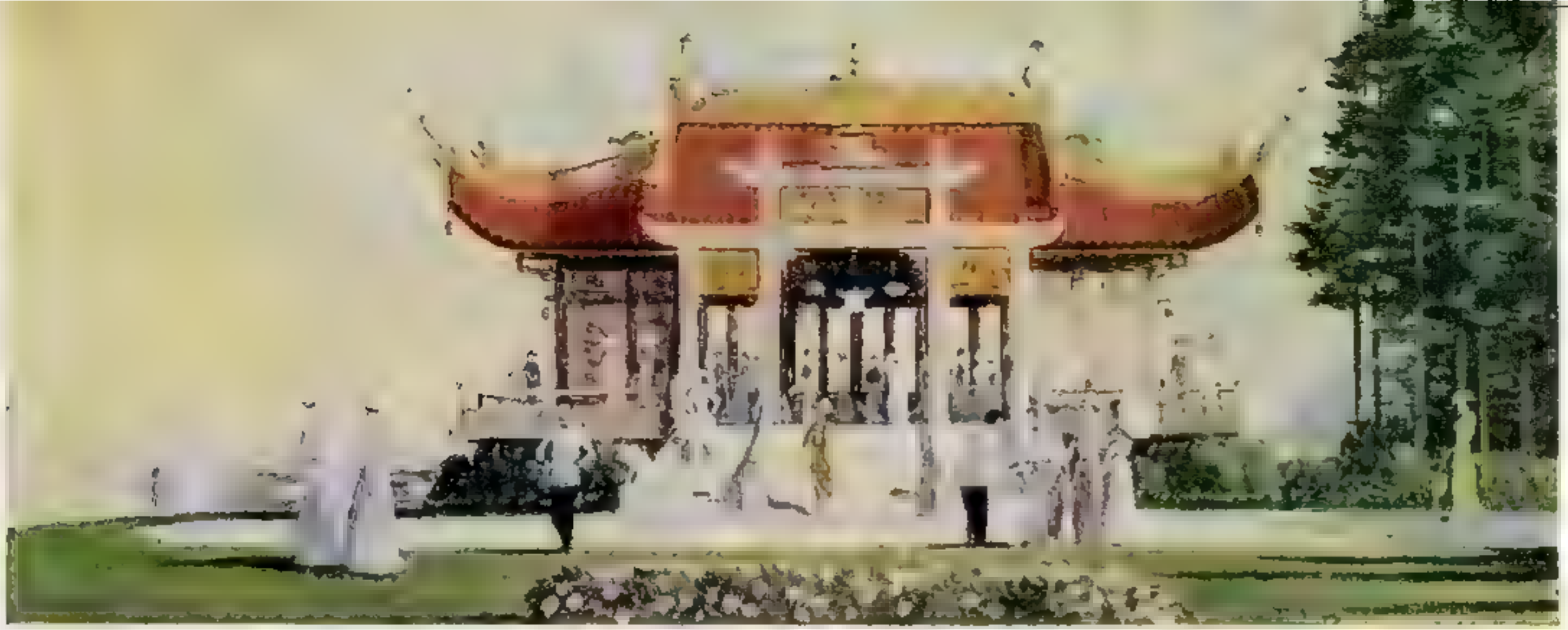
When Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont had a new French automobile shipped to Newport in 1897, the little bugs became the latest toy. It was on Mrs. Belmont's grounds in 1899 that America witnessed its first sports car obstacle race and an accident (*below*). Obstacles, like the dummy nursemaid at right, were stuck around the course. All went well until an auto decked with stuffed doves and piloted by Mrs. "Tessie" Oelrichs threw a wheel. The car did not overturn and neither Tessie nor her passenger was hurt. Shortly thereafter, however, a lady was moved to prophetic comment: "The motor car," she said, "is rapidly dividing America into two classes, the quick and the dead."

## **A GIFT FOR CONSUELO**

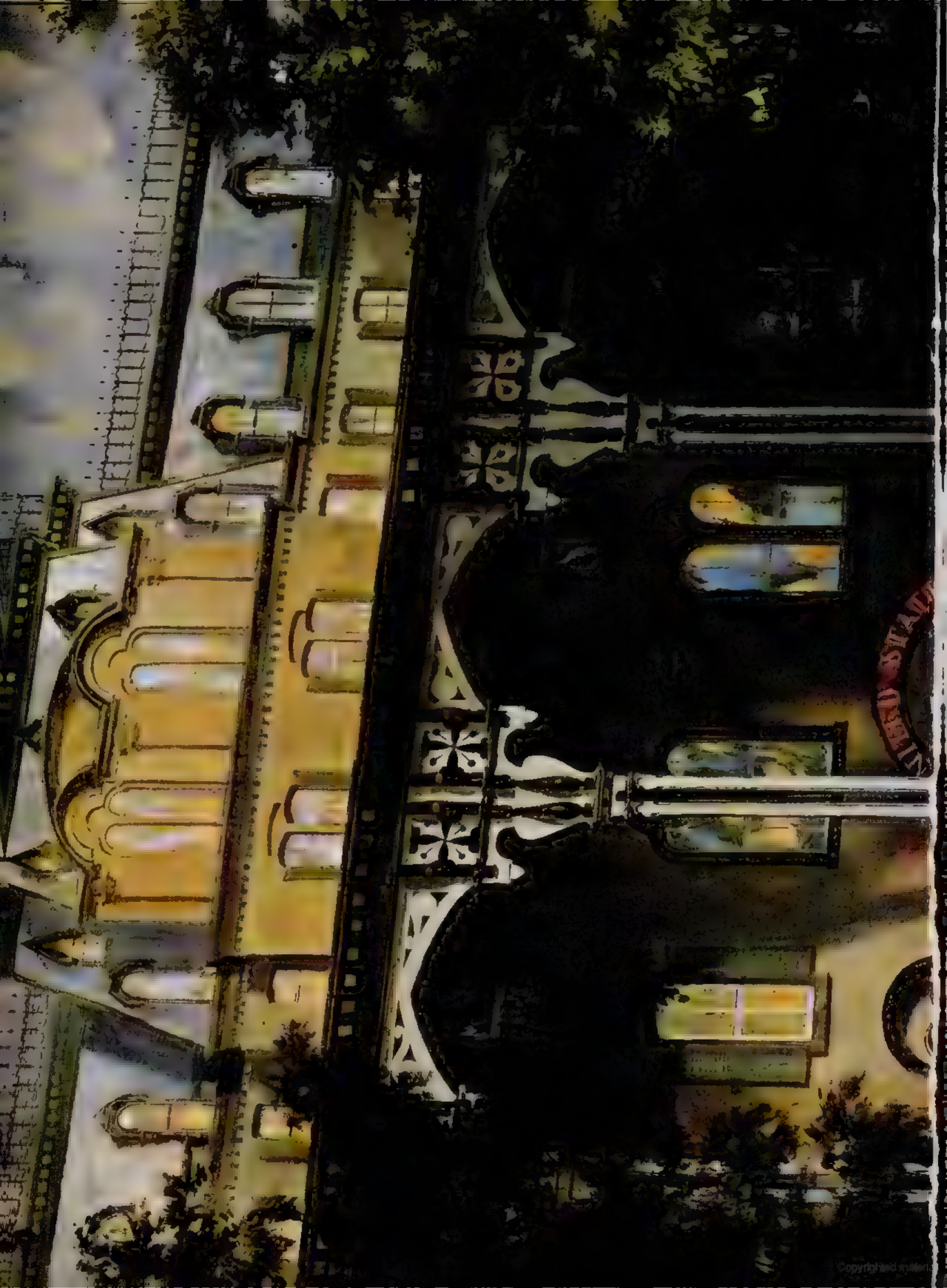
Like many another mother before her, Mrs. Belmont was troubled by her child's broken marriage. Mrs. Belmont had gone to great pains to choose Charles Churchill, the 9th Duke of Marlborough, as a husband for daughter Consuelo but now the girl had separated from him. Casting about for ways to cheer her up, Mrs. Belmont decided to build a Chinese teahouse in Newport and bring Consuelo home from England for a big costume ball to open it. In 1913, for only \$25,000, architects put up an authentic Chinese teahouse (*right*) richly lacquered in Chinese red and gold. Consuelo came for the ball, then returned to England where, years later, she divorced the duke. The teahouse remained, at times was used for summer teas.















## DANDY'S DAY OF TRIUMPH

As some men burn to become President, so a young real-estate millionaire and dandy named E. (for Evander) Berry Wall yearned to be known as "King of the Dudes." The exact moment of his triumphant accession to the title he coveted is shown here. On an August day in 1888, twilight was just falling over Saratoga Springs, N.Y. The guests at the fashionable United States Hotel were about to go in to dinner. Suddenly E. Berry Wall (center) strolled onto the hotel piazza, his cane jauntily held, his mustaches trimmed to a fare-thee-well, his high-winged collar impeccably in place. It was Wall's 40th complete costume change of the day. The band on the veranda (right) struck up *Hail*

*the Conquering Hero Comes* and everybody within hearing knew that Berry Wall was, indeed, the dudes' king. He had announced the day before that he would change clothes 40 times between breakfast and supper and half of Saratoga bet that he could not. Now, at the foot of the steps (left), John L. Sullivan, who had backed Berry, stood raking in the cash. Nobody grudged Berry Wall his triumph, for in those days a gentleman's dress was far from simple. To accomplish his sartorial feat, Wall had to button 40 sets of high spats, link up 40 pairs of cuff links, secure 40 starched shirt collars on 40 studs, and fix two score different stickpins into two score different silk cravats. He had eaten lunch, taken afternoon tea and enjoyed a leisurely stroll down Saratoga's main street in the bargain.





## ***ELEGANCE ON WHEELS***

For New York society, nothing quite matched the Coaching Club's annual May parade through Central Park. The revival of coaching had been brought over from England by Colonel William Jay in 1875. Since it combined love of horseflesh with love of public display, it quickly became the epitome of elegance on wheels. The coaches, known as "Tallyhos," were handmade and the club prescribed an elaborate uniform for gentlemen





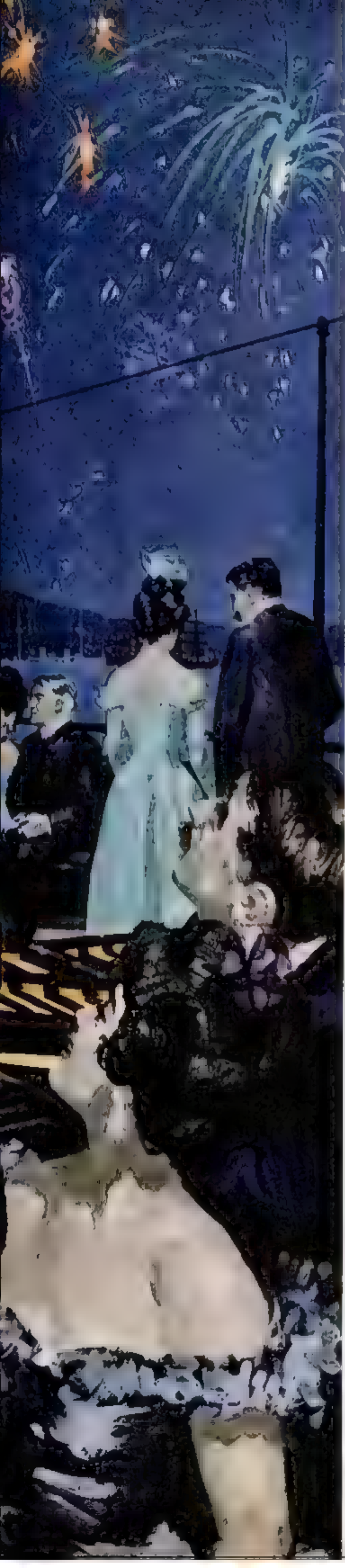
coachers—frock coat, white ascot, high silk hat and buckskin gloves. Describing the parade, a debutante of the time nostalgically recalls “the clatter of hooves as each coach swung past . . . the sunlight gleaming on the brightly polished harness and sleek coats of chestnut, bay or black; the grooms in their smart liveries. . . .” The roll-past of 1890 (*above*) was specially notable. Sitting by the driver in Perry Belmont’s maroon coach was a recent first lady of the U.S., Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

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## **A COURTSHIP ON RAILS**

As their private dining car slid through the winter twilight, its passengers made merry. They were young and pampered and the trip was devoted to a pastime then popular with rich American families—trying to marry a daughter off to a titled European. The family was that of robber baron Jay Gould whose son George is seated at foreground left. The girl was his sister Anna who sits opposite George with an elegant Frenchman, Count Boni de Castellane, who was the catch of the year in 1895. To throw Boni and Anna together, George hired a train and took the pair—with friends and servants—on a trip to Quebec. Boni proposed and the pair lived most unhappily together until she divorced him to marry his cousin.

## **A CELEBRATION AT SEA**

The rockets' white glare and star shells bursting in air over the yachting fleet at Bar Harbor, Maine, on Aug. 10, 1897 illuminated a historic moment for the New York Yacht Club. The club had completed its first long race cruise—from Manhattan to Maine—and banker J. P. Morgan (center) was celebrating on his yacht *Corsair II*. In addition to race-winning Captain William Brokaw (with Morgan), the party, said one chronicler, included "the inevitable pretty girls and Episcopal bishops" Morgan favored as guests. Morgan, who sometimes minced men but never was known to mince words, had strong ideas about boating. "You can do business with anyone," he once said, "but you can only sail with gentlemen."





## FETE THAT LED TO FUSS

The ornate goings-on depicted above were wholly decorous but they occasioned a scandal that rocked one of the most staid financial institutions of the country and impelled the host at the party to flee to France. On Jan. 31, 1905, Sherry's in New York was turned into a replica of Versailles in the days of Louis XVI, with grass and shrubbery on the floor and guests dressed in court costumes. The host, James Hazen Hyde (with beard, center foreground), had brought French Actress Gabrielle Réjane from Paris just for the party. She made a grand entrance in a sedan chair,

was greeted by her host, then joined the others for a rich dinner and dancing. Later she recited Racine for the guests, including Financier Cornelius Vanderbilt III (just to left of Hyde). Next day the ball was widely talked about as a "\$200,000 party." Unhappily, besides being hospitable, Hyde was vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. The policyholders, outraged by the display of wealth, asked for and got an inquiry into "improper practices" by management—the famous Hughes investigation which resulted in new insurance laws. Hyde resigned his job and took off for Paris where at least he was able to enjoy Versailles firsthand.





## SOIREE IN STABLE

"In those days," a lady recalls, "you had to love or pretend you loved horses or he socially damned." Nobody took this more seriously than San Francisco Attorney Francis J. Carolan who on Sept. 28, 1900 gave a party in honor of his new stable. Horses were not invited but some guests came dressed as horses. In the stableyard, they coltishly played a racy game with the ladies driving their hobbyhorsed partners over a flowery steeplechase.

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## **FAMOUS HOST'S PICNIC**

Ward McAllister, social arbiter of Newport, R.I., always gave bring-your-own-food picnics. "Mrs. Astor's chef will garnish a salmon," he would say, or "Wilhe Vanderbilt will send the patty." But McAllister brought so much of everything else—from iced champagne to dance pavilions—that he turned Newport picnics into flossy parties. A typical McAllister picnic was one on Aug. 26, 1882 (*above*), at which McAllister (*center, hand behind back*) is introducing his guest of honor, President Chester A. Arthur, to a Newport belle. Behind them 300 guests—ladies in Paris frocks and gentlemen in white flannels—partook of the rich repast and, as McAllister himself described it, "assumed a spirit of simple enjoyment."

## **WISE LADY'S PROJECT**

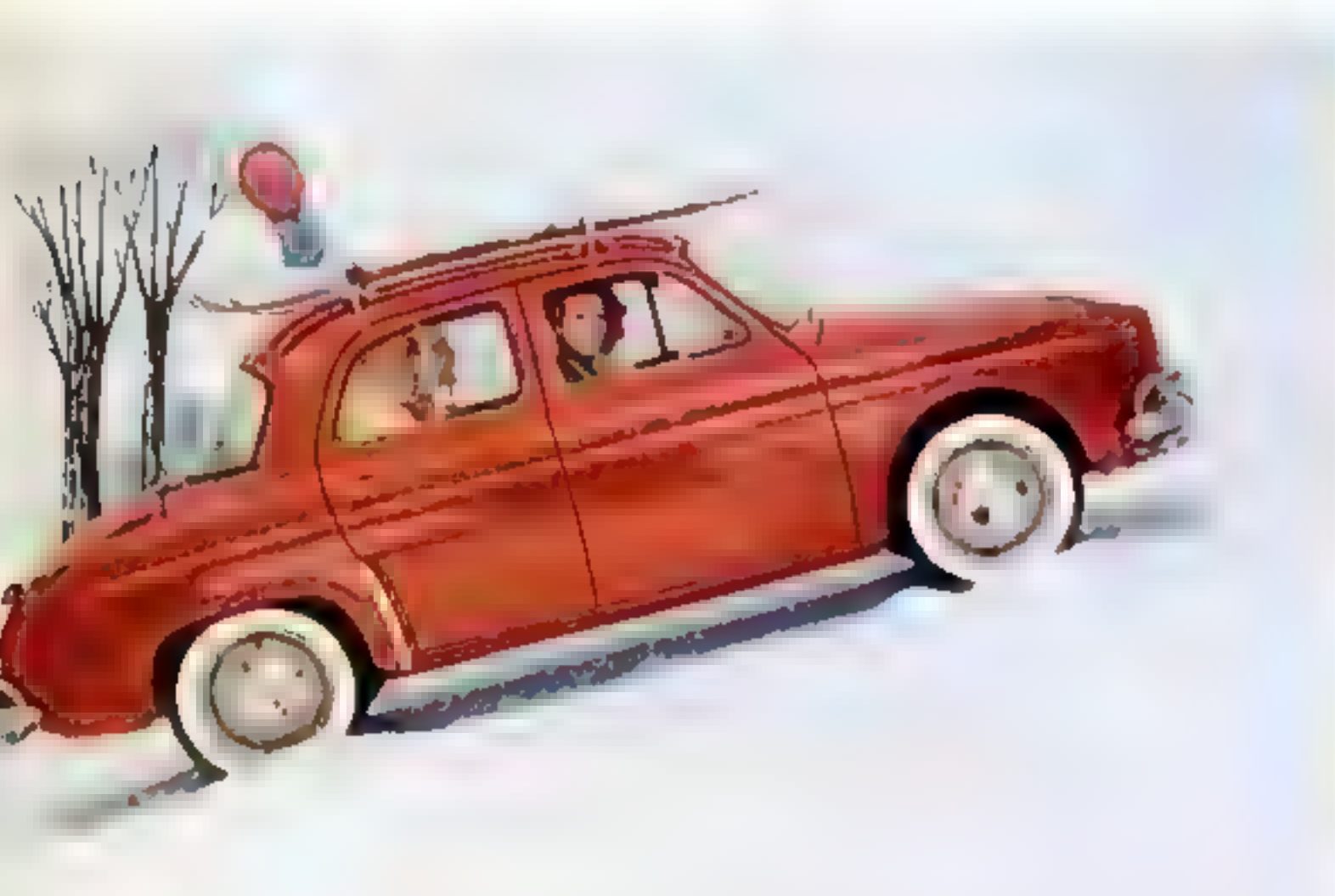
A social innovator of her day was Louise de Koven Bowen of Chicago. Wealthy and well born, Mrs. Bowen in 1912 invented a new kind of country club. Instead of being a rich estate for the rich, the Bowen Country Club camp (*right*) was a rich estate for the poor. On visits to the grounds outside Waukegan, Ill., Mrs. Bowen was usually surrounded by slum children from Chicago. At the camp the children learned to play tennis, tried out the swimming pool or just roamed the 72-acre estate. As a Lady Bountiful, Mrs. Bowen was ahead of her time. But her kind of social conscience eventually caught on among America's rich, and great philanthropies came from the same fortunes which financed the pleasures of the gay old days.







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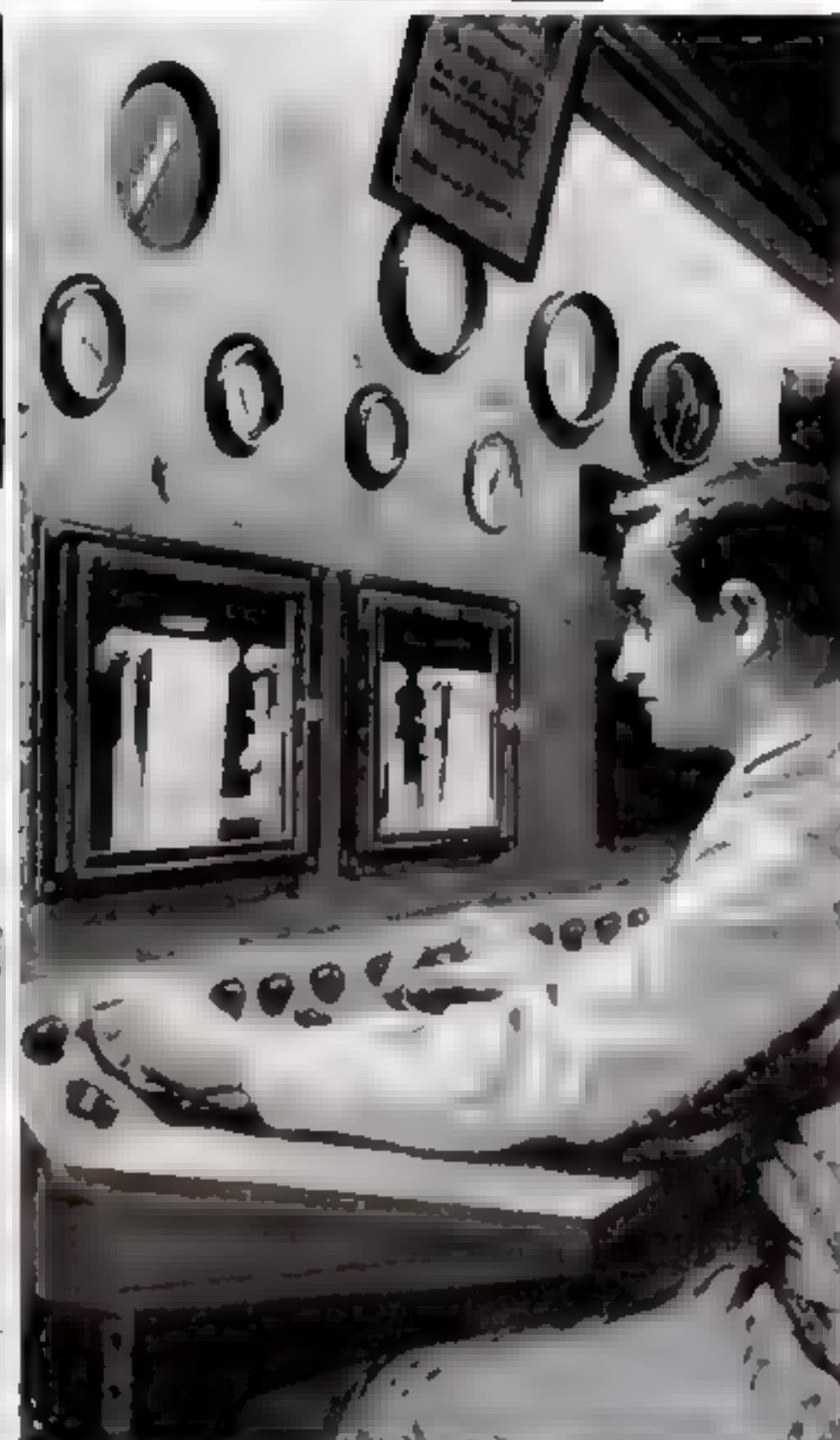
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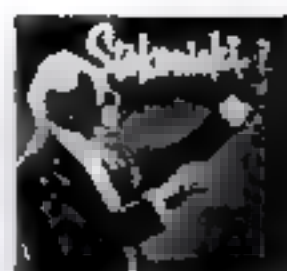
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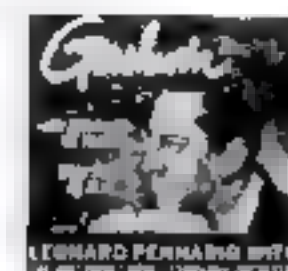




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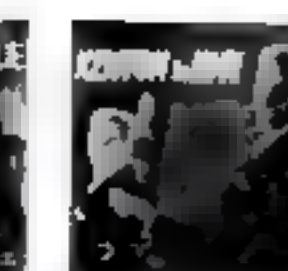
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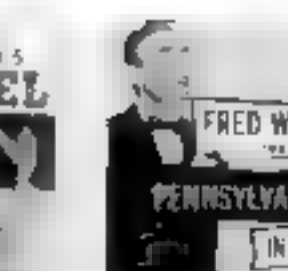
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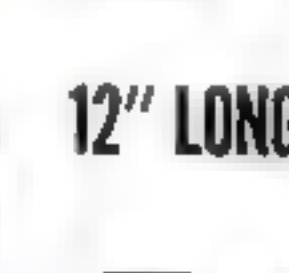
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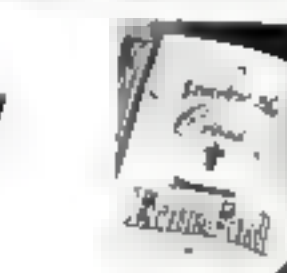
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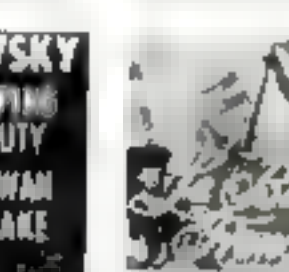
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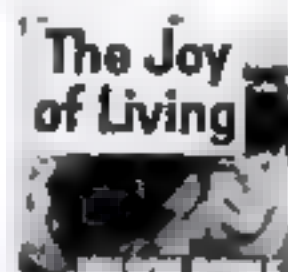
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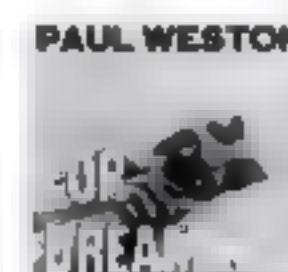
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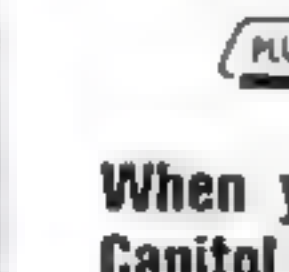
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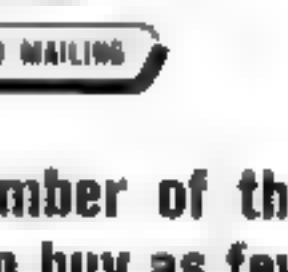
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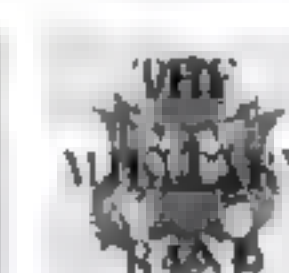
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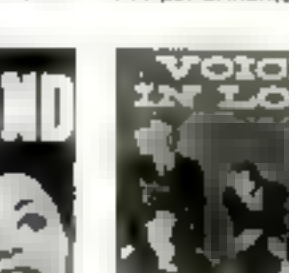
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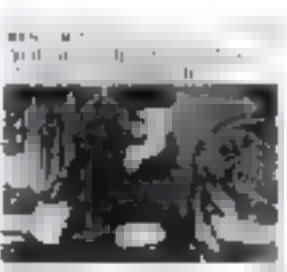
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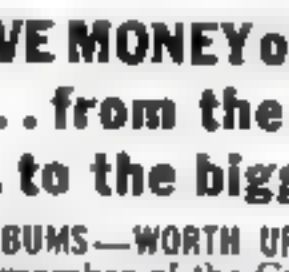
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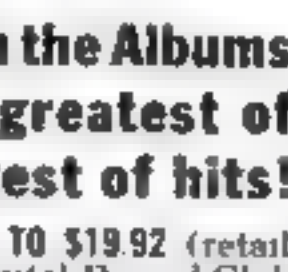
**100 GUY LOMBARDO** and the Royal Canadians play forty raring Berlin hits. Say It Isn't So, Be Careful, It's My Heart, many other favorites. \$3.98



**119 KEELY SMITH** Keely's smoky sound and special "twinkle" enhance these 12 tender tunes. I've Got a Crush on You, All the Way, 11 other favorites. \$3.98



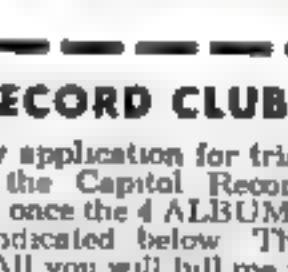
**116 FELIX SLATKIN** Slatkin conducts America's favorite band music. The Stars and Stripes Forever, Anchors Aweigh, 11 other favorites. \$4.98



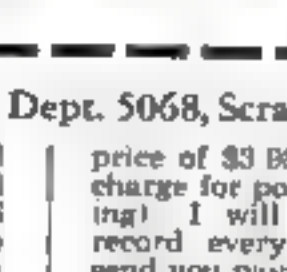
**100 CONCERTO RUSTIC** William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony play eight of Tchaikovsky's beautiful songs. The Seasons, 8 others. \$4.98



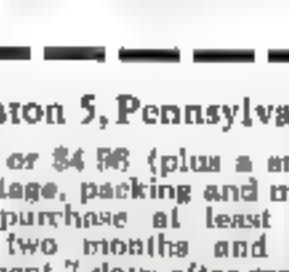
**136 STRALIGHT WALTZES** The music of Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, others, played by Felix Starlin and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. \$4.98



**114 DAKOTA STATON** Joan's newest hit-recording in another thrilling album. Hear Too Close for Comfort, Say It Ain't So, Joe, many more. \$3.98



**137 JUDY GARLAND** Hear the songs that made Judy famous. Over the Rainbow, For Me and My Gal, The Trolley Song, ten other favorites. \$3.98



**132 FOUR FRESHMEN** An even dozen love songs in the exciting "Freshmen" style. In the Still of the Night, It Could Happen to You, others. \$3.98



**144 DEAN MARTIN** Dean sings and Frank Sinatra conducts the orchestra in their ghastly, danceable best. They play Dancing Queen, The Waver, Intermezzo, others. \$3.98



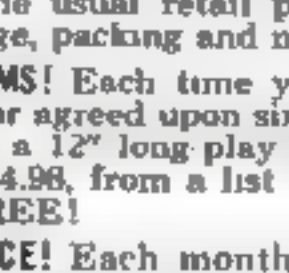
**123 JOE BUSKIN** He weaves the magic spell of night in these piano and orchestra arrangements. The Party's Over, Two Sleepy People, etc. \$3.98



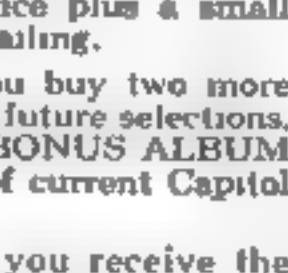
**100 BILLY MAY** The irresistible Billy and his exciting jazz inventions for jazz brass. Hear Joant Joants, Sahara of the Sables, etc. \$3.98



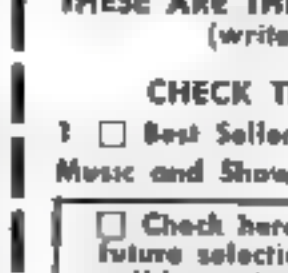
**119 KEELY SMITH** Keely's smoky sound and special "twinkle" enhance these 12 tender tunes. I've Got a Crush on You, All the Way, 11 other favorites. \$3.98



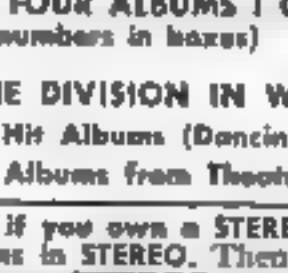
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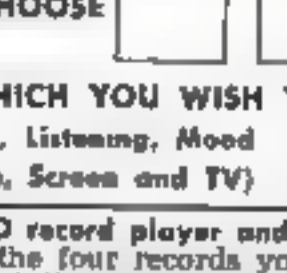
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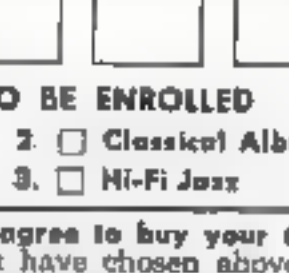
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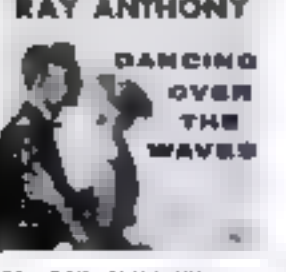
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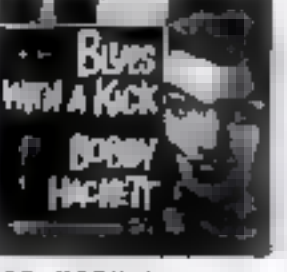
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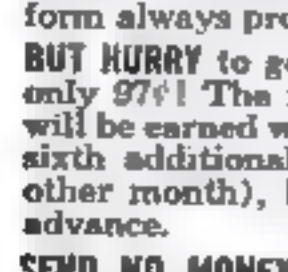
**130 RAY ANTHONY** Ray and the orchestra in their ghastly, danceable best. They play Dancing Queen, The Waver, Intermezzo, others. \$3.98



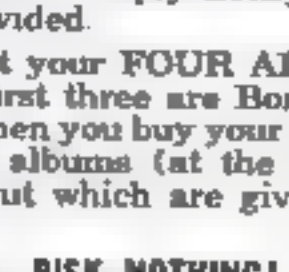
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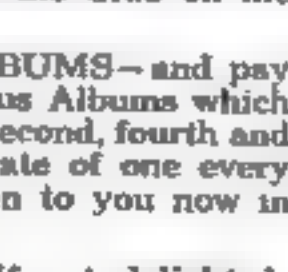
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## HOW TO SAVE MONEY on the Albums

**you want... from the greatest of classics... to the biggest of hits!**

**YOU GET FOUR ALBUMS—WORTH UP TO \$19.92 (retail value) as a trial member of the Capitol Record Club and pay only 97¢!** As a member you agree to buy six additional records during the next 12 months from over 200 to be offered! Then you may resign, or retain membership by buying only 3 albums annually with full bonus credit. For the records you buy, you pay only the usual retail price plus a small charge for postage, packing and mailing.

**MORE FREE ALBUMS!** Each time you buy two more records after your agreed upon six future selections, you may choose a 12" long play BONUS ALBUM worth \$3.98 or \$4.98, from a list of current Capitol best sellers...FREE!

**UNLIMITED CHOICE!** Each month you receive the Record Club Review, describing the month's selections. If you want the selection in the division you joined (Classical...Best-Seller Hits and Show Music...or Hi-Fi Jazz), do nothing; it will come automatically. If you wish any of the other selections—or no record that month—simply notify the Club on the form always provided.

**BUT HURRY!** to get your FOUR ALBUMS—and pay only 97¢! The first three are Bonus Albums which will be sent when you buy your second, fourth and sixth additional albums (at the rate of one every other month), but which are given to you now in advance.

**SEND NO MONEY—RISK NOTHING!** If not delighted, return the four albums within 7 days and your membership and all charges will be cancelled without further obligation. Mail coupon to: Capitol Record Club, Dept. 5068, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania.

**CAPITOL RECORD CLUB** Dept. 5068, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania

Please accept my application for trial membership in the Capitol Record Club. Send me at once the 4 ALBUMS which I have indicated below. The first 3 are Free. All you will bill me is 97¢ plus a small charge for postage, packing and mailing.

During the next 12 months I agree to buy 6 additional records from about 200 to be offered, at the usual retail price of \$3.98 or \$4.98 (plus a small charge for postage, packing and mailing). I will purchase at least one record every two months and will send you payment 7 days after receipt of each record. I may cancel my membership after buying 6 additional records. Or, if I then remain a member I will select a FREE BONUS album each time I purchase two records.

**THESE ARE THE FOUR ALBUMS I CHOOSE** (write numbers in boxes) ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

**CHECK THE DIVISION IN WHICH YOU WISH TO BE ENROLLED**

1 ☐ Best-Seller Hits Albums (Dancing, Listening, Mood Music and Show Albums from Theatre, Screen and TV) 2 ☐ Classical Albums 3 ☐ Hi-Fi Jazz

☐ Check here if you own a STEREO record player and agree to buy your 6 future selections in STEREO. Then the four records you have chosen above will be sent you in STEREO with a bill for only \$1.00 more (\$1.97). Future selections and FREE Bonus Albums will be STEREO Albums which usually retail for \$1.00 more than monaural. NOTE



# WIN

# this \$10,000



## ★ GRAND PRIZE ★

This 1960 air conditioned Ford Thunderbird ★ Glasspar Seafair Cruiser with de luxe accessories  
★ Twin 40 hp electric-starting Scott motors ★ Gator trailer ★ Total \$10,000 value

## ★ 2ND PRIZE ★

Choice of any of the glamorous boat-and-motor combinations shown in Scott's  
1960 outboard motor catalog — available free at your Scott dealer's

# Just name amazing new **SCOTT** 7.5 hp fishing motor ONLY 30" HIGH, UNDER 40 LBS., 100% WEEDLESS!

Imagine a 1960 air conditioned Thunderbird rolling into your driveway trailing this Glasspar Seafair Cruiser, laden with extras, powered by twin 40 hp electric-starting Scotts. And *all yours* from front bumper to propeller tips, a \$10,000 cruising team ready for fun on land or water!

You can win it all in the year's easiest contest! Just name the revolutionary new Scott fishing

motor that's 7.5 hp husky, yet only 30" high, weighing under 40 lbs., 100% weedless

Second prize is exciting, too — your choice of *any* of the glamorous boat-and-motor combinations all pictured in full color in Scott's free 1960 outboard motor catalog.

With 300 other prizes, you've 302 chances to win, so get your entry blank and rules at your

Scott outboard dealer's. You'll find his ad in your newspaper's Classified Pages, announcing his preview of new 1960 Scotts.

And get his free catalog, "1960 Scott Guide on Picking the Right Outboard Motor." Colorful, interesting, it's packed with the facts you need to help you think up a prize-winning name for the new 7.5 hp fishing Scott!



For fishing, this Scott's got it! Baby in size, brute in build, OBC-certified 7.5 hp at 4,500 rpm. Ten inches shorter than average of other motors in its class. Its sleekly rounded hood peeks only 7½" above the transom, reduces fouling of fishlines.



100% weedless power! This Scott's got it! New 7.5 hp Scott laughs at lily pads, whirs through wild rice, cuts weeds like a lawnmower. See it at your dealer's and see why the radically new design of propeller and lower unit.



[illegible]

☆ **Free contact! 800 other values** ☆

**Easy contest: see other prizes**

☆ **F THIRD**      **F FOURTH**      **F FIFTH**      **F SIXTH**      **F SEVENTH**      **F EIGHTH** ☆

☆	60 hp	40 hp	25 hp	12 hp	7.5 hp	3.6 hp	☆
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☆ **F THIRD**      **F FOURTH**      **F FIFTH**      **F SIXTH**      **F SEVENTH**      **F EIGHTH** ☆

☆	60 hp	40 hp	25 hp	12 hp	7.5 hp	3.6 hp	☆
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☆ **F THIRD**      **F FOURTH**      **F FIFTH**      **F SIXTH**      **F SEVENTH**      **F EIGHTH** ☆

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☆ **F THIRD**      **F FOURTH**      **F FIFTH**      **F SIXTH**      **F SEVENTH**      **F EIGHTH** ☆

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☆	60 hp	40 hp	25 hp	12 hp	7.5 hp	3.6 hp	☆
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**270 GIFT CERTIFICATES      BRING-A-FRIEND BONUS PRIZE!      DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**

**WORTH \$10 EACH** Bring up to 4 friends with you when you get If you buy a 1960 Scott between Dec. 22, 1959, and Feb. 25, 1960, and receive one of the two 75

**270 GIFT CERTIFICATES      BRING-A-FRIEND BONUS PRIZE!      DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**

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**See all these new 1960 Scotts! You'll agree SCOTT'S GOT IT!**

[illegible]

**YOU WIN:** Pack." Or dozens of names far better than those! You'll see that only engineers who are rabid

But nothing beats seeing the new 7.5 hp Scott

yourself. So look up your Scott outboard dealer's *signed this outboard.* They even surveyed thou-

ut a name address in your newspaper's Classified Pages, sands of outdoorsmen to see what *other* experts

where he's announcing his preview of new 1960 Scotts, including this new, different motor are

bermen  
Scotts—including this new, different motor created especially for fishermen  
may be that suggests still other names such as —  
perhaps — “Expert’s Choice”

See them all, and the new 7.5 Scott for sure! So get your entry blank and rules at your Scott

Heft it. See how little space it'll take in car or dealer's and enter this contest. It's open only to

**station wagon. Note the big motor features such**



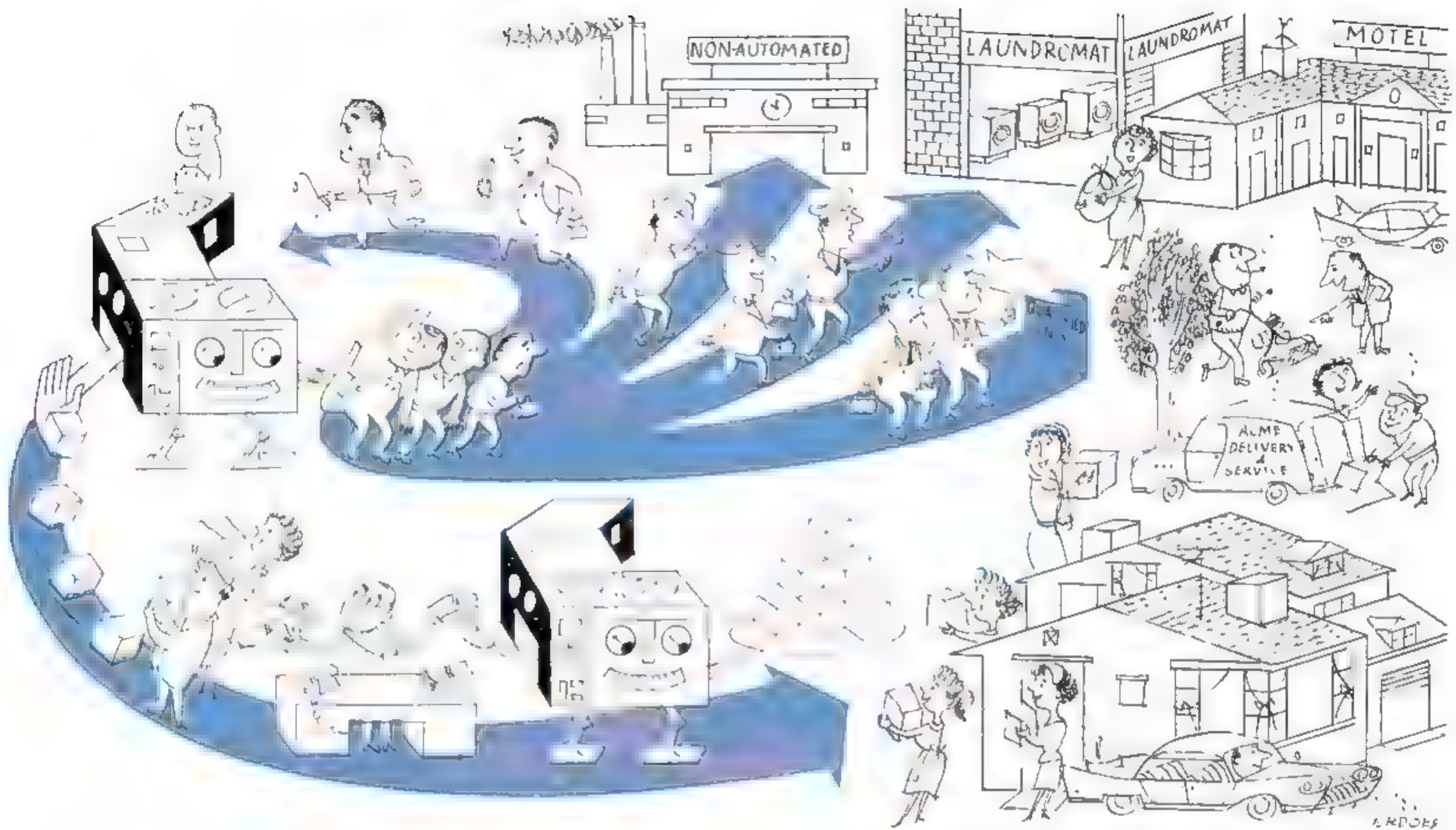
all-new, brand-new hitting. Study Scott exclusives such as Bail-a-matic. Have your Scott dealer explain the unique

g angling, such as

ess, such as "Light-



# CAUSE OF BREAKTHROUGH TOWARD LIFE OF PLENTY



**IMPACT OF AUTOMATION** begins when automated machine (*upper left*) produces goods quicker and cheaper, which are bought by more people and enrich the manufacturer. Manufacturer invests in still more automation, producing even more goods for material abundance and

producing more leisure (*upper right*). But automation also displaces workers (*left, center*). Some of them get new jobs operating and servicing the new machine. Some switch to non-automated industries. Others enter service industries like Laundromats. A few remain unemployed.

## Automation brings more and cheaper goods, lessens boredom on job

An enormous upheaval was needed to take leisure and the good life from the exclusive grasp of the high-living wealthy few shown on the preceding pages and place it within the reach of everybody on Elm St., U.S.A. (p. 53). The upheaval came originally when several powerful forces worked in unison: an expanding economy, mass production, enlightened capitalism and strong labor unions. Today the change-over is being dramatically hastened by a powerful new force called automation. It produces even more leisure, more and better goods. It dignifies labor by wiping out drudgery. And it increases the nation's wealth. Automation, says one of its pioneers, is a "breakthrough as revolutionary as Henry Ford's assembly line."

Automated machines are devices which largely run themselves without a human's guiding hand and correct their own errors with automatic controls. Most automated machines work with a speed and accuracy that fallible humans cannot begin to match. A Visual Record Computer (*opposite page*) can do in a minute what would take a single clerk an hour to accomplish, assuming she did not make a single slip.

Only 25% of U.S. industry is suited for automation, and even there it did not take hold until after World War II. But in the last 10 years it has spread so rapidly that next year alone more than \$7 billion will be invested in automated machinery. The new equipment is expensive.

But the high price is more than balanced by the gain in production and efficiency. Forty-five years ago the Cincinnati Milling Machine Company used 162 machines to make cylinder head parts at a cost of 40¢ apiece. Today a single automated machine turns them out at 4¢ apiece.

For U.S. consumers automation has loosened a fresh windfall of inexpensive goods, many entirely new, to bring more comfort and enjoyment into daily life. It has also posed some perplexing questions about employment. What happens, labor unions have wanted to know, to the millions who might be put out of work by the new machines? By and large automation has not hurt labor (*drawing above*). The task of operating and servicing automated machinery creates more than 100,000 new and better paid jobs every year. Many displaced workers find jobs in the host of service trades which automation has spawned in its wake. And although there are some who lack either the will or the opportunity to retrain themselves for better jobs, experts believe that the rapidly expanding economy will manage to absorb them.

But automation's greatest boon will be what Mathematician Norbert Wiener calls "the human use of human beings." As the new automated machines continue their rapid invasion of offices and factories, thousands will be freed from boring, monotonous jobs to take on more creative and satisfying work, the indispensable condition for a better life.





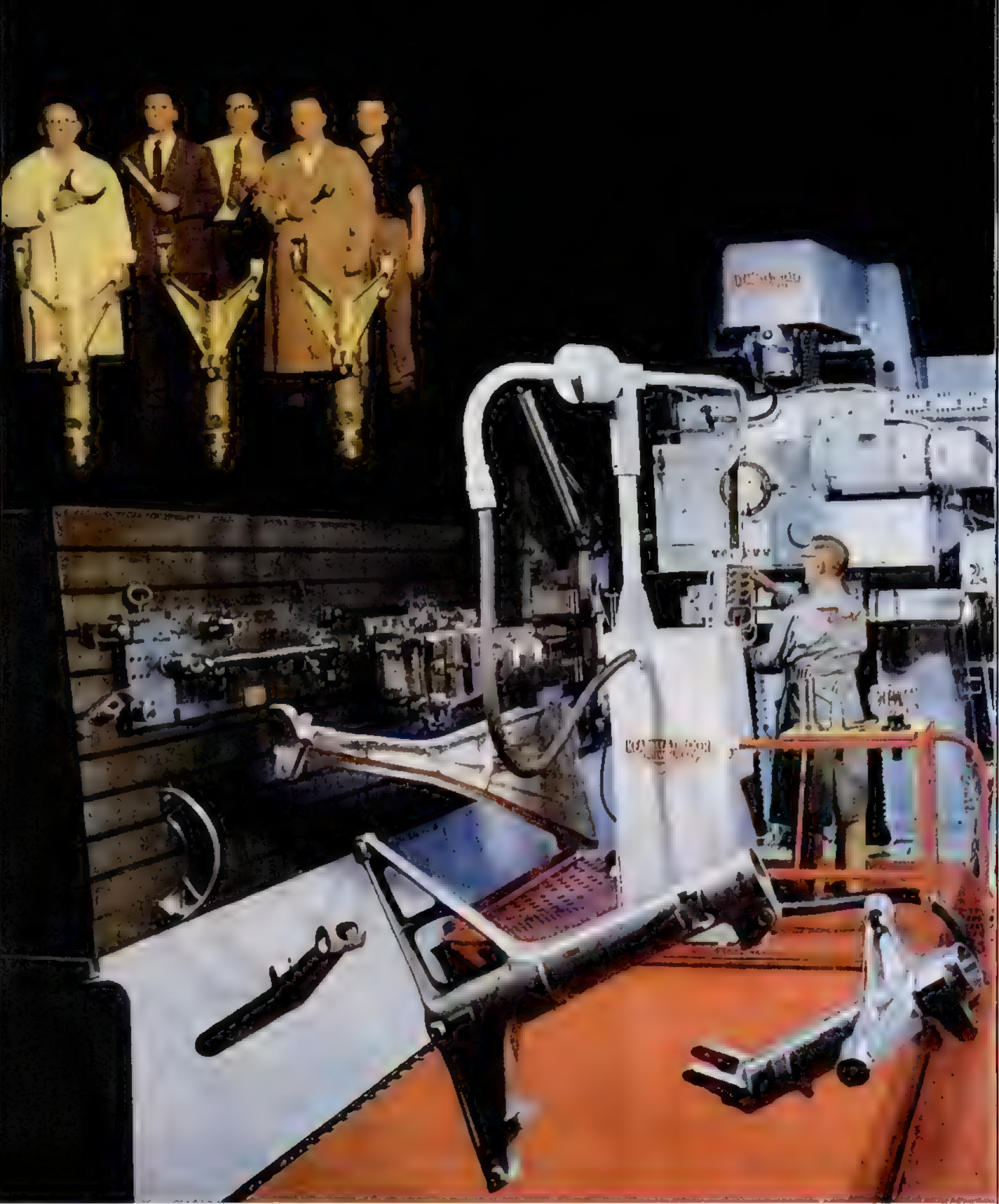
## A RELIEF FROM DRUDGERY IN BANKS

The \$217,400 Visual Record Computer, shown in bottom half of double exposure picture, does work of 31 bank clerks, shown at top of picture. Made by the Burroughs Corporation and handled by single operator at console, VRC automatically reads, sorts, records 15,000 checks a day—about the

number drawn on a middle-sized bank. It also performs many other mechanical banking tasks, releasing clerks for less routine jobs. Besides the console, the 2½ ton machine consists of an automatic check sorter (*rear*), a machine for printing ledgers and statements (*left*) and an electronic computer (*right*).

CONTINUED

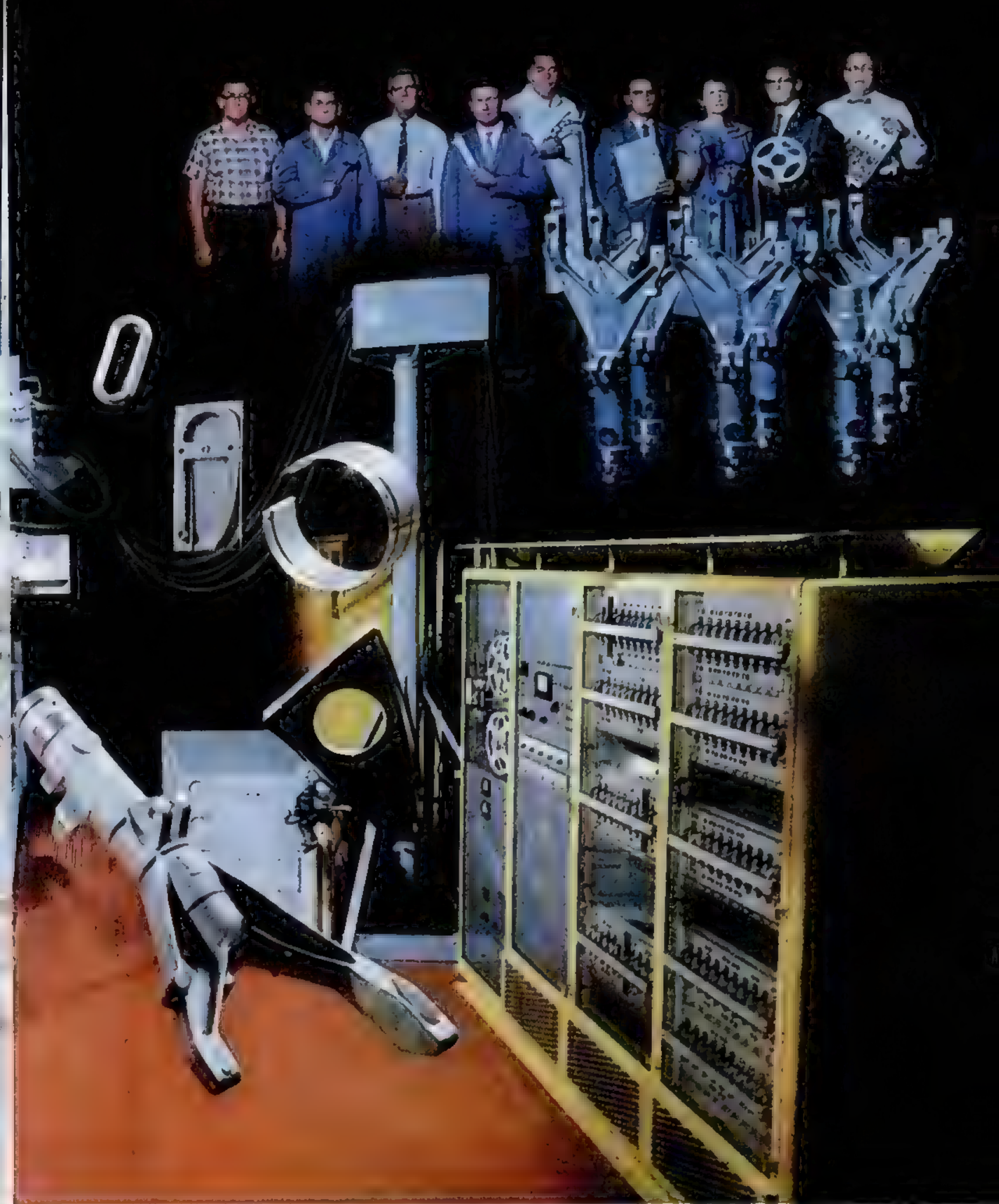




## MILLING MACHINE WITH A MIND OF ITS OWN

Marvel of automated manufacturing is a huge milling machine at Bendix Aviation Corp. plant in South Bend, Ind. which automatically drills, mills and machines aluminum forgings into aircraft landing gears (shown in a cluster, top right). It is told what to do by a Bendix numerical control system (right)





which feeds machine taped instructions. With conventional machinery five men (*top left*)—toolmaker, product designer, tool designer, set-up man and machine operator—produced four units a day. The machine requires nine men and produces twelve units a day, sharply increasing output per man. It

also creates new kinds of highly paid jobs (*top right*). Besides the original five (first five from left), there are four specialists who program computer. By changing the tapes the machine will produce an infinite number of shapes and products. Some are shown suspended across foreground in this picture.

CONTINUED





### ASSEMBLY LINE FOR LOWER-PRICED TV

Under yellow light, to protect light-sensitive chemicals, color television tube faces come off RCA production line in Lancaster, Pa. Until production line, world's first, went into operation, tubes' phosphorous compounds were applied by hand in slow laboratory steps, shown in background scene. At Lancaster,

823 tube faces are produced every day by two operators on a 185-foot production line. The chemicals are dried over a set of infrared lamps (*left center*) and treated over ultraviolet light (*left*). One result of assembly line production: prices of RCA color TV sets have dropped an average of \$500.



## Divide and conquer your space problem with walls of Weldwood paneling



As unique as the tree that grew the wood, Weldwood hardwood paneling is made of only the finest woods. Its natural beauty comes to you preserved and protected by Weldwood's exclusive 18-step finish. You can actually feel the difference.



Weldwood's prefinished walnut V-Plank is grooved to give a random plank effect. Room designed by Jeremiah Goodman, A.I.D.

The Weldwood paneled divider wall in the Bennetts' living room does much more than just separate the dining area. It provides the restful corner you see here. And the striking treatment of horizontal and vertical "planking" creates an illusion of spaciousness.

This is just one of the ways Weldwood paneling can give your home exciting new warmth and individuality. Unlike wall coverings which imitate wood, Weldwood paneling offers you grain patterns in an infinite variety—with beauty impossible to find in printed "wood-grain" imitations.

It's a permanent pleasure to live with, too. Weldwood paneling grows more beautiful,

year after year. Yet the prefinished walnut paneling shown above costs only about \$75.00 for a full 12-by-8-foot wall.

You can choose from more than 70 types of Weldwood paneling. See them at your Weldwood lumber dealer's or any of our 123 branch showrooms in the United States and Canada. Be sure you get Weldwood paneling. It's made only by United States Plywood and guaranteed for the life of your home.

**WELDWOOD**  
REAL WOOD PANELING

SEND FOR NEW FULL-COLOR BOOKLET

**United States Plywood**  
Box 61, New York 46, N. Y. 11228-59

Please send me the names of nearby Weldwood dealers. Also send the new color booklet, "Weldwood Prefinished Paneling for Fine Interiors" showing a variety of woods, installation instructions, photographs. Enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



A vintage Buick '60 sedan is parked on a tree-lined street. The car is a light blue or silver color. In the background, several people are walking on the sidewalk, and the street is lined with large, mature trees. The scene is captured in a slightly desaturated, artistic style.

# THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR. AND NO NEW CAR LIKE THE '60 BUICK LESABRE FOUR DOOR HARTOP.

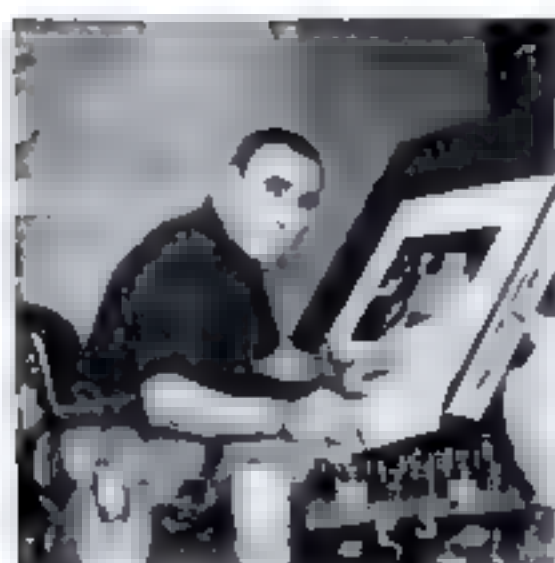
BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

BUICK'S ALL-TIME BEST—sturdy, trim, capable, quieter running, with the feel of utter reliability. TURBINE DRIVE—smoothest automatic transmission\* yet devised. No lag, no lurch because in "Drive" no gears ever shift. BUICK '60—a sound investment. Three magnificent series: BUICK LESABRE—the lowest-priced Buick, BUICK INVICTA—the high-performance Buick, BUICK ELECTRA—the finest Buick of all!



## \* America's 12 Most Famous Artists

# \* We're looking for people who like to draw



Albert Dorne



Norman Rockwell



Al Parker



Jon Whitecomb



Austin Briggs



Ben Stahl



Fred Ludekens



Robert Fawcett



Dong Kingman



Harold Von Schmidt



Peter Helck



Stevan Dohanos

**I**F YOU LIKE TO DRAW, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to test your art talent. We'd like to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a successful money-making artist.

This offer is part of a program we began ten years ago. We found that many men and women who could have become artists—and should have become artists—never did. Most of them were unsure of their talent and had no way of finding out whether it was worth developing. Others who were convinced they had talent simply couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

### A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. We decided to make it possible for anyone, anywhere, who likes to draw—and who has talent worth developing—to get the training he needs to become an artist. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we, ourselves, were able to learn only through long and successful experience.

We illustrated this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, then organized it into a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. Finally—after years of teaching—we perfected what is probably the most personal and effective method ever developed for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our program of art training is now well known and respected all over America. We have helped thousands of people find success in art. Here are just a few.

When Don Smith of New Orleans wrote to us, he knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he's an illustrator with the South's leading advertising agency.

### Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen of Ohio—a married man with three children, unhappy in a "no-future job"—began studying with us, evenings. Now he's earning a much higher salary as an illustrator for a growing art studio. And his family sees a happy, secure future ahead.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski of Rexford, N. Y., was able to give up her typing job to become fashion artist for a local department store.

### Changes His Whole Life

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meeham of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an \$18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

### A Career of Her Own

"I now have extra money for trips and a bank account to do with as I please," says housewife Doris Hagen. "Without your course, I would not have had a profession."

When Kathryn Gorsuch of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, found out she was to have a baby—she left her filing job at an aircraft company and studied art at home with us. By the time the baby was seven months old, she went back to work for the same company . . . this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Eric Erickson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

### Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one-man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

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# Charlie Smith



## The big gamble in Alaska

### PART II

"More than a year ago, we wrote here: 'Now that Alaska is on the verge of statehood, the petroleum industry is gambling that it will be a richer source of oil than it has been of gold.'

"Two-and-a-half million dollars later (Union Oil's share of cost in a joint exploration with The Ohio Oil Company), we discovered a rich, natural-gas zone in a 15,000-foot well that we drilled near Anchorage.

"Since there was no set-up for distributing gas in the area, it looked as though we'd have to cap the natural gas, leaving it unused.

"But a city election was held; as a result, a local company was created to distribute the gas. The field will be developed further; transmission line and distribution system built.

"This will cost some twenty million dollars. But when the job is finished, Anchorage will have gas for its homes, businesses and industries—at a lower price than it formerly paid for heating oil.

"This seems to me a good example of our free enterprise system at work. Because we had a realistic incentive, we were willing to gamble that we'd find oil in Alaska. Although the well yielded no oil, it may return some of the money we've already spent in Alaska."

\* \* \* \*

Charlie Smith is manager of operations for our Alaska division. He mentions the incentive for our Alaskan exploration. That incentive is profit—the backbone of U.S. economy.

So long as the incentive exists, our national economy will prosper. In the Anchorage exploration, it led to an unexpected source of wealth for the common good. We hope to recover our investment eventually and have more funds for continuing our oil search in the rugged 49th State.

The big gamble in Alaska has started to pay off—and the story is not yet over.

*YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

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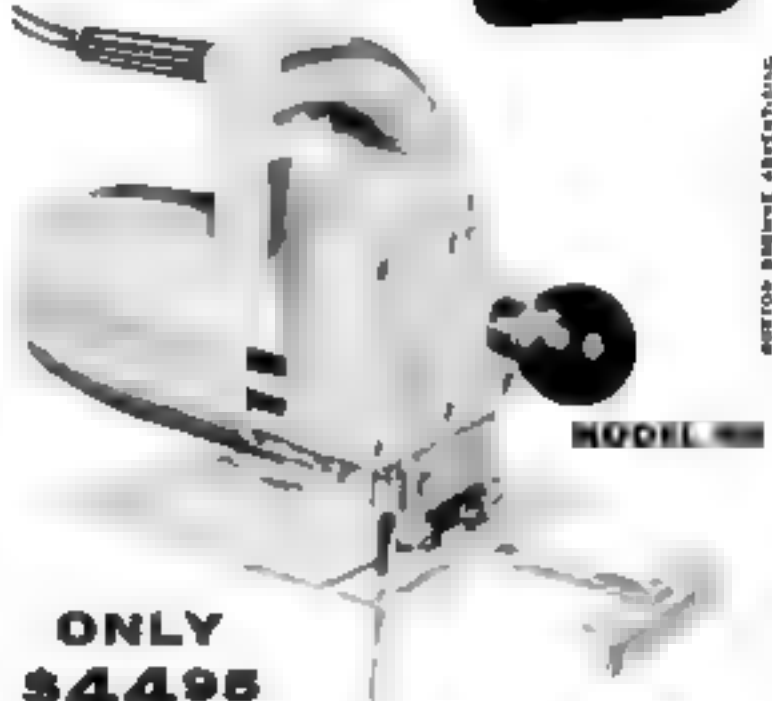
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1919



1920



1927



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1938



1939



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1922



1923



1924



1931



1932



1933



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1942



1943



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1951



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Across the Pacific, huge new *Intercontinental Jet Clippers*\*—world's fastest airliners—fly you to Hawaii in the incredibly short span of 4 hours and 55 minutes. This cuts your trans-pacific flight time almost in *half*. And Jet Clippers to Japan bring the Orient hours nearer than ever before.

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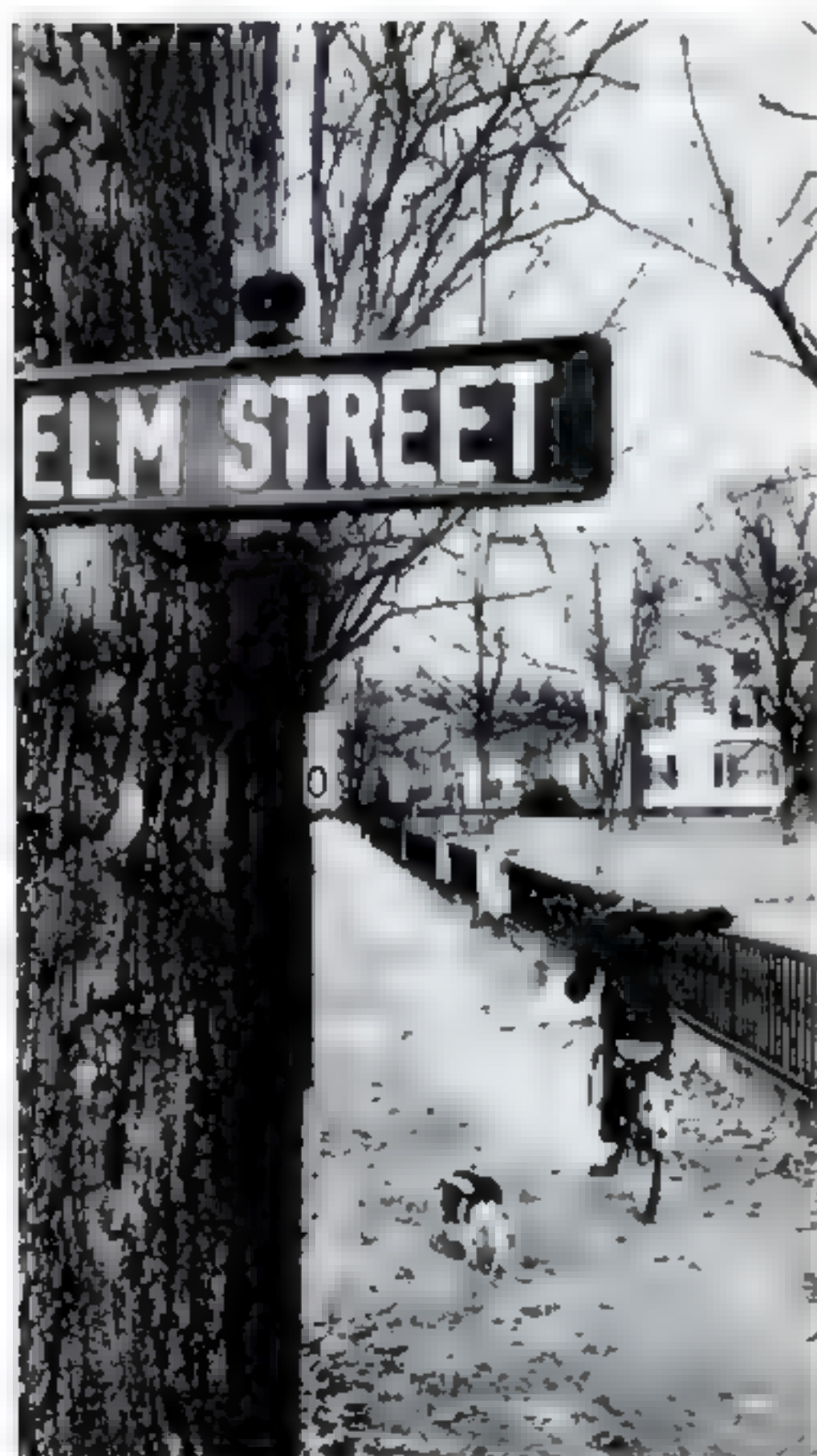
**SATURDAY A.M.**

PLACE:

**ELM ST.      ELM ST.**

CONCORD, MASS.

SHENANDOAH, IOWA



STEVE DORAN, 12, TOSSES OUT THE BOSTON "HERALD"



DON LINCOLN, 14, DELIVERS DES MOINES "REGISTER"

**THIS IS A REPORT ON HOW TWO TOWNS  
SPEND A FREE AND PRECIOUS MORNING**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT, ROBERT W. KELLEY, LEONARD McCOMBE,  
FRANCIS MILLER, RALPH MORSE AND MICHAEL ROUGIER



# ON THESE, AND 7,000 OTHER ELM STREETS,

These Saturdays as the sun travels west and the newsboys flip their papers on front porches, the nation wakes to savor a new phenomenon—the full Saturday morning off. A generation ago Saturday began as just another workday morning. Today, thanks to mass production methods, including automation (pp. 36-40), the free Saturday morning is a pleasant and practical proof that Americans are living better than ever before. To show how they are using this bonus of the new leisure, LIFE went one Saturday

morning this month to two of the 7,000-odd Elm Streets in the U.S.—to Elm Street in Concord, Mass. (pop. 12,000) and to Elm Street in Shenandoah, Iowa (pop. 8,000), 1,250 miles away. It found the residents ready, willing and, for the first time, largely free to do exactly what seemed good to them.

In history, as in geography, Concord and Shenandoah are far apart. Concord, outside Boston, was settled by Puritans in 1635 and the Revolutionary War burst out practically at its doorstep.



**WAKING HER PARENTS** at 7:06 a.m., Mary Larner first peeks into room to see if they are asleep.



## IN NEW ENGLAND, BUSY DAY WITH DAD



**LARNER HOME**, a four-bedroom rambling frame house bought in 1953, stands on half acre of land

For 32-year-old Chester Larner of Concord, Mass., most Saturdays get under way pretty early—say around 7 a.m., when Mary Larner, 3, peeks into his room, then pads in and jumps on daddy's stomach. "You just can't convince children that Saturdays are different," explains Larner ruefully. Climbing into a robe Mr. Larner carries Mary downstairs for breakfast so his wife Marilyn can sleep. But the Larners—including sons John, 6, and Charles, 7—are all up and running by 8 a.m.

Despite the fact that the Larners, like many other people on their Elm Street, have two cars, TV sets and plenty of modern appliances in their 8-room house, there is a lot to do. Regular Saturday business is the family trip to the supermarket to lay in a week's supply of everything. There is a boat to take care of and winter sports to get ready for (right). By the time Saturday night rolls around, Chester Larner is more than ready for Sunday which may just possibly turn out to be a day of rest.



# PEOPLE WAKE UP EARLY AND GET GOING

Shenandoah is 45 miles from Omaha in the Iowa corn belt. Its history goes back only 90 years, to the days when the rich farm land lured and held the western homesteaders.

But the two Elm Streets of the two towns have more in common than their elms, especially on a Saturday morning. Everybody has an ample house and every family works at keeping its place up. Amusements range from hunting and growing thorn apple plants to classes in bell-ringing or just plain tooting around town.

On both streets the householders know that the life they lead is a good one and say so. They are energetically and happily engaged in trying to keep it that way or make it better. Ironically, but hearteningly, the people of Elm Street, U.S.A. probably expend more energy and effort during their leisure hours on Saturday than their fathers and grandfathers did going off to work. Consider, for example, the doings of Insurance Man Chet Larner as Saturday dawns at 36 Elm Street, Concord, Mass. (*below*).



**MISSION ACCOMPLISHED**, Mary creeps on bed to hurry father as mother tries to go on shopping.

**HELPFUL NEIGHBOR** David Abbott (back to camera) gives Chet Larner a hand in covering his boat.



**FAMILY SHOPPING** is Saturday ritual involving John and Mary (in cart) and Charles (with candy).



**DROPPING OFF SKATES** for sharpening, Chet and son Charles stop in at Concord sports store.





**UP AT DAWN** Jim Winegardner laces boots for hunt. Daughter Jenny, 4, got dressed to see him off



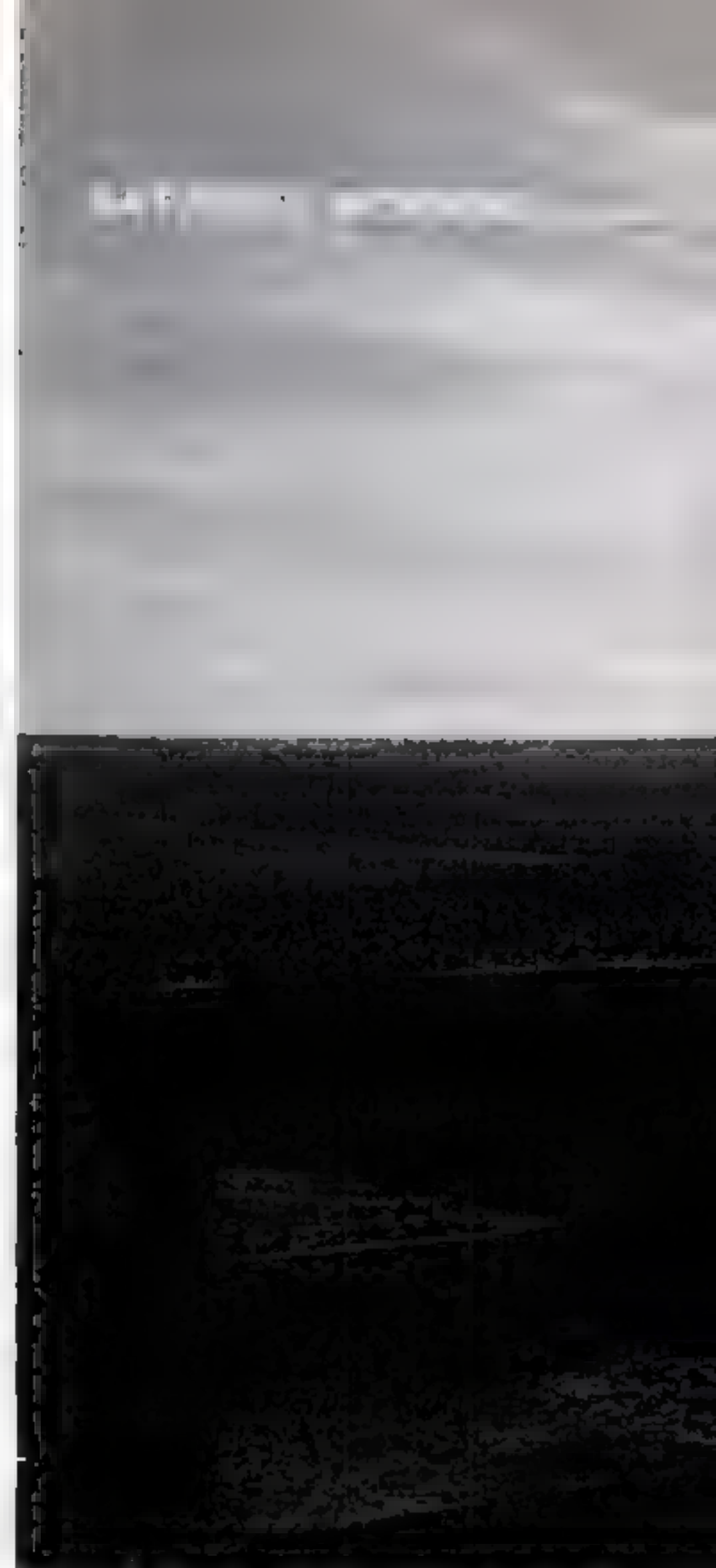
**OUT IN FRONT** of his Victorian house, which was built in 1903. Jim scrapes the ice off windshield.

## IN MIDWEST, HUNTING AND SASHAYING

When Saturday dawn rolled around in Shenandoah, Iowa, Jim Winegardner was already downstairs, lacing his boots to head out for the frosty stubble fields outside town and a shot at a pheasant. The other early riser in his family, daughter Jenny, 4, came down, as usual, to say hello.

Like other Iowa Elm Streeters, Jim, 31, who is a research analyst for a public opinion survey company, and Molly Winegardner, 30, go in for group projects for their own and neighboring kids. Almost every Saturday their big

Victorian house is filled with kids—singing, playing games, learning a dance step from Molly. This Saturday they took up a lot of time just happily togging themselves out in Mrs. Winegardner's scarves and dresses and shoes. Molly, who likes to dress up and sashay around almost as much as her young guests, somehow finds time for oil painting and the piano. Lately she has taken up a new project: decorating a new hat with pheasant feathers. "Jim shoots so many birds," she explains thriftily, "I had to figure out something to do with the feathers."



**AFIELD EARLY**, JIM WINEGARDNER CAUTIOUSLY







NEGOTIATES FENCE WITH SHOTGUN TO GET AT PHEASANTS ON FARMLAND BEYOND. HIS HUNTING GROUND IS 180-ACRE FARM BELONGING TO FATHER-IN-LAW



← **STYLISH STANCE** is demonstrated by Molly Winegardner (at right) at a "dress up" party for children.

**FANCY HAT**, which Mrs. Winegardner is trimming with feathers, keeps her busy in the dining room.



SATURDAY MORNING CONTINUED

## IN CONCORD, TESTS IN TEAMWORK AND



**HOME HORTICULTURIST**, Henry Drinker, tends thorn apple seeds in greenhouse built in window.



**SANTA'S HELPERS**, Francis Moulton and family, hoist a home display into position on the balcony.



**WEEKEND COACH** William Faxon, who lives on the corner of Main and Elm, gives pointers to some

youthful footballers on the intricacies of passing, punting and kicking. A physio and vice president

**BLISSFUL IN THE BATHTUB**, SAFE FROM WORK AND HIS FOUR CHILDREN, FRANKLIN HOBBS, PART-OWNER





# Good Uses of Their Spare Time





*Kiss  
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kiss  
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time  
ran  
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never  
so few  
were  
the  
moments  
left for  
love!*



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## \$40 BILLION FOR FUN CONTINUED

place in watery terrain, is still a major sport practically everywhere, with 20 million participants laying out close to \$1 billion a year. In fact, the only major active adult sport that has nothing to do with water is bowling.

### Vitamin-packed bowling

**N**OT many years ago sociologists would go to bowling alleys to study the ways of the shiftless classes, but bowling today has much of the ruddy good-fellowship and aggressive virtue of the reformed sinner. Efforts by the American Bowling Congress and equipment manufacturers started the change 15 years or so ago, but the most important factor was a technological revolution in the form of the automatic pin-setting machine, which did away with the undependable, usually surly pin boy and almost overnight improved the whole atmosphere of the sport. Now one alley at least—the big Orchard Twin Bowl of Skokie, Ill.—employs a full-time sociologist (Don McClintock, A.B., University of Chicago) to integrate the business into the community, or better yet, vice versa. McClintock takes underprivileged boys on camping trips and helps produce a weekly teen-age sports broadcast originating in the vitamin-packed purlieus of the alley itself. A modern bowling place is hardly complete without a “community room” where such good works as these can be fostered.

Along with becoming better, bowling alleys have become very much bigger and have added all sorts of diversions, personal services and esthetic touches. The 112-lane Edison Lanes of Edison, N.J., the world's largest, is so long (twice the length of a football field) that an electric trolley has been installed to carry mechanics to the scene of equipment failure. Many alleys provide baby-sitting for bowling mothers. One has an aviary and an art gallery. Bowling has suddenly become a \$1 billion yearly business.

### Do-it-yourself and gardening

**T**WO other big consumers of time and money deserve special notice, although both are marked by ambiguity as to whether they really are “leisure” pursuits. The first is the hodgepodge known generically as do-it-yourself; the other is gardening. If one were to believe all the advertisements, everyone in the U.S. has fun painting it, papering it, tiling

it, lathing, gouging, reaming, soldering, grinding, gluing and sanding it, not to speak of cutting and sewing it. Somewhere in this vast market—estimated at \$12 billion—many people doubtless really are having a ball. Others, it may reasonably be supposed, are simply sweating away at tasks they wish they could afford to have performed by professionals; protracted brooding on this theme can lead to divorce. As for gardening, the famous exodus from the cities to the suburbs has given that earthy pastime a lift such as has not been seen since Jack's beanstalk. The woods are full of people stealing violets for the front border. Gardening can be fun but, gratifying as some of it may be, hedge trimming, bug spraying, leaf raking, lawn watering, and, most emphatically, lawn mowing, are pure work for most people. Call it what you will, the home gardening business—seeds, nursery items, implements, insecticides, birdbaths, three-tier waterfall fountains (the hottest gardening item in California; sales last year amounted to almost \$2 million), canvas gloves, mowers with and without mulchers, soil analyzers and conditioners, rain-making machines, dousing rods and good-luck charms—came to a good \$2 billion last year, enough to establish a new Garden of Eden.

### Minor sports and culture

**I**T may exasperate five million golfers to hear that theirs is still a minor sport but such is the case, 40 million lost or rumously gashed golf balls a year notwithstanding. The National Golf Association has put forward a figure of \$750 million a year for golf expenses, but this surely must represent a clerical error (maybe the figure represents interest on clubhouse mortgages). Half that would be more like it for transportation, equipment and fees, 19th hole drinks being extra. The only time a regulation golf course turns a profit worth mentioning is when it expires and becomes a housing development, as in fact so many have done that today—in spite of many new courses being opened—there are no more of them than there were 30 years ago.

Softball (eight million enthusiasts) is bigger than golf and still growing fast. Seven million people in this country still pitch horseshoes, although there are now only two million horses left (are horses dying out for want of shoes?). There are more skiers in the U.S. than in Switzerland—three million of them, and almost as

many archers—five million—as inhabitants of the land of William Tell. Americans cooked two billion meals in the open last year and spent \$100 million for grills and accessories. They also spent \$700 million on photography. A man in Iowa named Nissen has made a fortune selling Trampolines—springy platforms for bouncing—to amateur tumblers.

Disneyland took in \$13.5 million last year; a Disneylike amusement park planned for the New York area will cost \$65 million just to build. The United States Playing Card Company, the Krupp of its industry, has never felt better: a house of cards constructed of their annual product would be unimaginably high. Movies are doing fine, for last year the box office showed 2.2 billion admissions and receipts of \$1.2 billion.

Where does all this swirling activity leave the pursuit of knowledge, the enjoyment of man's cultural heritage, the search for a meaning in the past and a guide to the future? These things are certainly not measurable in dollars. The libraries, museums and many of the great music programs are free, and the adult education courses are almost all heavily subsidized. Even so, some of the items tell a story consequential alike to the economic and intellectual environment of the country. A key figure is the endowment for higher educational institutions: \$4.5 billion. Financially this sum helps supply an underpinning for the real estate and security markets. Culturally it is paid-up insurance guaranteeing the support of dedicated institutions and of the people who staff them. In the ordinary, out-of-pocket spending habits of Americans there also is evidence of a national appreciation of values beyond “fun.” The lines are inexact, but here are some approximate totals for what might be called serious or worthwhile leisure enjoyments: \$1.2 billion for books, \$2 billion for magazines, \$83 million for classical phonograph records, \$500 million for musical instruments, \$313 million for theater, opera and concerts, \$30 million merely for amateur art supplies. There are more than 1,000 symphony orchestras, mostly in smaller cities and towns.

If, as some observers maintain (*see Editorial, pp. 62, 63, pp. 117-123, p. 172*), Americans are not realizing the potentialities their new leisure opens up to them, they are swindling themselves in the most literal sense. But if so, the fault certainly is not lack of effort. Never have so many been so determined to get so much out of *everything*.

HUGE U.S. DEMAND FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IS REFLECTED AT MACY'S WHERE DOZENS OF ELECTRIC ORGANS AT \$89 AND UP ARE SOLD WEEKLY







**WORM PRODUCER** Hugh Carter of Plains, Ga., holds up mass of his wares.



**MARINA OPERATOR** Frank Norton leans on a float in Granby, Colo.



**HOUSEBOATER** Melvin Plummer holds wheel for one of craft he builds.

**BOAT BUILDER** Ben Whitehouse stands in his factory in Fort Worth.

## \$40 BILLION FOR FUN CONTINUED

inquiries that he made a few more for sale. This year he sold 50 of his "Holiday Houseboats" from his factory in St. Paul, and another 25 from his new plant in Vicksburg, Miss. Melvin Plummer is the busy builder of \$450,000 worth of boats a year.

Ben Whitehouse is a big, paunchy, jolly "country boy" of 29 who left the U.S. Air Force five years ago to begin building boats in the chicken house of the family farm near Fort Worth. The city is almost surrounded by a chain of lakes on the Trinity and Brazos rivers, and the local boating boom was already well along. Knowing a thing or two about new materials from his engineering student days at Texas A & M, Ben made his hulls of polyester reinforced plastic. Today the chicken house has grown into eight large buildings, a plant for producing polyester resin and a sizable branch factory in Warsaw, Ind. Ben Whitehouse now employs 650 people, maintains two private planes for calling on dealers, and expects to do \$20 million worth of business next year.

Frank Norton had a modest little ranch in the hills near Granby, Colo., where he and his family worked a few head of cattle and ran a summertime "family dude" operation. Then the government expanded the Granby Reservoir, flooding out the Nortons. Frank retreated to the bit of land he had left at the water's edge and opened Norton's Marina, a hopeful name for what actually consisted of a few skiffs and outboard motors without even a dock to work from. To feed his wife and five children he did odd jobs as a carpenter and electrician. That was 10 years ago. Now Granby Reservoir is one of Colorado's major recreational areas, and Frank presides over a restaurant and cocktail lounge, dockage for a hundred craft, and 15 rental boats from 14-foot runabouts to 26-foot cruisers. Frank Norton, who controls well over \$100,000 in assets and grosses about \$88,000 a year, thanks his stars that the government put his ranch under water.

Multipled by about 3,500, Frank is a key to one of the more tantalizing successes of recent business history. He is one of approximately that number of dealers for Johnson outboard motors. When Johnson merged during the Depression with the manufacturers of Evinrude motors, a hundred shares of Johnson

stock were worth \$800. Anyone who held on through stock splits and bonuses could sell today for \$89,000 and meanwhile would have received \$14,803.75 in dividends. With these two brands and its cheaper Buccaneer, Outboard Marine Corp. accounts for close to half of all outboard sales—411,000 motors and \$139 million a year for this company alone.

### The profits in fishing

**A**NYONE who owns a boat is bound eventually, by the laws of chance and the incurable optimism of man's nature, to put a hook and line over the side. Hence boating has boomed fishing. And while the expenditures on the two sports are inextricably entangled, imaginative statisticians have produced a figure of \$2.6 billion a year for fishermen, covering car expenses to the shore, boat hire, licenses, equipment (\$200 million), lodging, food, sun lotion, seasick pills and, not least, drink. Be that as it may, at least 30 million people went fishing last year. A multitude of businesses profited thereby. Here is a sample worthy to represent them all.

One day about 10 years ago Hugh Carter, a young dry goods merchant of Plains, Ga. (pop. 600) took it into his head to go fishing. So he went to a man he knew who sold bait and bought some crickets. In the course of this transaction the bait salesman remarked that not only was business fine, he could hardly keep up with the demand. Carter took his crickets and went to work on the fish, and as he fished, he thought; by the time he had pulled in his 15th good-sized bluegill he had heard the call of destiny and knew what he must do. A few days later he was in the cricket business, using an old coffin from the attic of his father's general store as a breeding bed. Soon he had to expand to a larger plant. Then, such was the clamorous demand for crickets, he had to build a special gas-heated shed and apply assembly line methods.

However, as everyone knows, fresh-water fishermen are bitterly divided on the question of crickets versus worms, and the worm faction is numerically stronger. Carter cagily expanded into worms. Worm culture proved to be quite difficult, and by the time he had mastered it through trial and error he knew enough to write a book. The book caught on and Carter followed it with others, notably his classic *18 Secrets of Successful Worm*

*Raising*, which is now advertised throughout the year in 40 periodicals.

Last year Carter sold 13.5 million worms by mail; this year demand often exceeded 500,000 worms a week. (Prices for red wigglers run from \$2 to \$4 a thousand, slightly higher for the deluxe "africans".) The town post office has moved up from third class to second class status. And Hugh Carter now lives in an air-conditioned ranch-style house on 30 flourishing, wormy acres near town.

### Swimming and backyard pools

**T**HE most surprising development in the leisure economy has been the growth of the swimming pool business. It seems hardly yesterday that the accepted formula for acquiring a pool was to become a Hollywood star. In 1950 there were only 3,600 residential pools in the whole country, and even counting municipal, club and hotel pools there were only 12,000 in all. Now suddenly there are more than 250,000 of them. The swimming pool—counting maintenance and equipment—has become a \$1 billion a year business.

The biggest reason for the pool boom has been improved construction techniques which have made mass production possible. Around 1955-56 people began really to catch on to the fact that a family-size pool could be had for not much more than the price of a good car (average pool price last year: \$4,170), and banks began to understand that whereas a car can be driven away and is soon obsolete, pools are nondetachable and add permanent value to a property. The result: a coast-to-coast plunge featured by builders' innovations like the "house-pool-package," the two items rolled up in one price. A new housing development in California's San Fernando Valley has 37 houses and 37 pools, making this the wettest small place per capita in the country.

Beyond the confines of swimming pools, six million Americans are water skiers. In California alone there are around 225 companies making water skis. About \$15 million was spent this year on such aquatic items as swim fins, goggles, masks, diving suits and scuba tanks. Another \$40 million went for inflatable water toys and mattresses. Spending more and more for less and less, women bought \$225 million worth of bathing suits, a 100% increase in a dozen years.

Hunting, a good share of which also takes



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## \$40 BILLION FOR FUN CONTINUED

drinking is of the "social," off-the-job type. Since the liquor industry grosses almost \$10 billion a year, it could be maintained that drinking is America's favorite sport.

### Illogical statistics

**T**HE economics of leisure not only are inexact: they defy logic and sometimes almost defy belief. Who would suppose that Florida's deep-sea fishing, supported mainly by sportsmen, is nearly as big as its citrus fruit and cattle industries combined? That six times as many people attend ballroom dancing classes today as attend colleges and universities? That the amount spent on dogs is equal to all the salaries and fees paid for legal services?

In short, in the leisure business you take your choice of the moneys paid. A reasonable guess as to the total would be at least \$40 billion a year, which is more than 8% of the gross national product. It is almost as big as this year's national defense budget, more than all U.S. personal income tax receipts, more than the amount spent on new housing and new automobiles combined. The most important thing about this market, however, is not its size in dollars but its size in people, for the leisure market is supported mainly by people who make from \$4,000 up a year after taxes. There are 34 million families in that category now, a majority of all the U.S. families, and among them they control most of the \$84 billion "discretionary income" (money left after necessary expenditures) in the country.

These new "leisure masses" have acquired not only the money and the time to spend it in, but also—and most significantly—an appetite for the good life. And their enjoyment expresses itself more and more in active terms. The Oxford Dictionary, that scholarly work, makes an inadvertent summary of the situation in one of the several definitions of leisure it gives: "Leisure . . . a period or spell of unoccupied time. Now *rare*." Truly, idleness has little to do with the average American's use of his leisure; *rare* is his unoccupied time. In filling it he has created a host of businesses, some brand new, some of them surprising, and many of them important by any financial standard.

The biggest and most diverse leisure business consists of going someplace to see someone or something. The span covers a Sunday drive to grandmother's and a flight to Las Vegas, uncounted roadside gas stations and hot dog stands, a trip to the nearest midget golf course and a trip to Monument Valley. A few items: Georgia's tourist business is bigger than the cash value of its cotton crop. Mrs. Wickham Ames of Cape Cod, who in her spare time puts up and sells beach plum jelly to the summer vacationers, earns enough to take herself on a winter vacation to Florida, where she sometimes buys guava jelly from ladies who go north for summer vacations. Wallace Johnson and Kemmons Wilson of Memphis, originators of the luxury motel chain idea, have in the last seven years built 116 elaborately equipped Holiday Inns with an investment of \$115 million. All told, Mrs. Ames, Messrs. Johnson and Wilson and their hundreds of thousands of colleagues take in \$10.5 billion a year. The national restlessness also sent 1.4 million Americans abroad last year on \$2 billion worth of vacations, not even counting the amount spent on postcards and remedies for tourist-stomach.

In the huge variety of domestic leisure-time travel there is one most-common denominator. sooner or later, when the average Ameri-



### THE WINTER SPORTSMAN

Another imaginary collection shows how a leisure-time glutton can continue his buying habits into cold weather. Skis and poles can cost \$30 to \$150. Binoculars are from \$5 to \$325, bowling shoes \$5 to \$15, power saw \$30 to \$175, shotgun \$25 to \$2,000, suitcase \$6 to \$125, snowshoes \$25 to \$35,

skates \$9 to \$150. Less costly items are cards (for losing money at poker), outdoor hat, book (for nonactive hours), screwdriver, tape measure, paint roller and hammer (for doing household jobs neglected in summer). Cost of equipment above: \$308.33. Most items are from Macy's, New York.

can gets in the car and begins moving, he heads for water. LIFE queried its correspondents all over the country to find out what people were doing with their spare time and money, and with extraordinary unanimity the answers emphasized boating, fishing, swimming, skin diving, water skiing, and the numerous variations of what appears to be a national aquamania. This is so important a part of the leisure business that it needs to be looked at in some individual categories.

### The boating boom

**I**N California, noted for its production of oddities, the way to be *really* eccentric is not to own a car. The state is traditionally a car-dealer's heaven. But in the first six months of this year, car sales were actually outrun by boat sales. Nationally, the pleasure-boating business is one of the outstanding nondefense "growth industries" of the whole economy, with a gross last year of over \$2 billion, and more than tripled since 1951. Today there are close to 8 million recreational boats in the U.S. Last year boat owners bought more than 10 million gallons of paint and varnish to keep their boats in trim, and acquired a minimum of one blister each. Last Fourth of July weekend a milestone was reached when more peo-

ple were killed in New York State in boating accidents than in highway accidents.

There are several reasons for this boating boom, but perhaps the most important is simply that there has been a big increase in the indispensable facility—water. Whereas modern highways were built because cars became popular, boats have become popular partly because so many artificial lakes are being built. The TVA, for instance, converted the Tennessee River valley into a watering pleasure area with 10,000 miles of shoreline. The Army Engineers, with their flood control projects, have created hundreds of large artificial lakes, and the Department of Agriculture has encouraged farmers to build hundreds of thousands of ponds, most of them big enough at least to float a rowboat. (North Carolina alone now has 33,605 ponds.) There are around 5.5 million outboards in use now; \$300 million worth of them were sold last year, and the industry estimates that nearly half were bought by people in the skilled or semiskilled worker category. Thirty-seven million people went boating—a fifth of the whole population of the U.S.

This phenomenon has floated thousands of new businesses. For example, Melvin Plummer, a St. Paul detective, built a houseboat in a vacant garage in 1955 for his own pleasure. A newspaper article about it brought so many



# A \$40 Billion Bill Just for Fun

## SURPRISINGLY HUGE LEISURE BUSINESS HELPS BOLSTER U.S. ECONOMY

by ROBERT COUGHLAN, *Life Staff Writer*

ONCE upon a time there was this grasshopper, and these ants, and the grasshopper kept singing all summer long, while the ants. . . . Everybody knows what happened—the same thing that happened to the Roman Empire when the citizens began spending too much time on unessential things and suddenly their society collapsed. There have been other examples, both literary and historical, since

the fall of Rome. America's Good Life indeed! What about Attending to Business?

Well, suppose we all did? Suppose that everyone buckled down to work, without vacations and with few holidays, with a standard workday of 12 hours, the system that actually prevailed a few generations ago. Detroit would turn out twice as many cars. But who would buy them all? Indeed, with no time for pleasure

driving, how many people would want a car at all? Mountains of television sets would be produced, a set for every room in the house. But who would have time to look at them, and with all the extra furniture spewing forth from furniture factories who would have space for them anyway? In the end the nation would have two stern choices. As it has done with the farm surplus, the government could institute gigantic buying and storage programs for everything from clothespins to bulldozers in order to support the market and prevent universal bankruptcy. Or it could impose a dictatorial system of enforced consumption, mercilessly stuffing goods into people.

Is this an exaggeration? Frankly, it is. Nevertheless, the idea is based on economic truth. In an age of automatic machinery and in a capitalist society such as ours, it is not productive capacity but popular demand that sets a limit to the amount of goods that are made. Practically speaking, the U.S. market for most necessities and even such basic luxuries as cars and TV sets has for some years been near the saturation point, with sales mainly dependent on replacements and the growth of population. With mounting productive efficiency (and militant unionism) wages have gone up and hours of work down—so much so that the average wage earner now has about 3,700 free hours, the equivalent of 230 full 16-hour days off a year, besides time for sleep. And, almost as much as anything else that has happened, it is this growth of leisure time that has kept the American economy strong and growing.

### Low threshold of boredom

**E**VEN rats in a maze, if given alternative routes to food, will mix them up apparently just for the hell of it. People too get bored doing nothing or doing the same old thing. Americans have a low threshold of boredom, and they have fought it with every device from anagrams to parachute jumping. In so doing, they have created a vast new economic force, the Leisure Business, which could not exist if everyone worked at "useful things" and which, by the buying power it releases and by the dreams it satisfies, has filled the whole economy with energy and ambition.

The size of this leisure business is almost anybody's guess, because it is made up of a great many kinds of business and is embedded in many industries that are considered utilitarian. Clothing, for instance: the big shift in that multibillion-dollar industry has been toward "casual" clothes, and this reflects the growth of leisure activities. No one can say closely how many items are sold because of the change in living habits. Yet obviously the amount of money spent is enormous. Has anyone stopped to count the tassels that have to be replaced each year on the fezzes of the Shriners? How many paper clips are consumed in filing the applications for country club memberships? How many salted nuts are consumed at bridge parties? Where does the liquor business fit in? Despite the rise of alcoholism and the prevalence in some centers of the lubricating cocktail at business lunches, most



### THE SUMMER SPORTSMAN

The improbable outlay above shows the lengths an eager duffer can go to in outfitting himself for summer. Fishing tackle like that shown can cost \$5 to \$50. Skin-diving sets range from \$6 to \$400, cameras cost \$2.98 to \$500, light meters \$5 to \$35, transistor radios \$10 to \$250, guitars \$10 to \$350,

golf bags and clubs \$25 to \$250, electric power drills \$9 to \$60. Other items, which cost less, are boating hat, road maps, garden tools and seeds, canteen for hiking, barbecue implements, brush for painting house, ax and flashlight for camping out. Total cost of equipment above: \$410.44.





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you better scores. On your golf course, your playing fields and courts, Brunswick-MacGregor sport products make your leisure time more enjoyable. In the hunting field or stream, you see Brunswick products, too.

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equipment give them a "living room for learning" atmosphere. And in your hospitals, Brunswick works for your healthier life with a wide range of medical and surgical aids.

For your recreation . . . education . . . and health, Brunswick's right here in your home town, helping to bring the good life to you!



Good things begin to happen...when  
good soup's a part of your "good life"



Time to relax and enjoy her family... that's a good part of Mother's "good life." And soup gives her time. It's hot and ready just 4 minutes after she opens a Campbell can. That's Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup our mother and daughter are sharing. It's wholesome, nourishing, and m'm...delicious! Just makes a girl feel good all over.



Men who enjoy their "good life" in the open air warm up to a bowl of good hot soup when they come indoors. Our men in the picture are partial to Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It smells good, tastes good... makes them feel so good it just seems to fit right in with their good times together. It's so wholesome you *know* it's good for them.



The "good life" comes easy at the age when play time is the most important time of the whole, long day. And a bowl of good hot soup gives a junior athlete energy for his active life. Our young man is enjoying a bowl of Campbell's Turkey Noodle Soup - good and satisfying. In just a minute he'll be asking for a second bowlful!



Soup tastes better than anything when you come in out of the cold, fresh air. Our young couple have heated up their favorite - Campbell's Tomato Soup. Like most teenagers, they count good eating a part of their "good life." And soup's a good, wholesome kind of eating for anybody, any time. *By the way... have you had your good soup today?*



Once a day...every day...enjoy *Campbell's Soup*





BEFORE STABLE OF WHITNEY ESTATE, NEW OWNER NORMAN BLANKMAN AND DAUGHTER LIVIA COME TO WATCH MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS PREPARE FOR HUNT

## END OF AN ELEGANT PRIVATE PLAY YARD



**FRENCH HOUSE** of 30 rooms is one of two mansions on estate. Here Blankman photographs family.

When the wealthy Whitney family sold the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney estate in Old Westbury, L.I. recently, a rare, flourishing example of the opulence that surrounded ladies and gentlemen of the gay old days (pp. 12-29) came to an end. The 530-acre estate is one of the last large strongholds of elegance on Long Island's fading Gold Coast. There the very rich and very few frolicked in a glass-roofed tennis house, swam in pools, played squash and were entertained in the 22-room manor house.

Harry Payne Whitney, a son of the estate's builder, William C. Whitney, trained some of America's most famous Thoroughbreds at the 68-stall stables and nearby racing track. His polo team trained in his private gym.

The new proprietor, a real estate investor named Norman Blankman, paid \$2 million for the property. He does not plan to subdivide it. Instead, he hopes to preserve the spirit of the private pleasure garden and turn it into a swank resort-club for the new leisure class.



**TENNIS HOUSE**, with 45-foot high glass roof and muralled walls, is examined by Blankman as Tennis

Pro Frank Shuelds (right) plays. The building has served as a ballroom for as many as 900 guests.



# A BETTER CIVILIZATION

## STANDARDS OF EXCELLENCE HIGHER THAN ANY IN THE WORLD'S PAST

The American theater, a lively professional art for decades, is now a lively amateur art as well. Yet these are all comparatively recent breakthroughs, and the promise in all of them, far greater than the achievement, needs ever-deeper draughts of love and talent if it is to be fulfilled.

Another category of real civilized achievement is science, perhaps especially medicine, whose remarkable momentum of discovery creates more new needs than it fills. Not until there are enough doctors and hospitals for all Americans will its Samaritan mission be anywhere near complete. And how far behind the sciences lags our intellectual capacity to communicate from one of their frontiers to another—and from the frontiers of science in general to the liberal arts, and to the common fund of general ideas that ought to be (but is not) their center. The quality of American conversation, quite apart from its other fatuities, will stutter and mumble until the physicists and poets, lunar-probers and Latin teachers find that mutual language in which the truly civilized American of the future must be educated.

In these and many other fields, we need and shall need ever better models of excellence. There are more challenges to the civilizing impulse in our day than Lewis and Clark ever mapped in their time. "What adult," wrote Charles and Mary Beard, explaining why they called their history *The Rise of American Civilization*, "with any claim to ripeness of spirit would admit belonging merely to one category of history—as warrior, politician, money-getter, novelist, sportsman, mortician, journalist, husband, wife, father or mother—and aspiring to

does not appear in our Constitution or Declaration of Independence; nor was any civilization ever built by a self-conscious national *kulturkampf* or bootstrap operation. This collective enterprise must be the sum of many individual quests and achievements, of a million private hopes and dreams. And for the motivation of the individual, we are on safer ground with the right which Jefferson proclaimed on his behalf, the right to pursue happiness. That right is still the best key to an American civilization.

UNLIKE the two clear-cut natural rights claimed in the Declaration of Independence, the pursuit of happiness has never been legislated; it dissolves into metaphysics at the lawyer's touch. The authors of our Constitution, like John Locke earlier, therefore changed the great Jeffersonian triad to "life, liberty and *property*," a much more tangible concept. Americans have exploited their freedom to get and enjoy property to the utmost, thus creating our present affluence. If they should seem to have a somewhat materialistic view of happiness, it is partly because the founding fathers, unwilling to impose their own notions of happiness on any citizen, set things up that way.

An outward looking people, Americans have characteristically externalized their criteria of happiness, seeking it in the conquest and improvement of their physical and social environment. In the process they have now virtually eliminated one of the chief drives behind all human effort, namely, the fear of poverty. And while making work easier they have also made it more irksome and less meaningful, at least in the more highly mechanized trades. What can substitute for the old drive against hunger and for work satisfaction? Although automation releases some people to more interesting jobs, it may be that an automated society still lacks the compulsion to excellence and "disinterested" achievement. And this may be the missing component of our continuing quest.

Yet in the Jeffersonian system, every man was trusted to define his own happiness only because he was assumed to have a moral sense that directed his quest. If Jefferson was right, every man and woman alive has some private dream of self-fulfillment, some window in the soul revealing a larger perspective of his own and the world's meaning. It needs only a conscious choice of objective interests, and a certain concentration, to make his leisure as significant as the window and the dream. The choice of inter-

ests can be as wide as our civilization is rich and various. People's souls are their own; one enlarges itself through mountain hikes, another in dusty archives, another in a church choir, another with paint or camera. To get *quality* into this quantitative variety of leisure callings, each must be able to feel that his effort is validated by its relationship to some larger and generally shared idea or purpose. Only a few of the participants will be able to add much to the sum of human knowledge or beauty; but all who are conscious of a share in it can help to preserve it, deepen it, and pass it along to the young. A million serious definitions of happiness, all pursued in joy and freedom, could add up to a great civilization.

But civilization, besides providing a better framework for it, has something else in



common with happiness: both are by-products of some other goal. Happiness is notorious for entering back doors; and no civilization ever rose without some higher aim, such as justice, peace, the liberation of the mind, or the glory of God. Conceivably we might some day find ourselves, after some final victory over our environment, at rest in the "empty, swept and garnished house" of St. Matthew 12:44; and even if all its inhabitants are decent, fed, adjusted, well-intentioned and purged by psychoanalysis, their last state will be worse than their first.

Long before then it will be necessary, and probably inevitable, that Americans discover the *internal* quest for happiness, which is the highest use to which leisure can be put. There, within the sun-struck privacy of the individual heart and soul, is the ultimate human frontier. If millions are exploring, in joy and freedom, the neglected unknown within themselves, a few at least will be finding metaphysical horizons that far transcend this nation, this century, or the very idea of civilization. Some of those few may even enlarge the boundaries of human thought, and thus fulfill the highest purpose of any civilization, which is to learn new truth about the human spirit and its Maker.



nothing more? When the dust of the earth became conscious of the dust, a transformation began to take place in the face of the earth." And a similar transformation may take place here when Americans become more conscious of their role in the past and future of civilization and of the incredible opportunities facing them.

But is the idea of civilization an adequate motive for its own achievement? The word



# LEISURE COULD MEAN

BY USING IT TO PURSUE TRUE HAPPINESS, AMERICANS CAN RAISE

**D**ISCRETIONARY time," the true subject of this issue of LIFE, is the time at one's free disposal after eating, sleeping and earning a living. Americans now enjoy more discretionary time than any civilized people ever. This issue shows some of the ways in which they now spend it. From either a moral or an esthetic viewpoint, it is not an altogether edifying sight.

So who asked for a moral or esthetic judgment? Americans appear to be enjoying their discretionary time. The Pursuit of Happiness, one of the natural rights for which this nation was founded, surely includes fun and games, butterfly-chasing and altruism, loafing and love-making, and countless other recreations described in these pages. We do not disparage any nonjailable definition of happiness, nor question any man's right to define the great quarry for himself. Some general definitions are nevertheless in order—not of happiness but of three different kinds of discretionary time.

These three are recreation, play and leisure. Recreation is any kind of mental or physical change from work that enables you to work better, such as a stenographer's coffee break, a professor's detective story or a factory worker's weekend in the woods. Play is—play, and lucky the adult who has not lost this childhood talent without making an arduous private career of it, like TV joke-smiths or tennis bums. Leisure is something else again. As more and better work is the



purpose of recreation and play, so leisure is the purpose of work.

Leisure has been variously defined as "the first principle of all action" (Aristotle), "the main content of a free life," "the nurse of civilization," and "the opportunity for disinterested activity." Leisure activity may or may not be socially useful and paid for; but like virtue, and unlike labor, it is its own chief reward. The quality of its leisure activity sets the tone of any society, defines its version of the Good Life and measures the level of its civilization.

Civilization: this is the idea that justifies a moral or esthetic judgment on how Americans now use their leisure time. We are

heirs of all previous civilizations. We have access, most of us, to more of "the best that has been known and thought in the world" than any of our predecessors had from theirs. Never have so many man-hours of leisure energy been available for high achievements in all the arts and sciences. The opportunity is so unprecedented that if Nurse Leisure plays no favorites, American civilization ought to be freer and bolder than the Greek, more just and powerful than the Roman, wiser than the Confucian, richer in invention and talent than the Florentine or Elizabethan, more resplendent than the Mogul, prouder than the Spanish, saner than the French, more responsible than the Victorian, and happier than all of them together.

AMERICAN civilization, whatever anybody may think of it, has scarcely measured up to that opportunity. We may take some pride in the quantitative diffusion of our culture, but can its quality be compared with what was available to a Globe Theater groundling or even a Periclean slave? Certainly it falls short of what it might be and that—the potential American civilization—is the issue.

Arnold Toynbee, classifier of civilizations, asks whether our Western civilization may not get stuck on a ledge which he likens to Circe's Sty, or the Commonwealth of Swine. This is the mass hedonism which our prosperous industrial democracy has made possible, and which many critics of America see here already. Says Psychologist Eric Fromm: "Happiness today is defined as unlimited consumption. . . . The concept of equality has become the concept of sameness." Says Senator Kennedy: "We have gone soft. . . . The slow corrosion of luxury is already beginning to show." Conspicuous symptoms of our mass consumption, such as credit cards, Cadillacs and certain kinds of advertising, stimulate doubts about affluence itself. Is it true, as Professor Galbraith argues in his *Affluent Society*, that our legitimate wants are long since satiated, and that we are now being corrupted by inducements to buy things we don't need?

An advertising agency (Young & Rubicam), which pleads guilty to creating such inducements, has an answer to this charge. "People don't really need art, music, literature, newspapers, historians, wheels, calendars, philosophy, or, for that matter, critics of advertising. All people really need is a cave, a piece of meat, and, possibly, a fire." Affluence may indeed multiply temptations and trivialities, but it also extends our command of the arts and products that enhance

life and adorn virtue as well as vice. If our economy should suddenly collapse and take our affluence with it, most Americans would soon enough unite in finding that "national purpose" which Senator Kennedy and others now demand; it would be to get back to where we are now. Let's not blame affluence as such; we need more of it, not less. Our problem is rather to transcend it and use it for the purposes of our civilization.

How, then, can the quality of American civilization be enhanced by its leisure? The



agenda is as long as you please. Even our political and social order, about which countless crusaders have been concerned, will not be wholly civilized until civil rights are safe for all colors and creeds; until our farmers are free and unsubsidized; until our tax system is equitable, our labor relations rational, etc. These political blots could be sooner erased if more Americans chose politics as a "disinterested activity" for their leisure time. So too could another category of shortcomings, those in our physical environment: most notably the decay and disorder in virtually all our great cities. Federal money and bulldozers are no substitute for the real solution to this problem, which depends on the people whose city it is. The removal of the political grafters and incompetents, the adoption of new land-use policies and building codes, the marriage of American architecture (healthiest of our arts) to a thousand redevelopment opportunities—these and many similar problems cry out for the concern of people with time. So does the updating of policies for the conservation of our wildlife and wilderness; Winthrop Rockefeller says that by 2000 A.D. we shall need 10 times as much national park acreage as we now have.

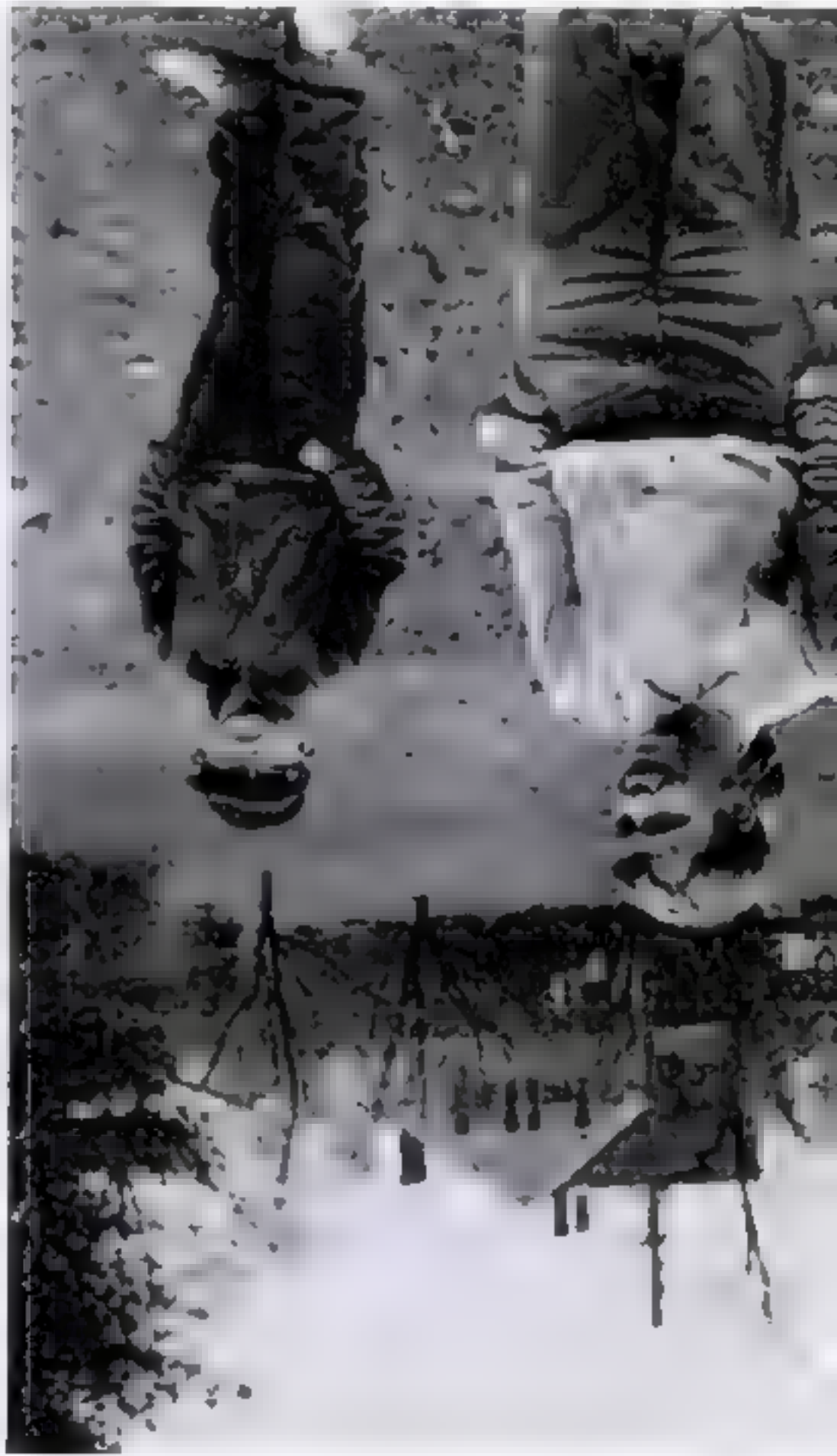
In the arts, architecture is not the only one that is flourishing. The American school of painting ranks now with the schools of Paris and Rome. At least seventeen American composers (thanks in part to imaginative foundation money) are working on new grand operas, many on homegrown themes.





The Cecil Hamiltons spin off  
to rehearse for a church play





## A SECLUDED BATH

of a Cambridge entrepreneur, Brian Eason goes in for after-gym jogs with the kids term "horrible."



OF AN ELECTRONICS FIRM, SOAKS HIMSELF AS HE READS THE FINANCIAL SECTION OF A BOSTON PAPER

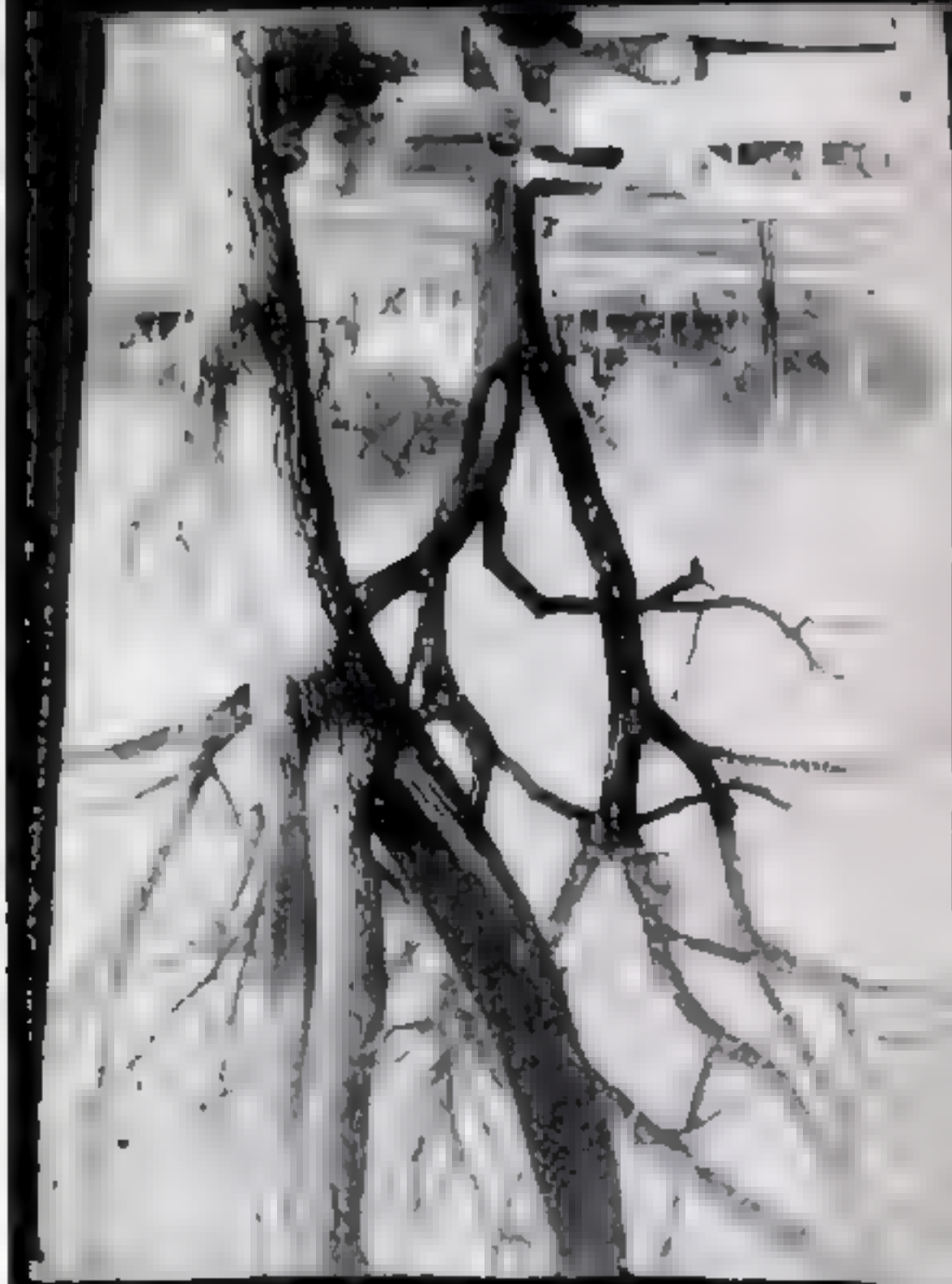


ON THE PLACID SUBURBY, Parker Dexter and his wife, Helen, both schoolteachers, enjoy a balmy winter's morning on the river. "I like to padle," she says, "and the kids to look."



BALLET-BOUND, Alexandra and Susan P. is [down driveway of their home for their dancing class.





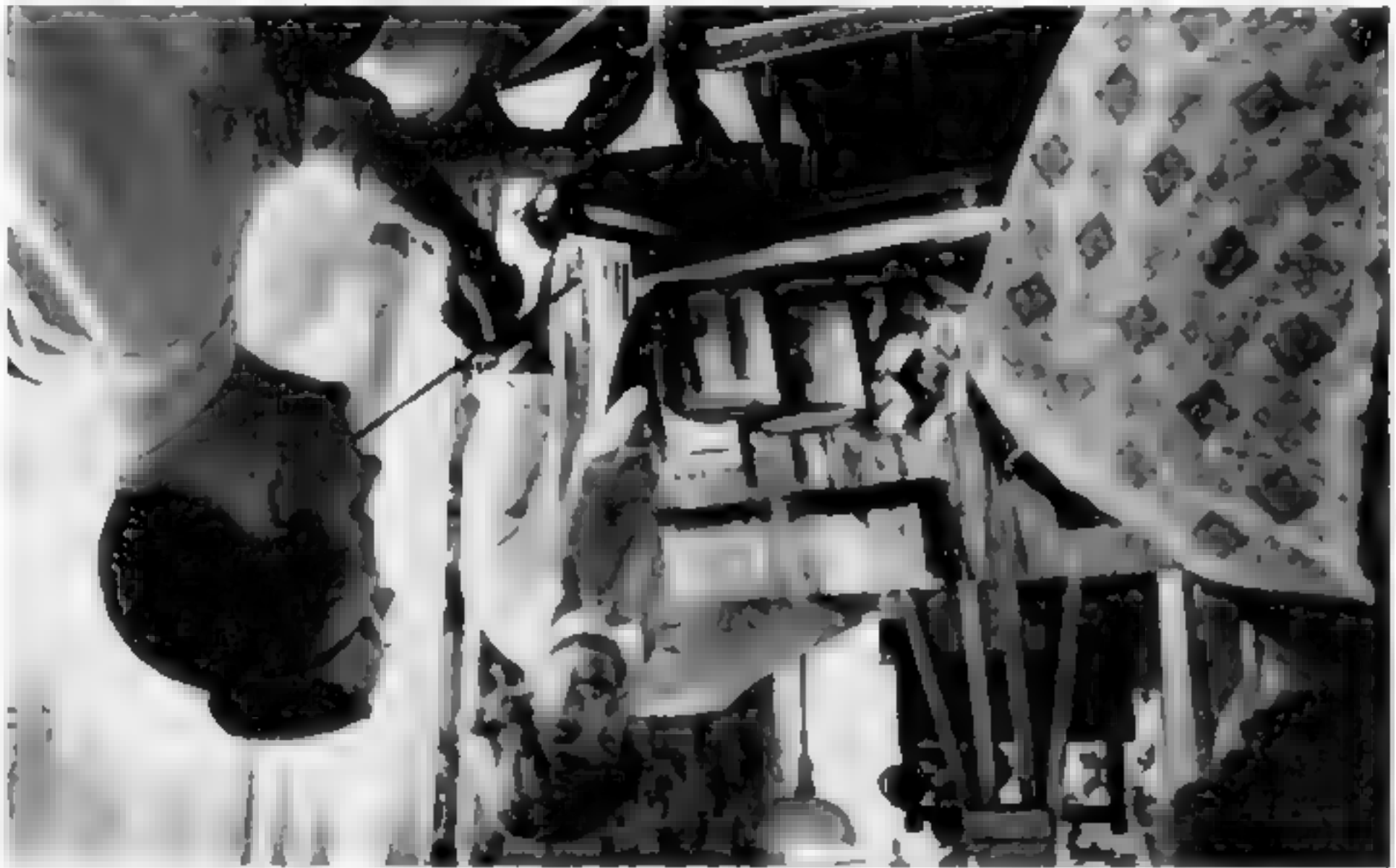
**DESERTING THEIR DOG**, who lost at Earlwell the Lloyd Paines set out for a brief time by visit

**TENDING HIS SON**, Tony Koelker kibbles while 6-year-old Jamie has hair cut by Barber Tom Fount

# IN SHENANDOAH: BELLS, THE BARBER'S, AND A JOINT JAUNT ON A TANDEM BIKE



**BOY BELL RINGERS** release holiday peals under spirited guidance of Mrs. Winifred Brown, 69, who acquired the White Chapel bells and interest in technique through travels in England with late husband.



**EARNEST PAINTERS** of Shenandoah Art Guild check techniques and results with fellow member Pat Koelker (center), who is busy with her art while her husband (below) performs a mainly day-off duty.







## ***Communion in high places***

Surrounded by a sea of craggy mountains, two climbers who have scaled 13,555-foot Mount Goddard in California's Sierra Nevada enjoy the privilege of communion with high

places. They have met the mountain's challenge and now, as high as they can go, they rest for a moment in a world where the unhindered wind whips by and time stops.



# U.S. Playground



CONTINUED



# Big and Busy

## ***NAME YOUR PLEASURE, THERE'S ROOM FOR IT***

**T**he place is everywhere, U.S.A., and the time is recess, that sudden, singing release from the routine of school or work. Here recess on a school's pebbly playground comes after a morning of books and is filled with boisterous children's games. But across the country, in all hours, places and weathers, Americans are enjoying recess more than any other people ever did before. And their playground is magnificent—seas for sailors and divers, mountains for skiers and climbers, and untouched wilderness for wanderers, water everywhere for swimmers and fishermen. It is the broadest, busiest play area in the world and it is charged with the energy of a restless nation that loves to play hard.

The way Americans play is an affront to the old concept of leisure, of reveling in ease and convenience. Using their leisure, they go out of their way to strain muscles, work up a sweat and invite discomfort. The pleasure ride in a horse-drawn rig has been replaced by the feverish tinkering with an engine at a sports car rally. The trend is swinging from viewing to doing.

Though they pick their games for the joy they bring, Americans are pulled by other urges. Strongest is the drive to compete against something—another player, the rules, nature, even themselves—golfers play interminably just to refine their swing. Beyond the desire to master a skill is often the urge to test one's courage. Skiers risk broken bones just for sport. Skindivers find lonely adventure and escape in a perilous element. In this same element the sailor seeks fellowship with his boat and crew. On these pages LIFE samples some of the delights of recess time on the booming American playground.

### ***One o'cat at recess***

On a rock-strewn playfield, man and boy face each other in the classic American struggle—pitcher *vs.* batter. It is recess at a hill country school in Kentucky and principal takes on pupil for a few minutes of the game that, whether played or watched, is inseparably a part of almost every American's life.



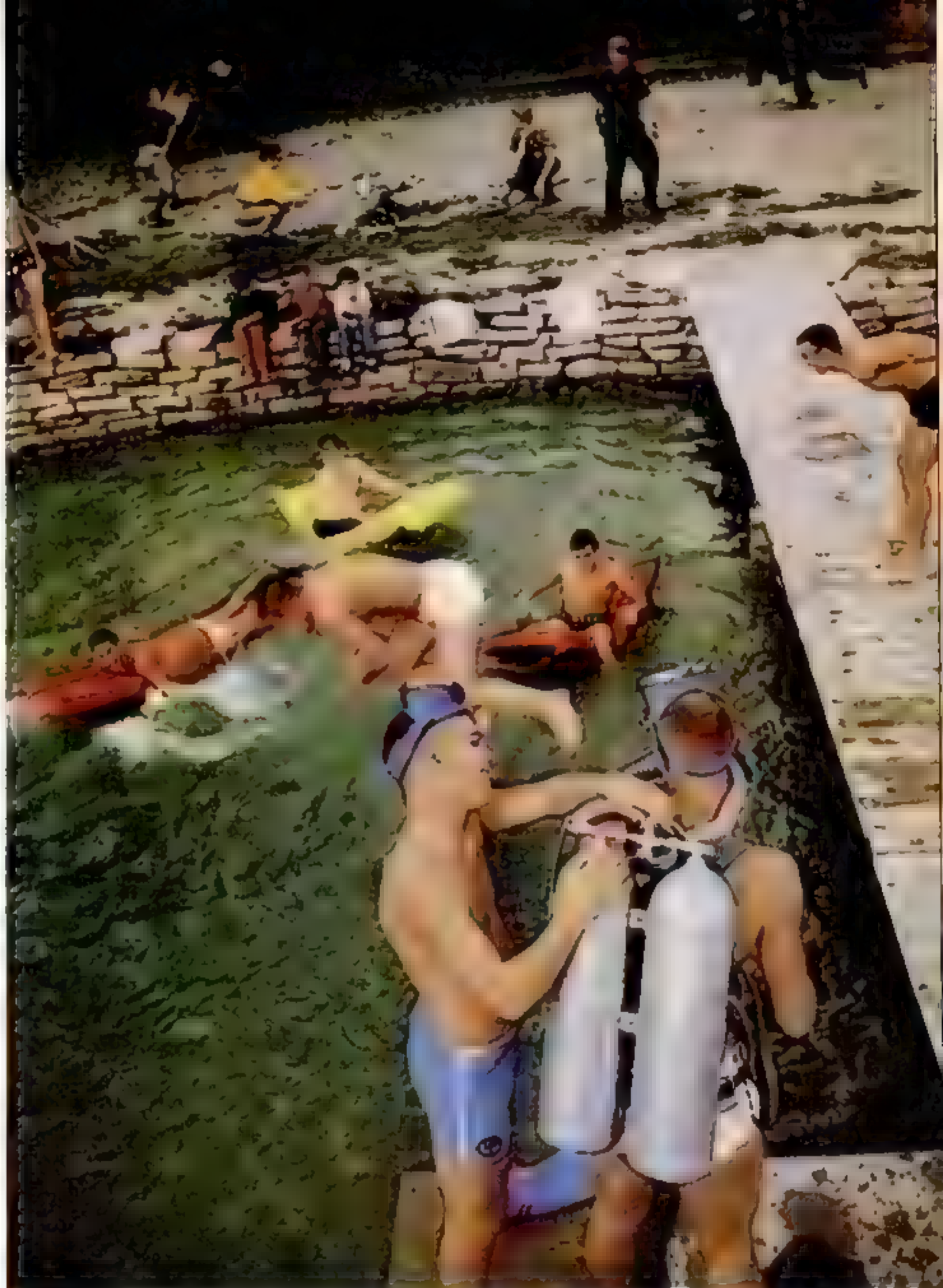


## AMF MAKES LIVING A PLEASURE

Like millions of people all over America today, the folks in Shelby, Ohio, try to make the most of their spare moments... enjoying themselves wherever and whenever they can. Though their interests vary, they all agree on one thing... that leisure time should be *pleasure* time.

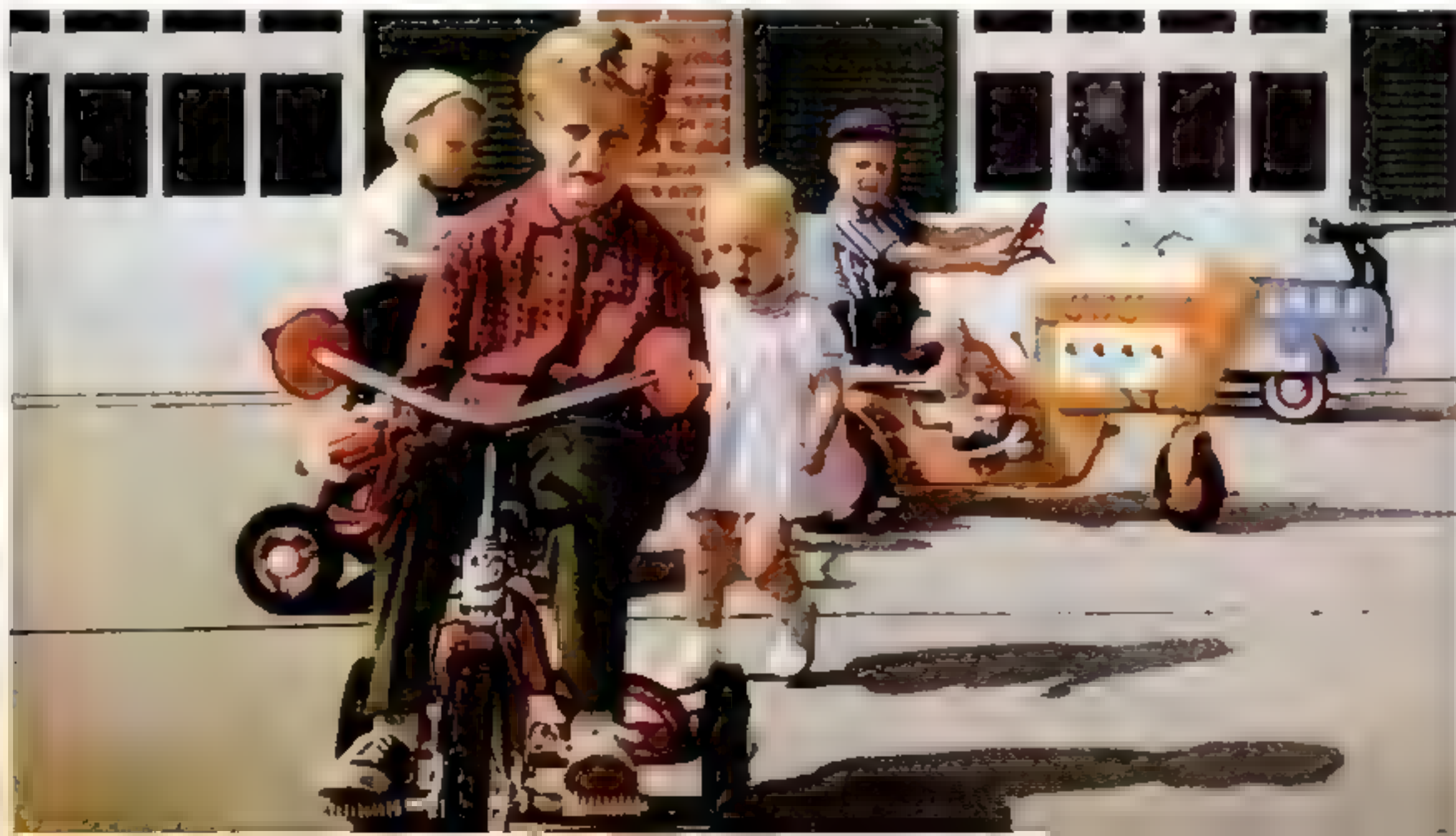
And leisure time is pleasure time when AMF comes to town. Old activities sparkle with a new look. Brand-new interests create fun and excitement. Come join the people from Shelby, Ohio as the whole town enjoys a carload of fun from AMF... the company that makes your leisure time more enjoyable; makes living a pleasure.

Making the most of his leisure time, Mayor Ross Sipes of Shelby gets out from behind his desk and starts to build one. From now on *his* vote goes to this new AMF-DeWalt Power Shop. No wonder—it makes do-it-yourself a breeze!



Shelby's Explorer Post 3 is made up of young fellows who have a real appetite for fun and adventure. Outfit this enthusiastic group with AMF-Voit water-sports equipment, and you have a pretty lively afternoon! Rick Wright and Ron Thompson get set for a trip under the waters of Walton Lake, as their fellow-Explorers demonstrate what *they've* learned about AMF-Voit equipment. You just add water... instant fun!

Stand back—the sidewalk sweepstakes is on—as Shelby's younger set warms up for a race to the end of Edgewood Drive. Andrea Palmer—on the AMF tricycle—is off to a flying start, with her little sister toddling close behind. But don't overlook young Dougie Phillips on his AMF Tractor—or David Somerville on the Junior Trike! Even before they finish, you know they're *all* winners—with fun-on-wheels from AMF!



Look for this AMF "Pleasure Tag" on products everywhere. It's your guarantee of fun from AMF—the company whose job is making your leisure time more enjoyable; making living a pleasure.

Produced for your  
**PLEASURE**  
by



American Machine & Foundry Company  
AMF BUILDING • 201 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 16, N.Y.



## A CARLOAD OF FUN FROM AMF (continued)



On Sunday nights in Shelby, the bowling interest centers around this exciting mixed-doubles league—as husbands and wives get together for an evening of fun. Intent on boosting his 170 average a notch higher, Henry Hollenbaugh rolls one down the AMF lane, while Edith Griffith gets set to bowl. Scene above is Shelby's popular Rhythm Bowl. Typical

of bowling centers everywhere, Rhythm Bowl offers Shelby bowlers the best of everything—friendly service, pleasant surroundings, and the latest in modern AMF bowling equipment—including AMF Automatic Pinspotters with the exclusive "Magic Triangle" Signaling Unit, and a complete line of score-boosting AMF bowling balls, bags and shoes.

That yellow slicker is a sign that young David Fench is a member of the Whitney Elementary School's safety patrol...and David's enthusiasm tells you that he knows a great bike when he sees one. But who *wouldn't* be first at the bike rack when there's an AMF-Roadmaster waiting!



Shelby sports fans claim that many an Ohio basketball champ got a start on the public court in Seltzer Park. It must be true, because the action here is fast and furious every day. In the thick of the action, you'll find AMF-Voit...the basketball choice of the basketball stars.





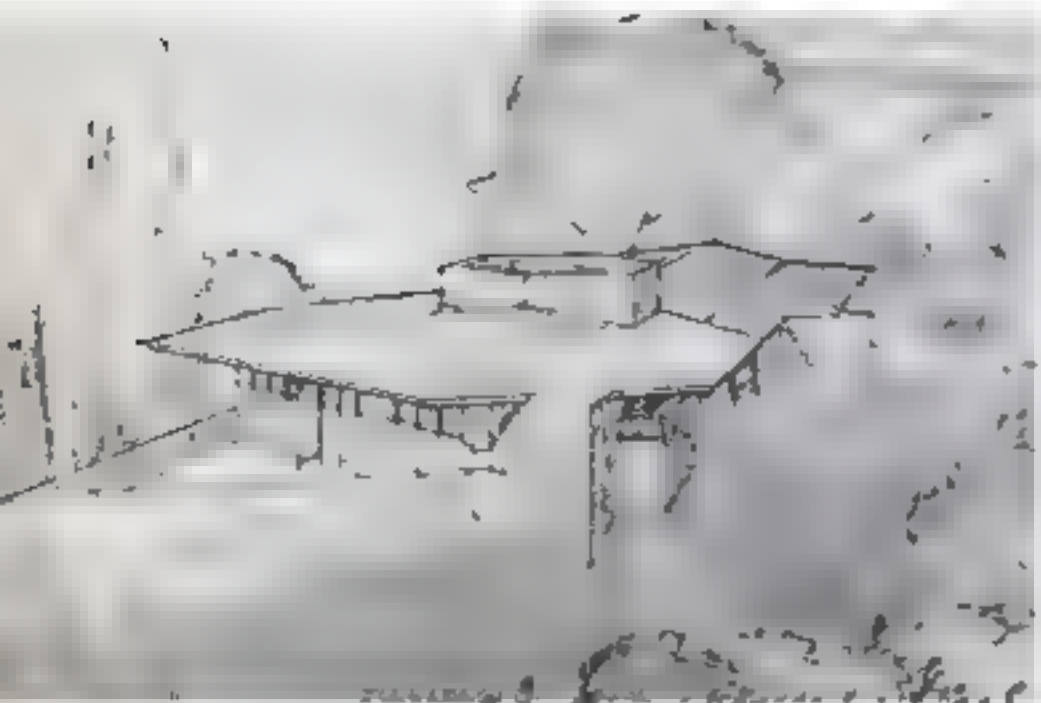
# A carload of fun comes to Shelby, Ohio

Strike up the band—pleasure's coming to town! Mayor Ross Sipes extends greetings as everyone—from the pretty high school cheerleaders to fireman Dean Roth—welcomes AMF. There's real enjoyment in store, with

bicycles and pedal cars, power tools...bowling accessories and playground equipment—all for fun, and all from AMF. What happens when this carload of fun comes to Shelby, Ohio? Turn the page and see for yourself.....







WRIGHT'S DRAWING of house for Bergers shows terrace with walls around it, and irregular rooftops.

## THE HOUSE ONE MAN BUILT

Robert Berger, a high school math teacher, was determined to build a house for himself—not just any house but a Frank Lloyd Wright house. Some time ago he had bought an acre of land in Marin County, Calif. Over his wife's objections that he was crazy and that surely Mr. Wright would scorn a do-it-yourself project, he wrote to the famous architect. Wright replied by asking for his lot size and a description of his property. In a few months he sent the plans along.

Since 1953 Berger has been working on the stone-and-concrete house, has finished a master bedroom, living room, dining room, kitchen, utility room and bath. He did the plumbing, wiring, carpentry and millwork himself, along with the foundation digging and the backbreaking work of pouring heavy-aggregate concrete walls into forms holding big chunks of rock. The family has been living in the house for two years and, with four children, found it cramped. Berger is now adding a three-bedroom wing on the house, as called for in Wright's step-by-step plans.

The house is very much a Wright design. The deck juts from the core of the house like a ship's prow. The angular living area with a concrete floor is dominated by a huge fireplace.

Encouraged by his father's luck, Berger's son Jim wrote and asked Mr. Wright please to design a house for his dog Eddie. Wright replied, "Dear Jim: A house for Eddie is an opportunity. . . . But just now I am too busy. . . . You write me next November and I may have something then." Before he died, Mr. Wright delivered the design for Eddie's dog-house and the Bergers are building that too.



THE HOUSE, seen from top of hill to give same perspective as Wright's drawing, reproduces sketch.



BUILDING NEW WING. Robert stands on wall with load of shingles. Wife Gloria sometimes helps

him but is usually too busy with housework and children. "She gives me moral support," says Robert.



ON DECK the family takes time out for lunch. Clockwise from Robert Berger are Suzanne, Gloria,

Jim, Stephen. Eric is at right. Three sets of double doors open to deck from living and dining rooms.

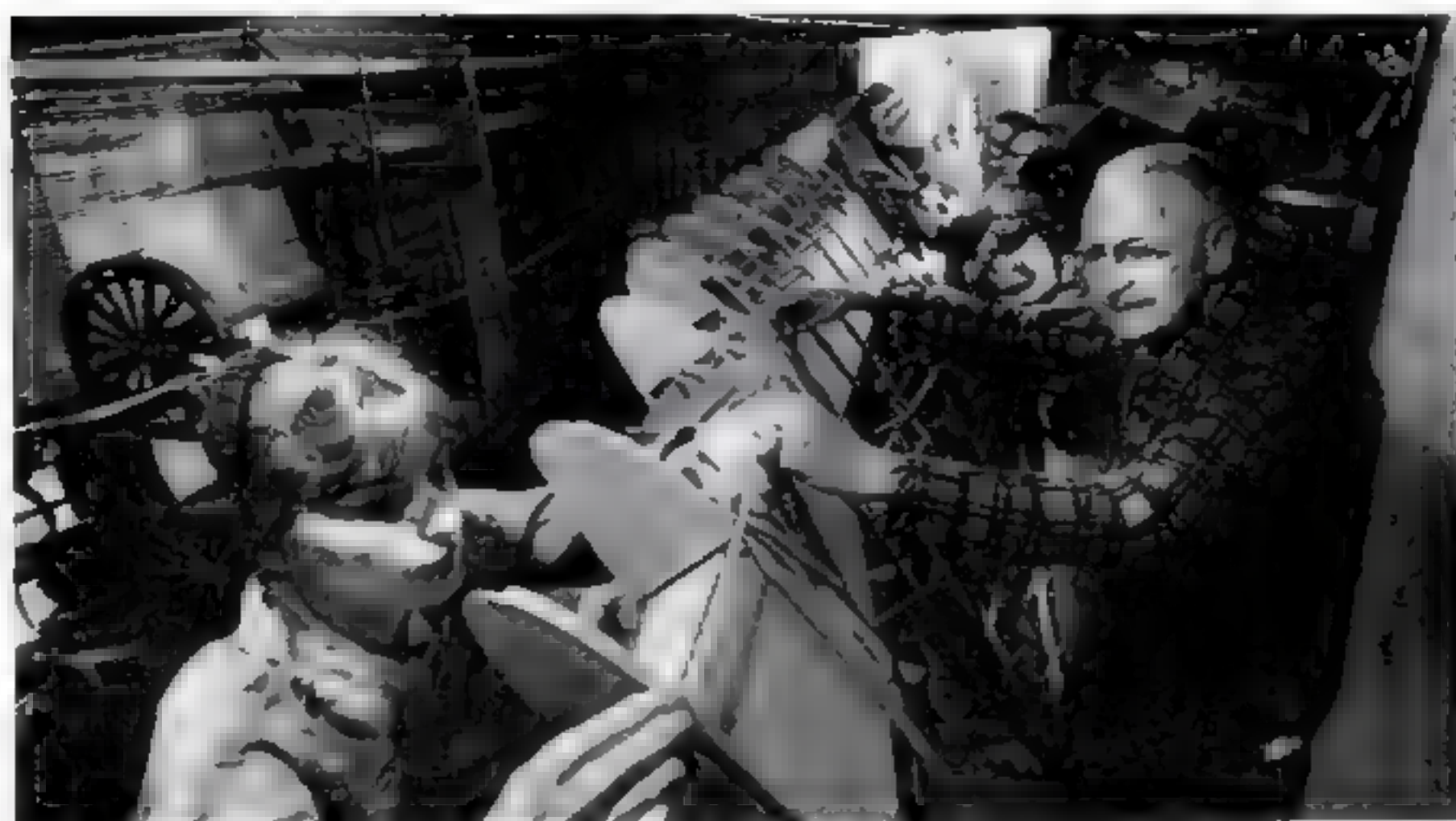




## PRO MACHINES FOR AMATEURS

Sam's U Drive in Van Nuys, Calif. is one of the biggest of the 600 or more U.S. agencies that rent equipment to do-it-yourselfers, for example wallpaper steamers, hand diggers or sanders. It is open every day of the year except Christmas, has to turn away dozens of customers every Saturday. Sam has 3,500 machines and tools to rent, not all shown on a typical week-end morning (*left*).

These closely grouped customers had to be asked not to test machines or they would maybe have killed each other. 1 commercial vacuum cleaner, 2 rug shampooer, 3 lawn aerator, 4 pipe wrench, 5 floor sander, 6 house jacks, 7 piano dolly, 8 post hole digger, 9 air compressor for breaking up walks, 10 power grass rake, 11 gas welder, 12 concrete mixer, 13 builder's level, 14 paint compressor, 15 trench digger, 16 garden tractor, 17 pitchfork, 18 asphalt roller, 19 skip loader, 20 dolly for refrigerators, stoves, 21 utility trailer, 22 wheelbarrow, 23 conduit pipe bender, 24 tree pruner, 25 car polisher, 26 blowtorch, 27 ski saw, 28 chain saw, 29 fork lift. Maintenance men show each customer how to use each machine and are available in case of accident.



## BOAT BUILT IN GARAGE

Jack Jensen of Chicago, building 21 foot cruiser in garage (*left*), knocked out wall to free boat. He will make garage bigger to house boat. By building boat, Jensen (*on deck*) got a \$10,500 cruiser for \$3,600.

## PLANE BUILT IN BEDROOM

Building plane with daughter, Kenneth Casson of Winnebago, Ill. makes 22 foot 11 1/2 inch wing in 23 foot bedroom (*above*) gets it out through window (*right*). Casson hopes to fly plane within a year.



CONTINUED





# Here's a Nail, Do It Yourself

It is difficult in the U.S. today to tell if a man is at work or at play. On the job he can slump idly at his desk. On his time off he can work furiously, driving toggle bolts into joists, grading roads, sanding floors. This is doing-it-yourself, which is a hobby, a big business and a source of great pleasure to millions of men—not to mention the fact that it is often an economic necessity today, with labor so costly and scarce.

Grouped above, with apparatus that can be rented to make the weekend worthwhile, is a sampling of do-it-yourself addicts, eager as any osprey or hower bird to get home and improve their nests. Twelve billion dollars a year are spent by do-it-yourselfers who range in ambition and ability from those who tack up a soap dish that tilts downhill to those who build their home (following page) or even their own airplane (opposite page). Most do-it-yourselfers find the satisfaction they get from doing a job from start to finish themselves as gratifying as the cash they save.





COLLECTORS	READERS	MOTORISTS	POKER PLAYERS	LOAFERS
<b>Books and Art Works by Undiscovered Talents</b>  "As a matter of fact, I bought it in the artist's studio."	<b>'Pogo' Fans and Other Seekers after Truth</b>  "I consider Walt Kelly the Faulkner of the animal world."	<b>Cold Rods</b>  "Well, it gets me there and it gets me back."	<b>Five Card Stud</b>  "I fold . . ."	<b>Hammock Nappers</b>  "Dear do you have to mow the lawn on my day off?"
<b>Tasteful Art and Artifacts</b>  "I hope Joe will like this."	<b>Book Club Members</b>  "After all, who am I to argue with Clifton Fadiman?"	<b>'Classic' Cars</b>  "I call that a beautiful magneto."	<b>Progressive Jackpots</b>  "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a woman in a poker game."	<b>Puzzle Solvers</b>  "Use a dictionary? I wouldn't think of it."
<b>Autographed Photographs</b>  "I'll swap you two Sinatras for a Tab Hunter."	<b>Best-Seller Addicts</b>  "Someday I'm going to start reading just for pleasure."	<b>Sports Cars</b>  "He corners badly but his boxwork is terrific."	<b>7-Card High-Low</b>  "Are aces both high and low, or just high?"	<b>Traffic Watchers</b>  "You'd be surprised how educational it is."
<b>Credit Cards</b>  "Personally, I never carry more than \$100 in cash."	<b>Readers of Pre-Digested Books</b>  "All I care about is a good story."	<b>Family Car</b>  "Look Out! You're putting the ski boots on top of the eggs!"	<b>Kibitzers</b>  "Are you out of your mind?"	<b>Car Polishers</b>  "Best way I know to make it rain."



<b>SEDENTARY LEISURE</b>  <b>ARISTOCRAT</b>	<b>SPORT SPECTATORS</b> <b>World Series</b>  "It's never been the same since they changed the ball."	<b>MOVIE-GOERS</b> <b>Horror Movies and Foreign Films</b>  "Amusing..."	<b>SELF-IMPROVERS</b> <b>Sanskrit Self-Taught</b>  "If Oppenheimer can do it, I can do it."	<b>JOINERS</b> <b>Members of Conservation Societies</b>  "I just saved it from the highway program."
 <b>UPPER BOURGEOIS</b>	<b>World Series</b>  "It's a hit-and run situation!"	<b>'B' Movies</b>  "It just goes to show what they can do on a small budget."	<b>Lecture-Goers and Course-Takers</b>  "Are you taking this for fun, or for credit?"	<b>P.T.A.</b>  "If we could only get the school board out of poetics..."
 <b>LOWER BOURGEOIS</b>	<b>World Series</b>  "He's blind!"	<b>'A' Movies</b>  "I get a kick out of these Bible stories."	<b>Social Dancing Classes</b>  "Just close your eyes and count."	<b>Den Mothers</b>  "Thank God they go to Jane's next week."
 <b>PEASANT</b>	<b>World Series</b>  "Who's playing?"	<b>Horror Movies</b>  "See, they found this ray that turns people into..."	<b>Watchers of Ballet on TV Spectaculars</b>  "Get a load of that leap!"	<b>Cafe Society and Other Drinking Clubs</b>  "Baby, all you need is an aspirin and a good night's sleep."







<p><b>ACTIVE LEISURE</b></p>  <p><b>ARISTOCRAT</b></p>	<p><b>ATHLETES</b></p> <p>English Croqueters</p>  <p>"Sir, you are <u>not</u> wicketed."</p>	<p><b>FISHERMEN</b></p> <p>The Precise Caster of Home-tied Flies</p>  <p>"Of course I throw them <u>all</u> back."</p>	<p><b>HUNTERS</b></p> <p>Big Game and Bow-and-Arrow Hunters</p>  <p>"The place to shoot an elephant is between the fourth and fifth wrinkle."</p>	<p><b>SAILORS</b></p> <p>Ocean-sailing Yacht Skippers and Racers</p>  <p>"Get up forward! We're not out here for fun."</p>
 <p><b>UPPER BOURGEOIS</b></p>	<p>Doubles Players</p>  <p>"Sorry, partner."</p>	<p>Bait and Plug Casters</p>  <p>"I know a place where they'll jump right into the boat."</p>	<p>Hunters Out for Legal Limits and Trophies</p>  <p>"One more and we'll have a hatrack for the playroom, too."</p>	<p>The Cruising Crowd</p>  <p>"Happy to have you aboard, sir."</p>
 <p><b>LOWER BOURGEOIS</b></p>	<p>Office League Bowlers</p>  <p>"Of course we lost. They've got a ringer in the mailroom."</p>	<p>Partyboat Fishermen</p>  <p>"When's he going to throw out the chum?"</p>	<p>Deer Hunters Who Shoot Other Deer Hunters</p>  <p>"Gee, I'm sorry . . ."</p>	<p>Stinkpot Tars in Yachting Caps</p>  <p>"Run up the cocktail flag honey."</p>
 <p><b>PEASANT</b></p>	<p>Bar Sklers</p>  <p>"Another buttered rum, please."</p>	<p>Fishers with Worms</p>  <p>"Now comes the part I hate."</p>	<p>Shooters of Jackrabbits from Cars (Texas)</p>  <p>"Bet a grand I hit the next one . . ."</p>	<p>Excursion Boat Passengers</p>  <p>"Last time I was on one of these they ran out of beer."</p>





# How Do YOU Rate in the New Leisure?

## RUSSELL LYNES, A WITTY OBSERVER, CHARTS A NEW CLASS SYSTEM

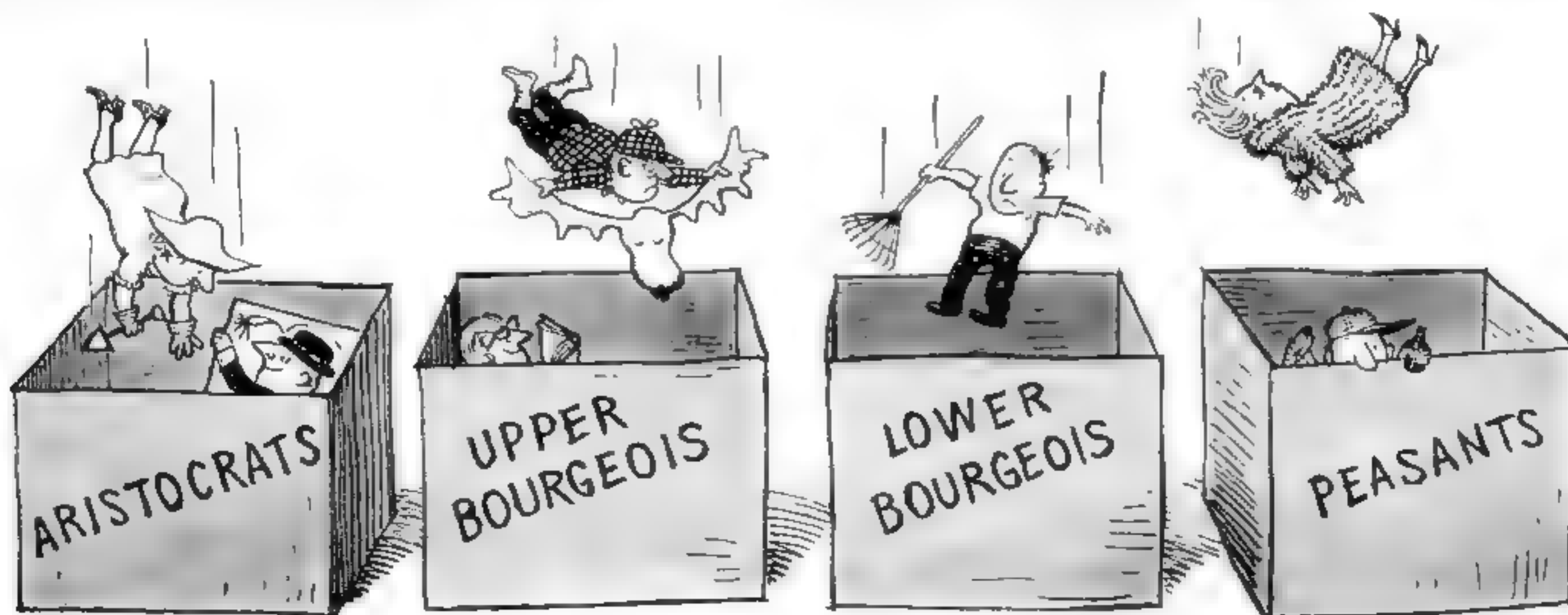
While the professional sociologists have been laboriously sorting out the changes being brought about by the new leisure class, a witty observer of people has been doing a bit of social sifting on his own. He is Russell Lynes (*above*), managing editor of *Harper's Magazine* and the famous classifier of modern Americans into highbrow, lowbrow, middlebrow (*LIFE*, April 11, 1949). A believer in intuition, Lynes has formulated an arbitrary and provocative system for *LIFE* in which he splits up the new leisure class into four categories—Aristocrat, Upper Bourgeois, Lower Bourgeois and Peasant.

Before you turn the page to see where Lynes has you pegged, you should know it is not necessarily desirable to be an Aristocrat, or necessarily unpleasant to be a Peasant. Your placement has little to do with any of the old standards of class distinction—money, birth, breeding.

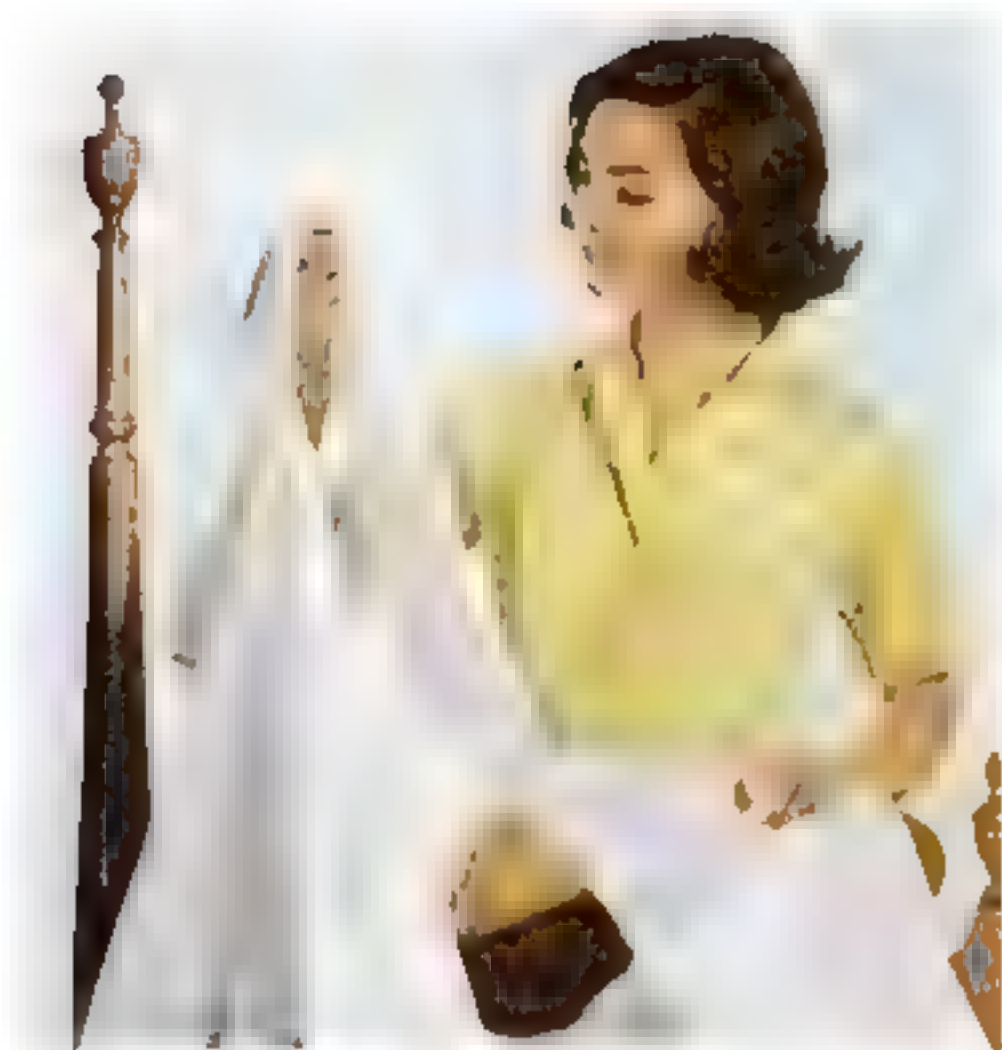
What counts is simply how you spend your spare time. This includes how much enthusiasm you work up over your activities, how expert you get in them and, most important, how much satisfaction they give you.

You can always tell an Aristocrat by the way he slaves over his spare time. Results do not interest him. Being an expert does. The Upper Bourgeois is a little less intense and a whole lot less expert. Results are important to him. They are even more important to the Lower Bourgeois who runs in packs. The Peasant is expert only at wasting time. As for trying to make his leisure original or constructive—he couldn't care less.

On the following pages Lynes and *LIFE* present guidance charts to the class system for Active and Sedentary Leisure. Both Lynes and *LIFE* want it known that, in preparing the charts, all normal sociological methods—such as surveys, censuses, analyses—were avoided like Asian flu.







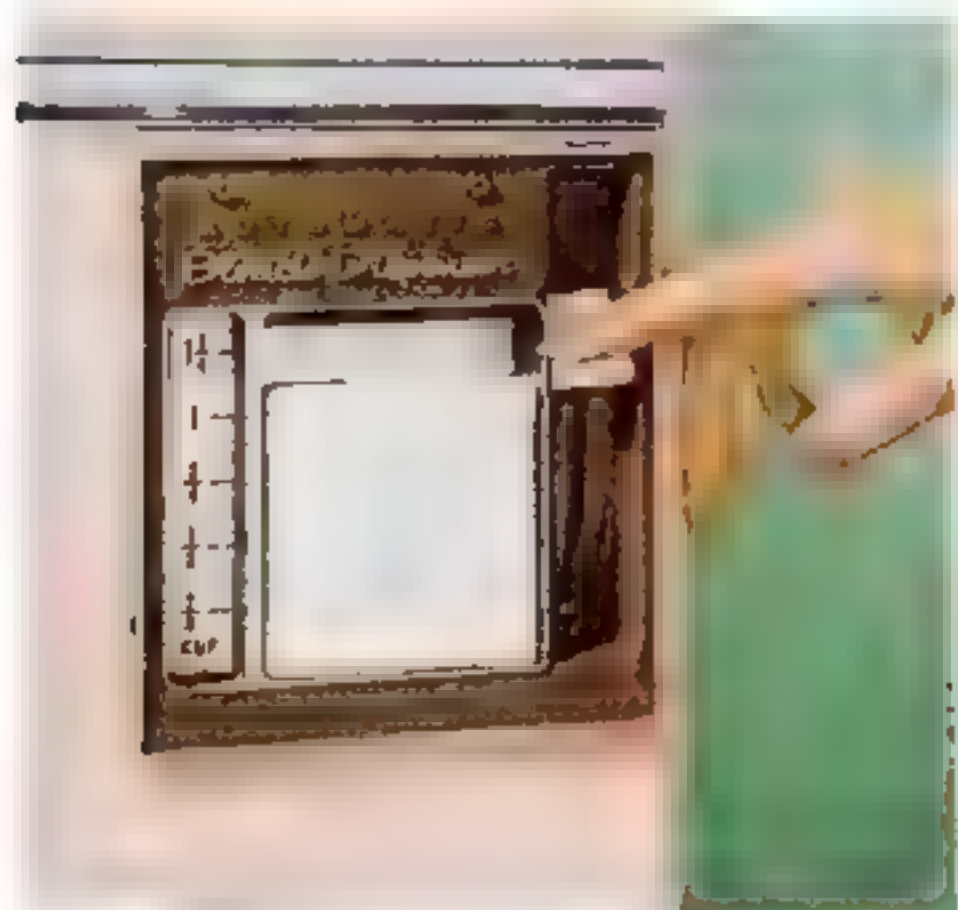
## PROBLEM:

to store, measure, dilute and add bleach to your wash water...and avoid risk of bleach damage

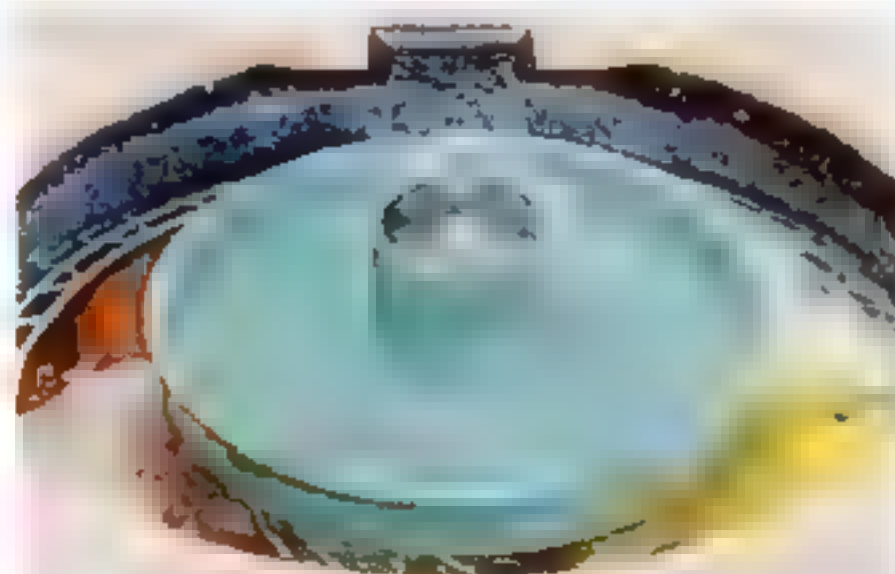
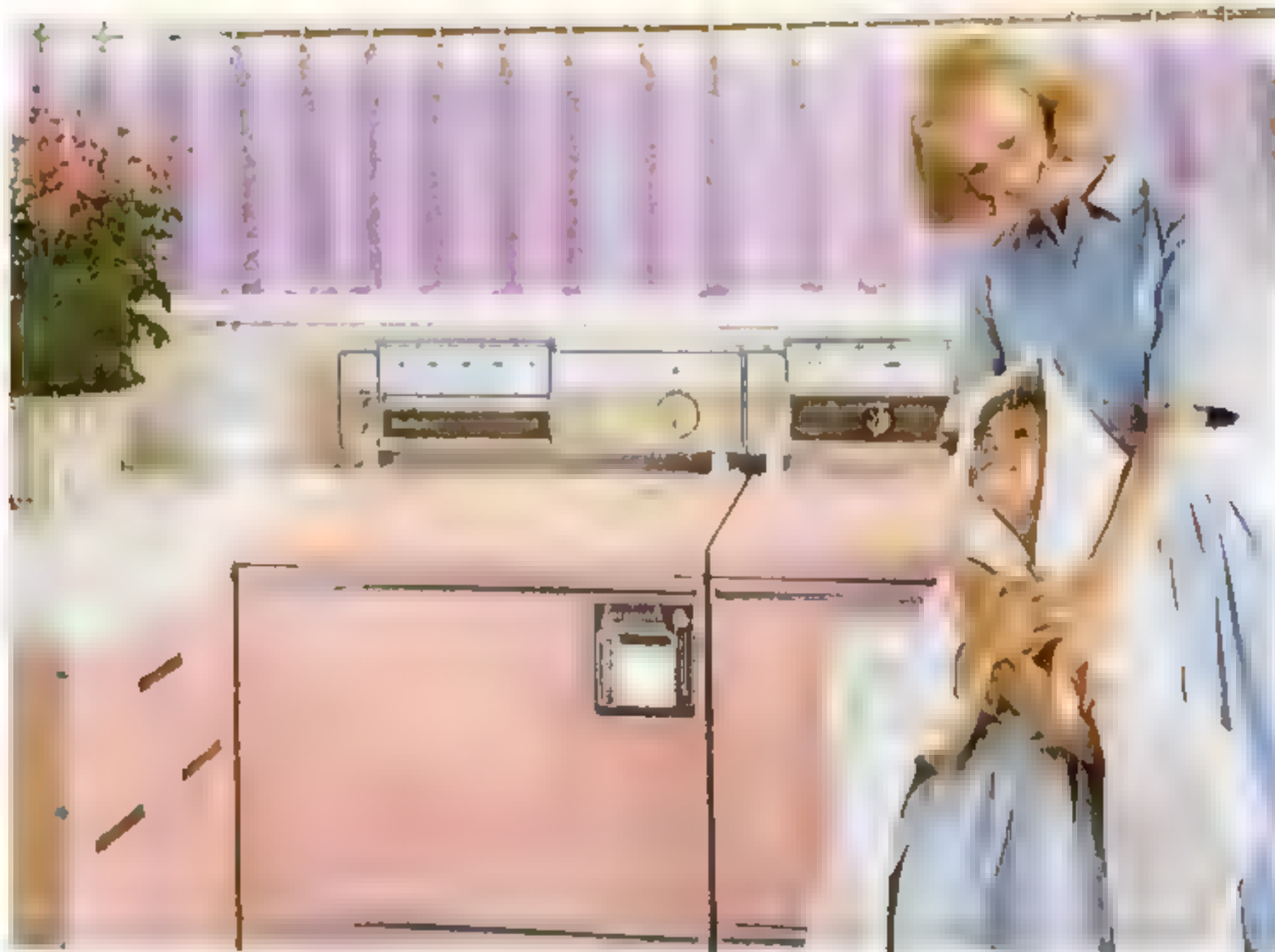
## ANSWER: Only the new General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer with Automatic Bleach Dispenser



Only the General Electric Washer stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. And remember, fill the dispenser only once a month—after that bleaching's automatic.



Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach for you—automatically. Press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need for any wash load. Then—even before the bleach is added to the wash water—it is diluted to safe solution. Result: sparkling, spotless, perfectly bleached clothes every time.



No lint fuzz. Lint is caught in the non-clogging moving filter, not on your clothes. Plus: Big 10-pound capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, Rinse Agent Dispenser. Mix-or Match colors, or white; full General Electric Written Warranty.

5 automatic cycles bring "hand laundry" care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct wash and rinse water temperatures, correct wash and spin speeds and times for any washable fabric. Even wrinkle-free treatment for wash 'n wear, special handling for woolsens.

Only \$3.30 weekly, after a small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and liberal terms. Ask to see the matching high speed dryer, too. Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



No artificial color added.  
Just colored by nature...  
inside and out.



The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...

**Sunkist Oranges** give your family 3 times more of the important protopectins and bio-flavonoids than frozen orange juice.

And you get all of the natural vitamin C plus 50 other health builders.\* Eat whole fresh oranges... drink whole fresh orange juice.

The name Sunkist is your guarantee of the finest quality oranges from California-Arizona. Always look for this stamp of protection right on the skin of the fruit. Accept only Sunkist when you want the best.

The navel means no seeds, easy to peel.



\*In addition to vitamin C, protopectins and bio-flavonoids, fresh Sunkist Oranges give your family calcium, vitamin A, inositol, thiamin, iron, biotin and 42 other known health builders.





### DINAH SHORE

Against a wall thickly hung with her own creations Songstress Dinah Shore enthusiastically daubs away at a still life in her Beverly Hills home. Dinah started painting

five years ago. But her busy career leaves her no time now for steady practice. "Every time I start a new painting," Dinah complains, "I have to start all over again."





**FANNIE HURST**

Authoress Fannie Hurst has spent past two years under instruction from Mrs. Elaine Pogony (left), widow of Painter Willy Pogony. She has a studio in a corner of her study where she paints "mostly living things, people, dogs and flowers."



**CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

Claudette Colbert's first ambition was to paint, but for years she did not dare try. Encouraged by Churchill's book, *Painting as a Pastime*, she began to do so now does still lifes in spare moments during run of Broadway show, *The Marriage Go Round*.



**MORTON MAY**

President of May Department Stores Co., May paints in windowless studio of St. Louis home. Before taking up painting, he was a fine color photographer. Behind (right) are two works by his friend, German Expressionist Max Beckmann.



**JAMES WADSWORTH**

Ambassador Wadsworth paints to relax from duties as U.N. delegate. He also collects sea shells, and in the painting above he combined paint and shells into simple flower pattern, a style which has earned him nickname "Grandpa Moses."





**DEBBIE REYNOLDS**

The actress, who mastered the French horn for the high school orchestra, plays it between scenes at studio (*above*) and at home "to get away from the pressures." Music relaxes her "because you can't think of anything else when playing."

**SPARE TIME USES** CONTINUED



**ALTHEA GIBSON**

The tennis star likes to "blow a few notes" on the saxophone which she learned to play in school. But even more, she likes to sing, has performed in nightclubs and enjoys her avocation so much that some day she may make a career out of it.



**ARTHUR LARSON**

Eisenhower's former aide, who now heads the Rule of Law Center at Duke, adapts music for his classical guitar. An expert player, he particularly likes the disciplined baroque music "because it restores your sense of the sanity of the world."



**EDWARD TELLER**

The nuclear physicist, "father of the H-Bomb," plays the piano well enough to perform with a quartet on TV. He plays because "music demands relaxation, and is therefore relaxing. [At the piano, I do not enjoy myself. I enjoy the composer.]"



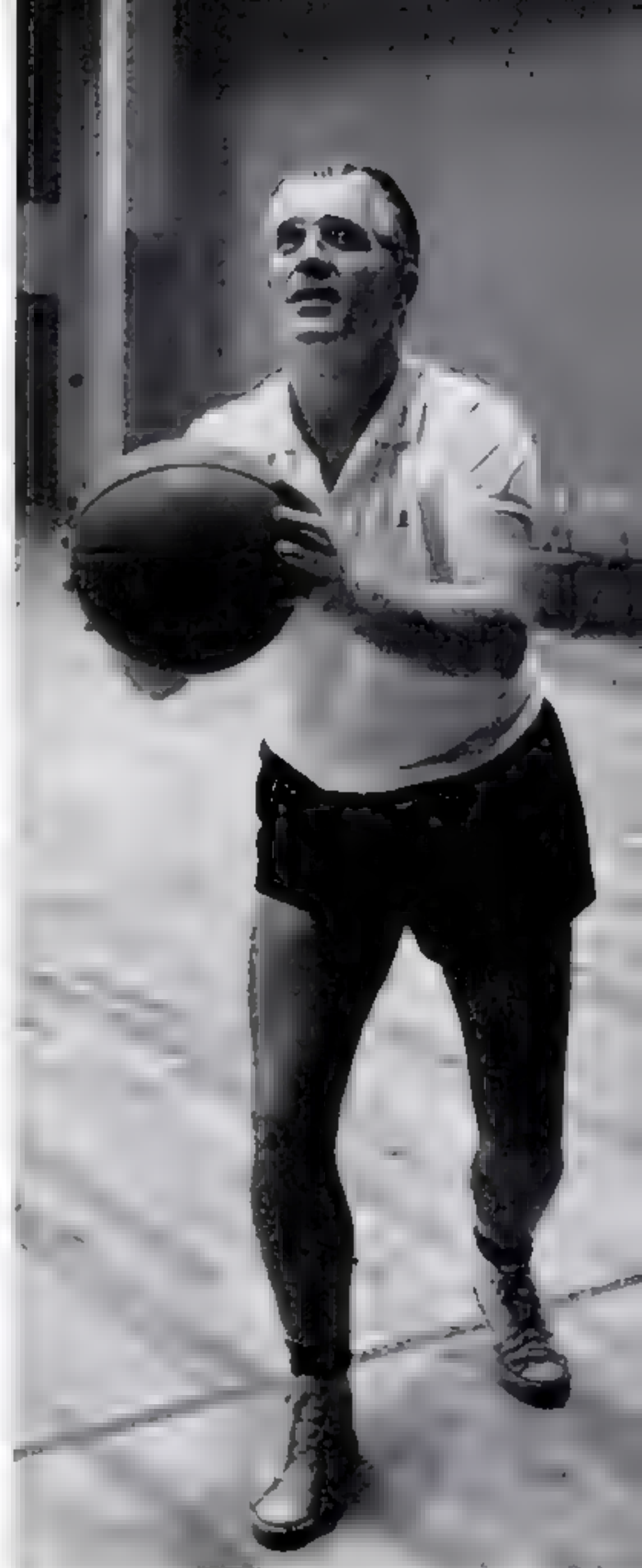
# Collectors and Exercisers



**AUGUST A. BUSCH JR.**

"Animals," says Mr. Busch, "are friendly and relaxing." The owner of the St. Louis Cardinals and president of the Anheuser-Busch brewery keeps a

private menagerie on his estate outside St. Louis, finds elephants are excellent pets and that "a few hours with camels work wonders for the nerves."



**GEORGE ROMNEY**

The head of American Motors likes to shoot baskets. A Mormon, he plays regularly to keep "the body, the temple of the spirit, healthy and clean."



**RENE D'HARNONCOURT**

The director of the Museum of Modern Art meets Dubinsky on a city outing. He likes most to ride in the countryside, says he sees more that way.



**MRS. NELSON ROCKEFELLER**

The wife of New York's governor does her own planting in executive mansion greenhouse, finds gardens "a passion I can't wait to have time for."



**RALPH BUNCHE**

U.N. Undersecretary Ralph Bunche calls his plants by their Latin names, likes tools that make bending over unnecessary, wages a fight against crabgrass.



# Gourmets and Gardeners,



**ALFRED A. KNOFF**

The famous publisher, dedicated gourmet, chooses meat for dinner. His motto: "A man who eats and drinks well may not live longer but does happier."



**KATHERINE ANNE PORTER**

Distinguished author leaves a working day by baking bread. "Spiced oaves," she calls them, and puffy rolls. "Tasture," she says, "is never idleness."



**C. R. SMITH**

The president of American Airlines, engaged in managing up-to-date vehicles, turns back to the Old West during spare time. In his New York apartment

he has re-created the atmosphere of the colorful frontier. Here he cleans a 12-gauge shotgun in front of statuettes that once adorned a western barroom.



**ALLEN ELLENDER**

The Louisiana senator, who enjoys "doing things you don't have to," often cooks elaborate creole dishes for his colleagues. Here he prepares a salad.



**JAMES VAN ALLEN**

The scientist who detected radiation belts around the world makes shelves and toys for his children. "Work with my hands," he says, "frees my mind."



**DAVID DUBINSKY**

The union leader rode a bike as a boy in Poland, now rides one regularly through New York to Central Park in order to get air and forget problems.



# by Celebrated People

## IN AVOCATIONS, THEY 'REFRESH THE SPIRIT'

"Using your leisure time requires imagination," says Novelist Katherine Anne Porter, one of 26 famous Americans whose imaginative ways of using their leisure are shown on these pages. All of these people are engaged in complex occupations and work under pressure and tension. But in their spare time they seek far more than relaxation and escape. Senator Ellender, who cooks (p. 78), finds leisure "refreshes the spirit." Tennis star Althea Gibson, who sings and plays the saxophone (p. 80), says music gives "a sense of accomplishment."

These Americans replenish themselves in ways as varied as restoring old steamboats and painting still-lives. For the most part, they are following interests they developed when younger. Though a few spend a lot of money, leisure costs most of them little. Most get their satisfaction doing things by themselves rather than in groups, and all bring to their spare time the same individuality that has made them outstanding in their professions. In their creative uses of leisure they come as close as anyone to being leaders of the good life.



**AVARD FULLER**

The Waist Line Railroad, a scale model of a 1910 railway system which travels 600 feet around a basement in West Hartford, Conn., is operated by

the president of Fuller Brush. Mr. Fuller, who built the line, spends hours routing freight, even more time maintaining equipment and the right of way.



**J. DOYLE DeWITT**

The president of Travelers Insurance collects the emblems used in U.S. presidential elections, here goes over those from McKinley's campaign.



**JEROME HINES**

"Mental gymnastics are as good as physical," says the Metropolitan Opera basso, who does chemistry experiments in his home-built lab.



**VLADIMIR NABOKOV**

The author of *Invitation of a Beulah* chases after rare butterflies, enjoying what he calls the "timelessness . . . the excitement of entomological exploration."



**GENERAL CURTIS LeMAY**

Ever since he tinkered with his first 1918 Ford, the vice chief of staff for air has been rebuilding auto motors. He still tunes the family cars.





## ***Walk in nature's wonder***

Down limestone terraces tourists trek to the floor of Bryce Canyon, Utah. The country's great national parks organize nature walks for 1.5 million visitors each year.

But many more Americans go on their own walks and, whether the object is to watch birds, hunt flowers or just look, they find deep satisfaction in getting close to nature.





## *The angler's challenge in the surf*

A pair of channel bass hangs burnished by late afternoon sunlight as beyond the fishermen recover their casts in the slow-running tide. Here off Bull's Island, S.C.,





a national wildlife refuge, the surf-caster benefits most from his lonely adventure, pitting his knowledge and skill against the unseen fish and the unfathomed waters. Many

of America's 30 million fishermen believe that only when it is practiced in solitude does their sport prove Isaak Walton's precept that it is "like Virtue, a reward to itself."

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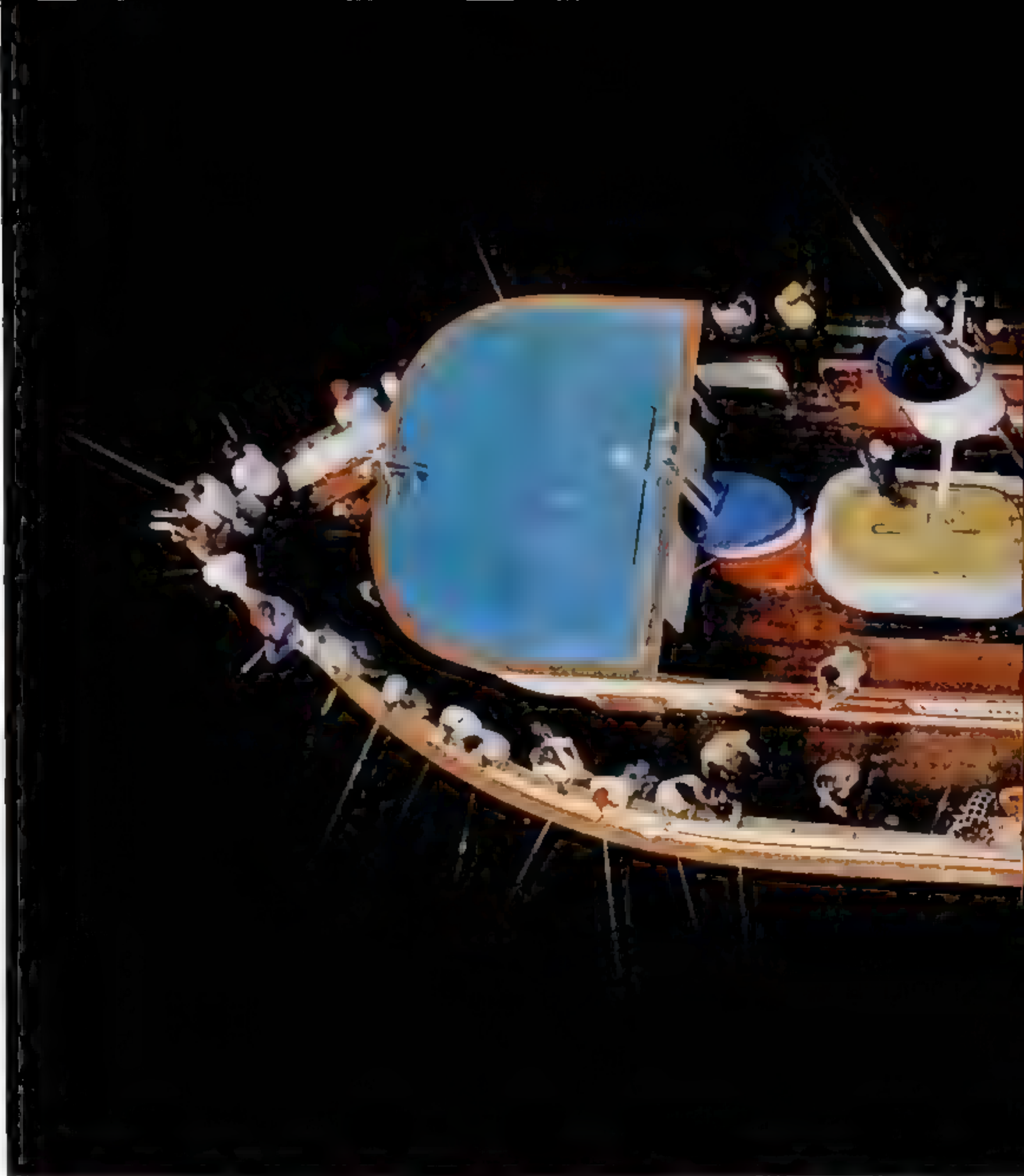


## PLAYGROUND,

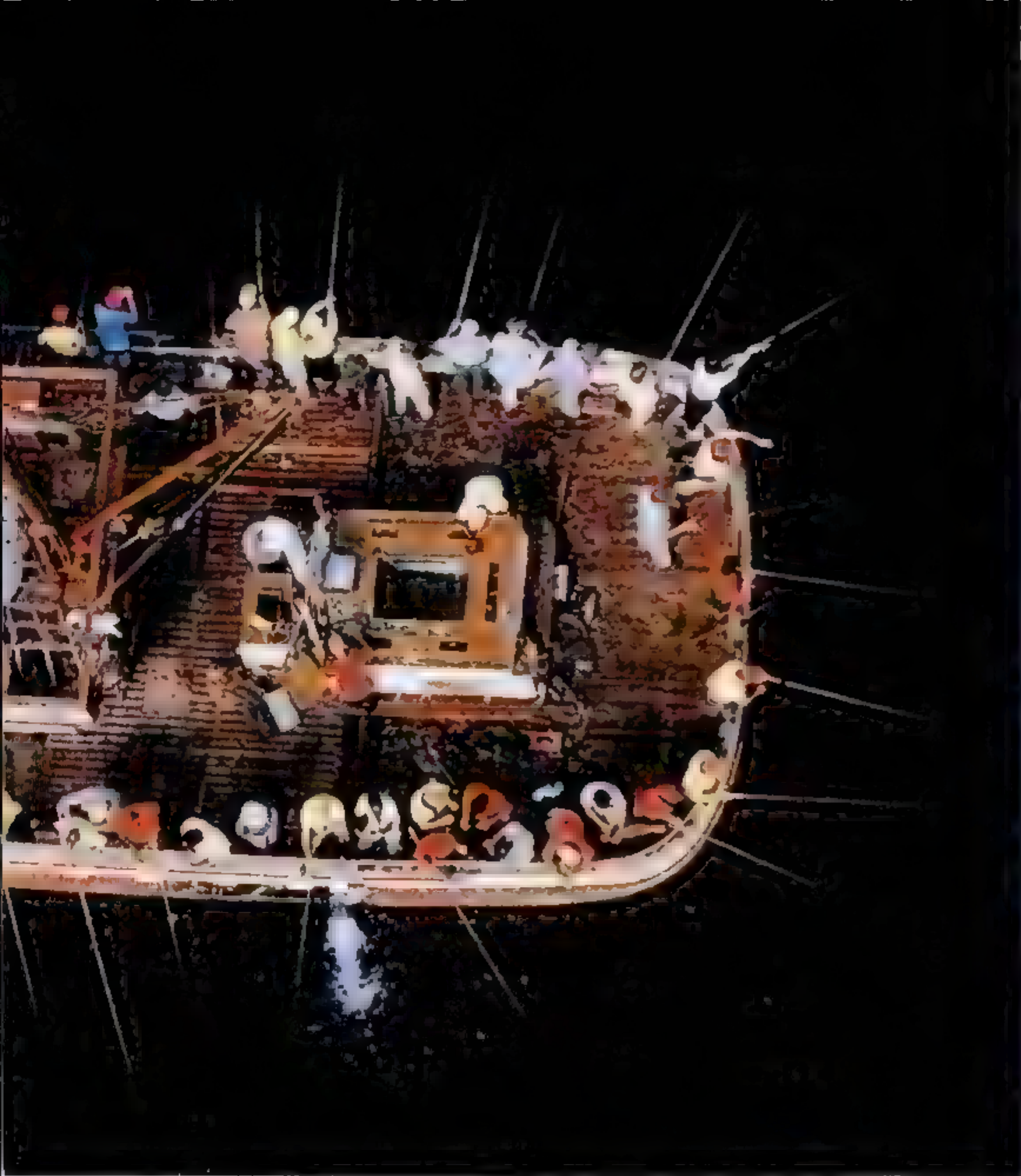
U.S.A. CONTINUED

### *Drifting down a lazy river*

Rocking down the river in a fleet of inner tubes, bathers enjoy an effortless ride on a summer's afternoon. The river is the Apple in Wisconsin and the tubes are supplied by a restaurant in Somerset. Tubing has all the serenity of rafting or canoeing and none of the labor. You get a tube, walk to the bank, plop in the water and then all you do is drift.







## ***Fishing by a boatful***

Bristling with rods of elbow-to-elbow fishermen, the party boat sits like a giant insect on the water. It is out of Redondo Beach, Calif., offering its clientele a deep-sea chance at halibut, barracuda, yellowtail, bonita. The boat attracts fishermen who would rather be sociable than solitary at their sport. On board they can share stories, their patience and complaints that they just aren't biting today.

## ***Jeeping in the rough***

In rendezvous on a ridge of the Colorado Rockies, a jeep cavalcade gets ready to rough it far from the paved highway. Jeeping has joined horseback riding as a means of traveling over the back trails. Jeep riders need the fortitude to endure a hard seat and the dust of the wheels ahead. But the reward comes in wandering deep into country that few tourists ever see.







## ***Explorers of a weird world below***

Like an invasion of eerie sea dwellers, divers in rubber suits and breathing devices emerge from the ocean off Pigeon Cove, Mass. The group is part of the North Shore Frogmen's





Association, out on a training dive and lobster hunt. In the language of their new sport they are "scuba" divers (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus), ultimate

in submarine adventurers. This year a million skin and scuba divers will plunge into U.S. waters there—weightless in an alien element—to drift, glide and pry into mysteries of the sea.









## ***A game for doers***

The golfer, framed in minosa at a New Orleans city course, freezes in his follow-through. For a few weekend hours nothing matters more to 5 million Americans than the mechanics of the swing, the arithmetic of strokes taken. Many play, they say, because walking does them good. But more good comes from the feel of a solid shot, the sight of the ball striking the green.

## ***Show for viewers***

The crowd, caught in the instant of victory and defeat, could be watching almost any of the spectator sports booming in the U.S. today. These faces happen to be viewing the finish of a race at the Atlantic City, N.J. track. Because they are also gamblers, track-goers get doubly involved in their sport—interested both in watching a fast nag and making a fast buck.

CONTINUED



## PLAYGROUND,

U.S.A. CONTINUED

### *High risk on a wet run at sea*

Perched precariously over a choppy sea, two young sailors hike far out to windward as their heeling boat slices across Biscayne Bay, Fla. Their centerboard boat is a new class, the 16-foot Southeaster, but their sport and its reward are ancient ones. Whether by dinghy, cruiser or ocean racer, Americans have tasted the excitement of moving freely through the water with a whipping breeze and have succumbed to the charm of the sea—described by the poet Massfield—as “the flung spray and blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.”











### ***Their voices raised on high***

The scarred piano plinks and thunders, the voices swell in unison and the songfest reaches its weekly crescendo. The place is Casey's Limestone House in western New York,





## ***Their voices raised on high***

The scarred piano plinks and thunders, the voices swell in unison and the songfest reaches its weekly crescendo. The place is Casey's Limestone House in western New York,









## ***Splash of swimmers***

Peppered with bathers, a giant 100x165-foot swimming pool in New York State's Anthony Wayne Recreation Area overflows on a hot summer day. Over 30 million Americans swim for exercise and refreshment and 175,000 families now enjoy the luxury of paddling around their own pools.

## ***Skein of skiers***

Strung across the slopes like beads, skiers queue before the tows at Snoqualmie, Wash. All-night travel, injury risks and long waits fail to discourage the growing army of U.S. skiers. For them skiing has all the pleasures of gentler sports and that exhilarating extra. "the nearest thing on earth to flying."





drinks range from beer and pop to crème de menthe, the songs from *I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl to A Rambling Wreck* from Georgia Tech. The pleasure of group singing is

the same everywhere. "Singing is the simplest and cheapest leisure activity," says one harmonizer. "It takes neither time nor talent nor equipment—just enthusiasm."

CONTINUED



# National's exciting new in Viking

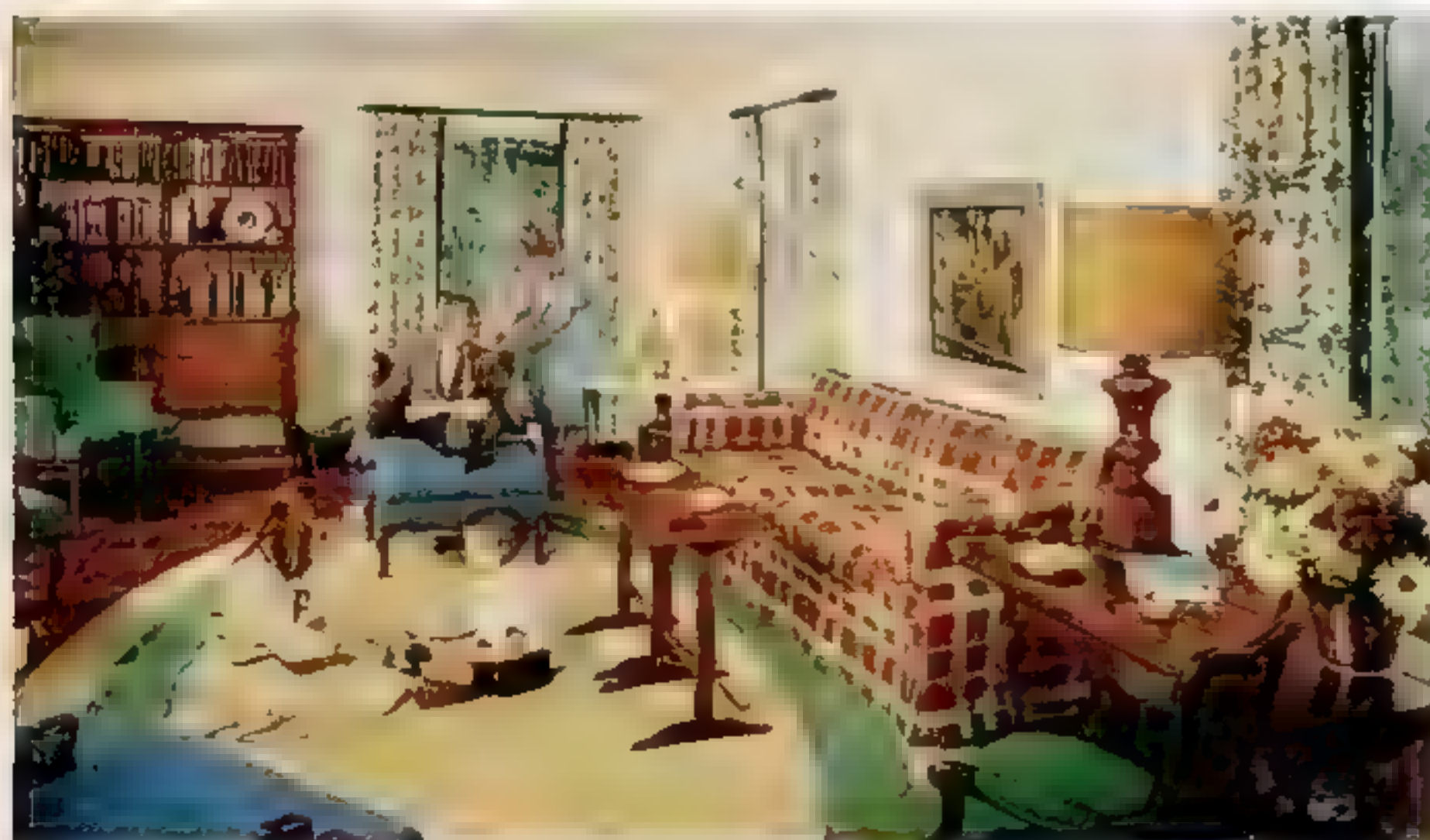
Invitingly large patio of the Lorraine is ideally oriented to the architecture of the home to ensure complete privacy.

FRENCH  
*Regency*  
STYLING



French Regency styling is authentically expressed in this new National Home designed by Emil Schudlin, A.I.A.

Lovely living room has a gracious livability typical of the charm of the Lorraine.



Easy-to-work-in kitchen has cabinets with durable, tough National-muca finish









# Regency style homes maintenance-free aluminum...

With DuPont's revolutionary baked-on Lucite®  
The greatest home paint discovery in 100 years...  
best protection ever against wear and weather

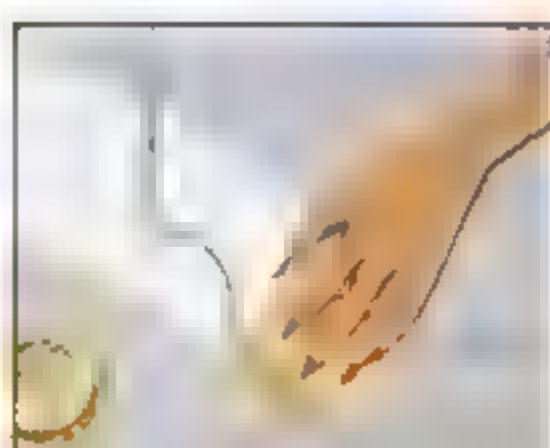
Exciting new styling... and more! Luxurious new living... and more! Exclusive new maintenance-free features... and more, much more! It's all yours in the breathtaking new French Regency homes... designed by famous Architect Emil Schmidlin, A.I.A.

Never before have you been able to find such a pleasant combination of living convenience, maintenance-free beauty and work-saving, step-saving, care-saving features. Like step-saving

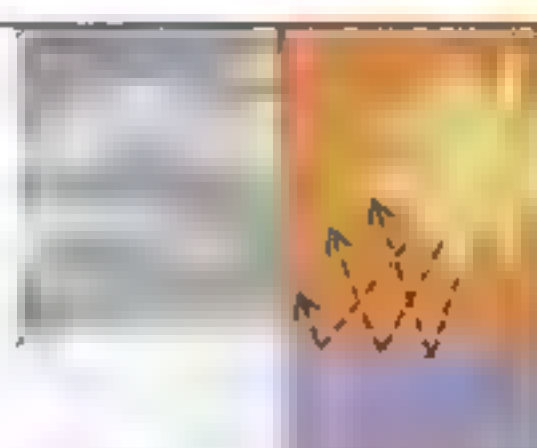
"circulating" floor plans that reduce traffic through the living areas... two-entrance family baths... so kids can enter from kitchen to wash up, without tracking through the house.

And the new Viking maintenance-free aluminum exterior will save you hundreds of dollars a year... make your home cost less for as long as you own it! Truly this is the house that sets the pace for years to come. The exciting new French Regency National homes.

Look at these exclusive maintenance-free features!



Entire exterior wipes off clean—as easy as your refrigerator. Lucite® finish has no sheen. Finish is baked on aluminum to hold its original color for years. A wide variety of colors and styles are available in this new siding.



Aluminum's reflective power keeps home one third cooler in summer. Fuel bills go way down in winter because aluminum reflects inside warmth... and baked-on Lucite® finish keeps roof new-looking for years.



Nothing to rust or corrode on the exterior. All window frames, doors, gutters and downspouts are bonded aluminum with new Lucite® finish... windows never need repainting, never stick or warp.



Passage and cabinet doors have lasting beauty. Passage doors are protected by mahogany-grain vinyl with National-mica finish. Kitchen cabinets by walnut-grain vinyl with same hard surface. Surfaces are scuff-proof, mar-proof, stain-proof.



Regency Homes available from builder-dealers served by these companies:

NATIONAL HOMES CORPORATION, Lafayette, Ind.; Horseheads, New York; Tyler, Texas • AMERICAN HOUSES, INC., Allentown, Pa.; Lumberton, N.C.  
NATIONAL HOMES CORPORATION OF CALIFORNIA (Formerly Western Pacific Homes), Decoto, California • W. G. BEST HOMES, INC., Effingham, Ill.  
KNOX CORP., Thomson, Ga. • THYER MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio; Collins, Miss. • LESCO HOMES, Martinsville, Va. • FAIRHILL HOMES, INC., Memphis, Tenn.

Check the Real Estate Section of your local newspaper for the Open House Showing of these homes in your area.



ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **LONDON**



**ENID BOULTING**, glamorous, chic—and on-the-go every minute. The mother of 3 lively boys, she is also a talented dress designer, a serious painter and a noted hostess for her famous film producer

husband. . . "I often have frantic days but my face never shows it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—to moisturize and ease away tension lines. . . "My skin stays beautifully soft and smooth."

*She's busy...  
yet she's beautiful...  
she uses Pond's*



**ENID BOULTING** says: "Pond's beautiful as it cleanses!" Yes, with this one cream you need never be too busy to be beautiful. This fabulous cream deep-moisturizes as it cleanses and freshens every tiny pore. And this richer cream goes on moisturizing long after your tissue is off. "Plumps up" the skin cells so tired lines can smooth out. Your skin will stay soft and smooth. See it come alive and glow with an exciting new beauty—like Enid Boulting's. Use Pond's Cold Cream to deeply cleanse at night, to moisturize under make-up all day.

**NOW! POND'S COLD CREAM IN STUNNING NEW DESIGNER JAR!**



# ***THIS MAY BE YOU! WHY ARE YOU RUNNING?***



**AN ELOQUENT SOCIAL CRITIC TELLS  
WHY ON THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW**



# HAPPY IDLE HOURS BECOME A RAT RACE

Driven by conscience, fear and discontent, we misuse our leisure

*A thoughtful critic of public education and our social system, Sloan Wilson has become famous for his two best-selling novels, The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit (1955) and A Summer Place (1958). A new novel entitled A Sense of Values, to be published in the coming year, deals with the problem of overabundant leisure.*



by SLOAN WILSON

**A**NYBODY who wants to achieve a reputation for wisdom today has to praise leisure. Exhausted physicians totter home from their hospital rounds to write articles advising everyone to take it easy. Leaders of government, industry, labor and education interrupt their busy schedules to give speeches calling for a more intelligent use of spare time and, wiping the sweat from their brows, extol the virtues of quiet contemplation. Even the most compulsively driven business executives who used to boast about the endless hours they spent in the office have learned to claim defensively that they "play as hard as they work."

Americans, long criticized and admired by foreigners for being the hardest-working, fastest-paced people on earth, today seem intent on making the United States into a hammock society, a happy playground for lovers of fishing, golf and hopscotch for adults. Apparently the national slogan will soon be "Please Do Not Disturb."

But in this land of leisure, where are all the leisurely people? In the backyards of the countless suburban homes built since the war, it is common to see elaborate lawn furniture or hammocks, but most of them seem to be empty, rocked only by the wind or by the ghosts of men who worked themselves to death. Diseases associated with nervous tension seem to be everywhere around us. Why do doctors have to keep telling us to take things easy if we all have so much leisure? Something odd happens to free time in this country. We have it, yet we do not. It is almost as if someone were playing an enormous shell game with

our idle hours. There they are—we can prove statistically that we have them—but where did they go?

The idle hours disappear because we waste and misuse them. We do so because most of us have little conception of the vast difference between the true leisure which is a rewarding, nourishing use of free time and a feckless, aimless meandering which eats up the time before we realize what has happened. Conditioned by our upbringing to a way of life which in the old days granted people far fewer free hours, we are utterly unaccustomed to our strange new bounty. But if Americans find they have a hard time adjusting to their newly won idleness they should not despair, for in truth leisure seems to be an unnatural state for man to inhabit for very long. Man is a creature made not for idleness but for activity, and when he is confronted with long periods of inactivity he often rushes impulsively into them so as to make them seem as much like work as possible. In fact, many men seem as determined to misuse leisure as they are to win it in the first place.

## Keeping busy around the clock

**T**HE outward signs of this paradox are everywhere at hand. Despite the 40-hour week, most Americans still appear to be busy most of the time. Salesmen, executives and entrepreneurs, large and small, are unaffected by laws passed to limit working hours. Many conscientious or ambitious teachers, office workers and others who in theory are on a short work week actually toil as long as their ancestors did before time clocks were invented. Men and women in jobs strictly controlled by trade unions appear to have the greatest number of free hours, but many of them eagerly seek opportunities for overtime pay, and more than four million "moonlighters" manage to hold two jobs, some working as many as 80 hours a week. More hundreds of thousands of men and women contrive to live far enough from their jobs to use up many hours in





#### THE FRANTIC PURSUIT OF ACTIVITY INEVITABLY CHANGES THE NATURE OF INNOCENT PLEASURE-SEEKING

commuting. For better or for worse, most Americans are filled with a great restlessness which drives them away from a constructive use of their leisure and leads them to distract themselves either in work or in hectic amusements.

To a considerable extent, leisure operates on the principle of the vacuum: as soon as it is created, something has to move in. Just as prisoners pace in their cells, and children on rainy days wait for something to do, most people crave activity. Far from seeking quiet contemplation, they will do almost anything to avoid it. Over and over one hears the remark, "I would like to read more, but I simply don't have time."

But all the while we are avoiding leisure we keep talking about it, perhaps because of an uneasy feeling that there is a kind of madness in

many of the chores and frantic distractions we invent for ourselves. We may also fear that the great restlessness responsible for these distractions will get out of control, burst the heart, corrode the stomach or unhinge the mind. We have to slow down, we tell ourselves, but many of our efforts to slow down somehow end by causing us to drive too fast or to strain a shoulder muscle. There often seems to be more desperation than contentment on the faces of men clutching the wheels of high-powered outboard motorboats, careening down icy slopes on skis, or trudging up mountain trails with guns. Relaxation is a hard bird to flush, and harder to shoot down. Even those men who are genuinely capable of spending a Sunday afternoon in a hammock often find themselves painfully prodded by their wives and children. According to one study of the use of leisure, husbands frequently complain that they are tired of "honey-do days"—days at home during which their wives keep saying "Honey, do this" and "Honey, do that." A nagging sense of duty, rather than pleasure, leads many weary parents to engage in exhausting games with their children.

#### Idleness begets misery

**N**O matter what praises are sung of leisure, those who have the most of it in the United States seem to be the most miserable. It is common knowledge today that vigorous 60-year-olds show a tendency to fade away and die soon after they retire. Physicians have noted that middle-aged women whose children no longer require mothering and whose husbands supply every material want are among their unhappiest patients. As every newspaper reader knows, men and women who have inherited or made enough money to ensure leisure have their share of difficulties with the divorce courts and the bottle. Youngsters unable to become absorbed in schoolwork and forbidden by child-labor laws to take jobs have added to the ranks of juvenile delinquents.

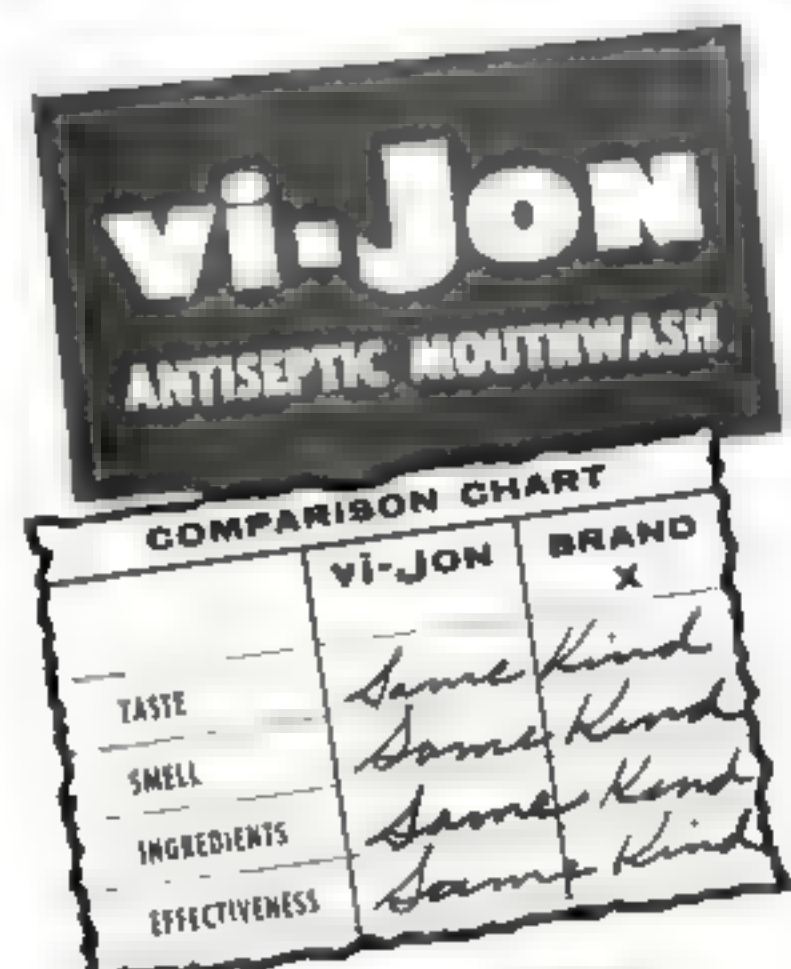


TIME WASTER SPANS HIS WEEKEND WITH DRINK



BE YOUR OWN  
"DRUG DETECTIVE"

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Get 6 Oz.  
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## WHY ARE YOU RUNNING? CONTINUED

In the United States today the tension is great enough to lead to the consumption last year of 216 million gallons of hard liquor, \$172 million worth of sleeping pills and \$254 million worth of tranquilizers. A recognized phenomenon of modern life is the "week-end alcoholic"—the man who can stay sober only when he is at work.

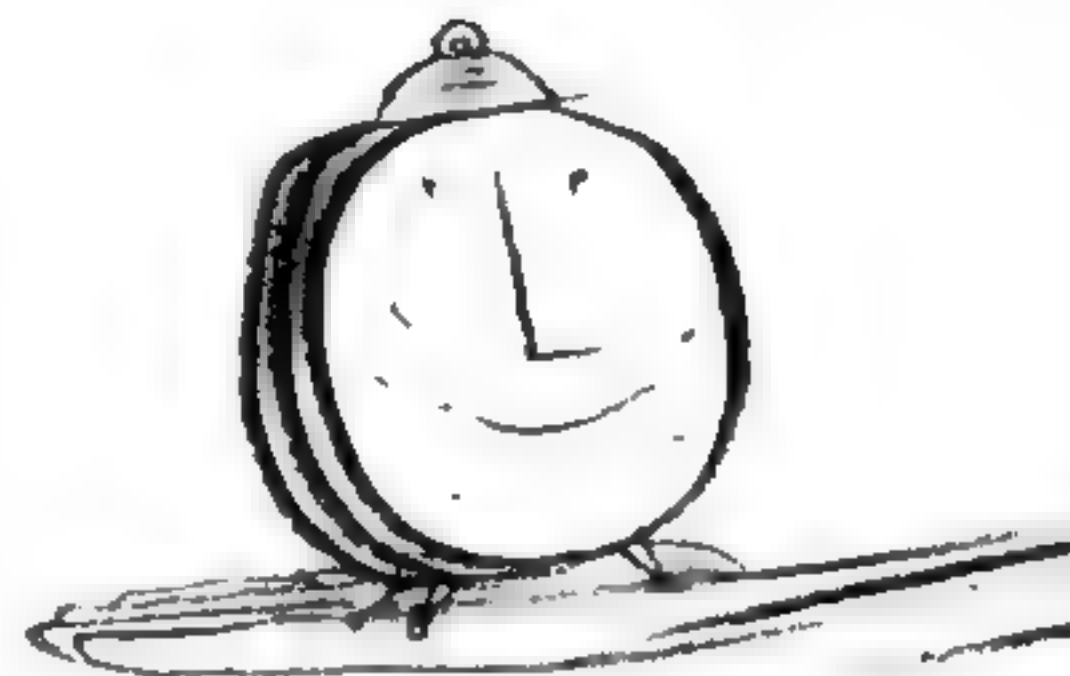
There is nothing new about mankind's abhorrence of too much leisure. Since being expelled from the Garden of Eden, man has taken it for granted that he was condemned to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. No matter how much we talk about the necessity of leisure in an age when machines are taking over more and more mental as well as physical work, our relatively recent Puritan past screams in protest. Since the first settlers at Jamestown starved, the need for work was firmly stamped upon the minds of the early colonizers. In both North and South, regulations were made "in detestation of idleness." Work gained an aura of religious respectability. Even midweek church services were curtailed when they started getting in the way of production. Modern Americans, faced with surpluses of food instead of shortages, can hardly justify a "detestation of idleness" on the grounds of necessity, but we still have a profound feeling that work is good, and that the enjoyment of leisure for more than a short time is vaguely immoral.

At first glance, at least, philosophers of the past seem to deride the grim industriousness of the Puritans and to be strong advocates of leisure. Henry Thoreau said, "The order of things should be somewhere reversed; the seventh should be man's day of toil, wherein to earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul, in which to range this widespread garden, and drink in the soft influences and sublime revelations of nature."

Aristotle said, "... we should be able, not only to work well, but to use leisure well; for, as I repeat once more, the first principle of all action is leisure. Both are required, but leisure is better than work and is its end. ..."

### Industrious philosophers

THOSE husbands who complain about "honey-do days" might have attributed Thoreau's capacity for leisure to his genius at remaining a bachelor, and some observers might say that, like modern physicians, both Thoreau and Aristotle may have talked about leisure more than they enjoyed it. Thoreau was an industrious writer even at Walden Pond, and Aristotle could hardly have written so much so well if he had not labored mightily. But the two philosophers



THE HOURS OF FREE TIME, WHICH SHOULD OFFER

were not hypocritical. They were simply careful about their definitions of leisure. True leisure Aristotle defined as requiring intellectual activities done for their own sake, and a key to his view is the fact that the Greek word for leisure is *scholē*, from which the English word "school" is derived.

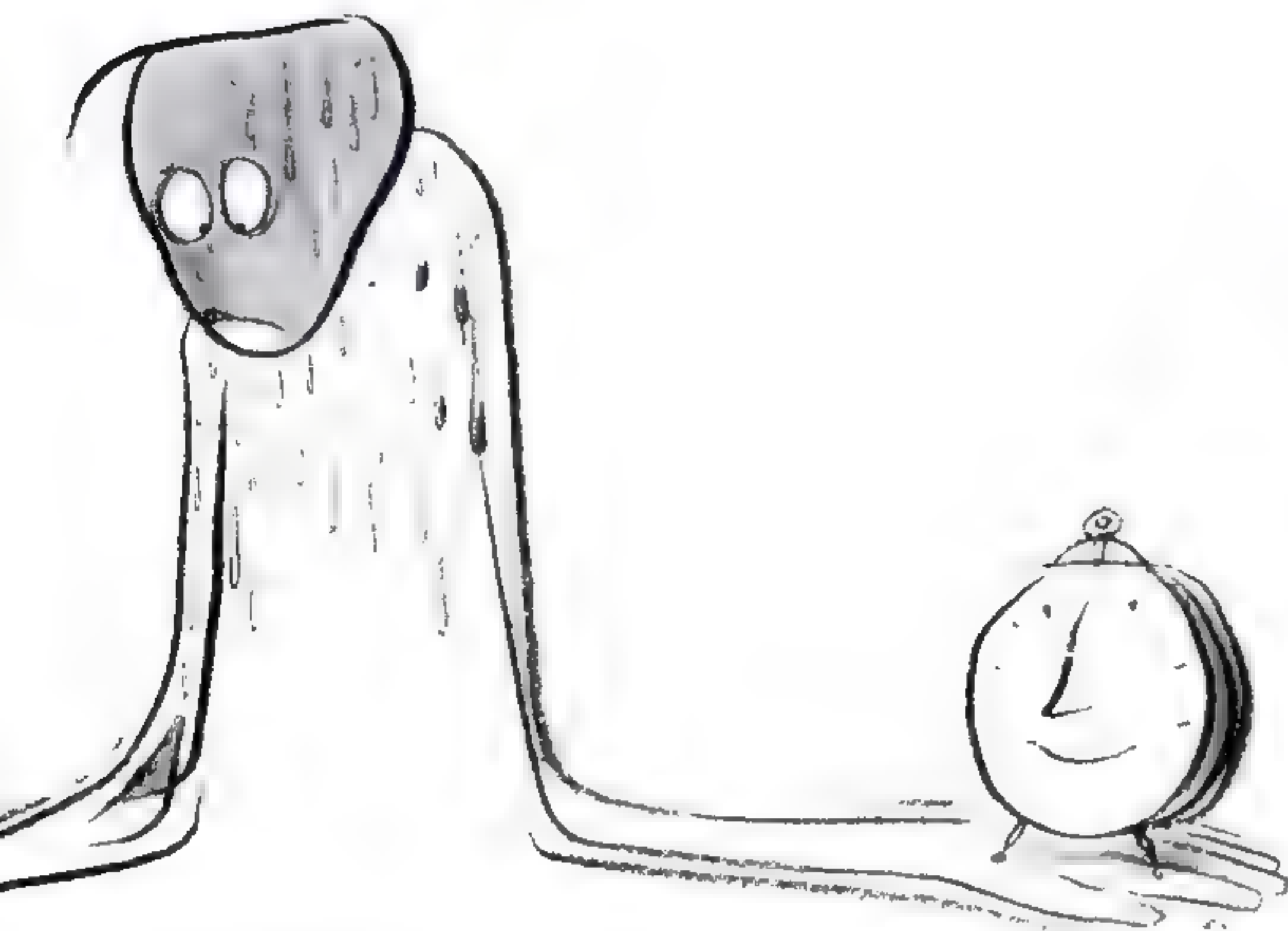
"Clearly we ought not to be amusing ourselves," Aristotle wrote, "for then amusement would be the end of life. ... We should introduce amusements only at suitable times, and they should be our medicines, for the feeling that they create in the soul is a relaxation, and from the pleasure we get rest."

Most Americans right now could undoubtedly devote most of their spare time to the kind of intellectual activity which Aristotle thought essential to leisure—if they really wanted to. But they do not. A recent study showed that only 17% of American citizens were currently reading a book. Even those who can be shown by every known test to have a good share of intelligence often avoid books. It is not laziness alone that limits their minds, for many are industrious at their daily jobs. True, many people are interested primarily in accumulating money, but millions of them get rid of their money even more energetically



HARD-EARNED PASTIMES AND RELAXATIONS THAT SHOULD BE PLEASANT ARE TACKLED AS GRIMLY AS WORK





WELCOME OPPORTUNITIES FOR FUN, WEIGH HEAVILY ON US AS WE DESPERATELY WAIT FOR THEM TO TICK AWAY

than they earn it. What are these people working for?

Anthropologists have noted that primitive peoples worked to achieve honor, prestige, status and dignity. Boys and men have long sought ways to prove and to advertise their virility. Even when starvation was not a threat in early America, some Indian hunters were ashamed to return home from an expedition empty-handed, and stayed on the trail for weeks, if necessary, simply to demonstrate their skill and strength. On the northwest coast of America there was a tribe which held contests to see who could burn the most valuable goods and kill the most of their slaves. Men and women worked much of the year to make canoes and blankets, not to use, but to destroy with the purpose of confounding their rivals. In less rigorous climates where food and shelter could be obtained without much effort before automation was ever dreamt of, men still worked hard to maintain the superiority of one tribe over another, or of one individual over his neighbor. Primitive man was apparently just as anxious as his modern American brother to avoid leisure.

Sometimes an overabundance of leisure is a symptom of social maladjustment. An unsentimental look at people who are presumed to be leisure-loving might show that many are either ill or without hope of improving their situation in life. During the years of slavery, for example, American Negroes were thought to be leisure-loving and were said to need nothing more than a banjo and a good meal to achieve happiness. But what choice did they have in an era when they had no opportunity to work for themselves? Negroes today who have better chances to rise in the world give no indication that they are addicted to leisure any more than anyone else.

The millions of people who reportedly stay glued to their television sets five and six hours a day have often been cited as examples of man's willingness to give in completely to passive entertainment. But who are these viewers, and why do they appear so easily content? Some are children who have little else to do. Others are adults who through personal misfortune have seen the great opportunities of the world shrink down for them to the size of the tiny screen. Many lack the money for other forms of entertainment, or the intelligence or peace of mind that is necessary for

reading. The torpor of their discouragement is different from simple laziness, and no proof of the inertia of the whole mass of humanity. The rest of us have amusements, including a modicum of television, for relaxation and "medicine," just as Aristotle recommends. But we work most of the time.

The traditional reason that Americans have always worked so hard is that from its very beginning this country gave us reason to expect that the results would be worth it. Many immigrants to America came from European class systems in which sons were prevented from rising far above their fathers and for years had seen no reason to tire themselves. As soon as they arrived in this country, however, and realized that it was actually possible for an industrious poor man to become rich and respected, their attitude changed. To the lure of accomplishment was added the new shame of failure that could not reasonably be blamed on "the system." A humble laborer in Europe could relax in the knowledge that he could not possibly have bettered himself, but his American brother often suffers agonies at the sight of an old schoolmate driving a Cadillac.

#### Proud badges of rank

**M**OREOVER, life is a competitive game for many people, and the prize of prestige or status can be won and kept only by extraordinary effort. The effort is often manifested through spending money rather than through earning it, partly because the size of one's income is so important that it is supposed to be kept secret, and partly because Americans sometimes seem just as proud of their ability to waste the results of human labor as were the blanket-burning Indians of the Northwest. As has often been pointed out, the frequently turned-in automobile, with its unneeded ornamentation, bulk and horsepower, is far more important as an instrument of status than of transportation. New houses are today becoming an equally important badge of rank. Many contractors have reported that the showier the house is, the easier it is to sell. And while some people find honest enjoyment in "working around the property," the intensity with which many exhausted homeowners labor

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## WHY ARE YOU RUNNING? CONTINUED

over improvements indicates their motive is neighborhood rivalry.

For many men a job is simply a tournament entered in order to finance another tournament. Such men try to get the highest salary at the office in order to buy the fastest boat on the lake.

Many men also have a neurotic need to work hard. Some have an exaggerated fear of poverty, perhaps remembered from their youth, which no amount of money in the bank can ever fully assuage. Others have an unconscious distrust of their ability to deserve love which drives them to try unceasingly to purchase affection from their families. Still more try desperately to convert themselves into copies of individuals whom they conceive to be the "right people."

### The overworked man's dissipation

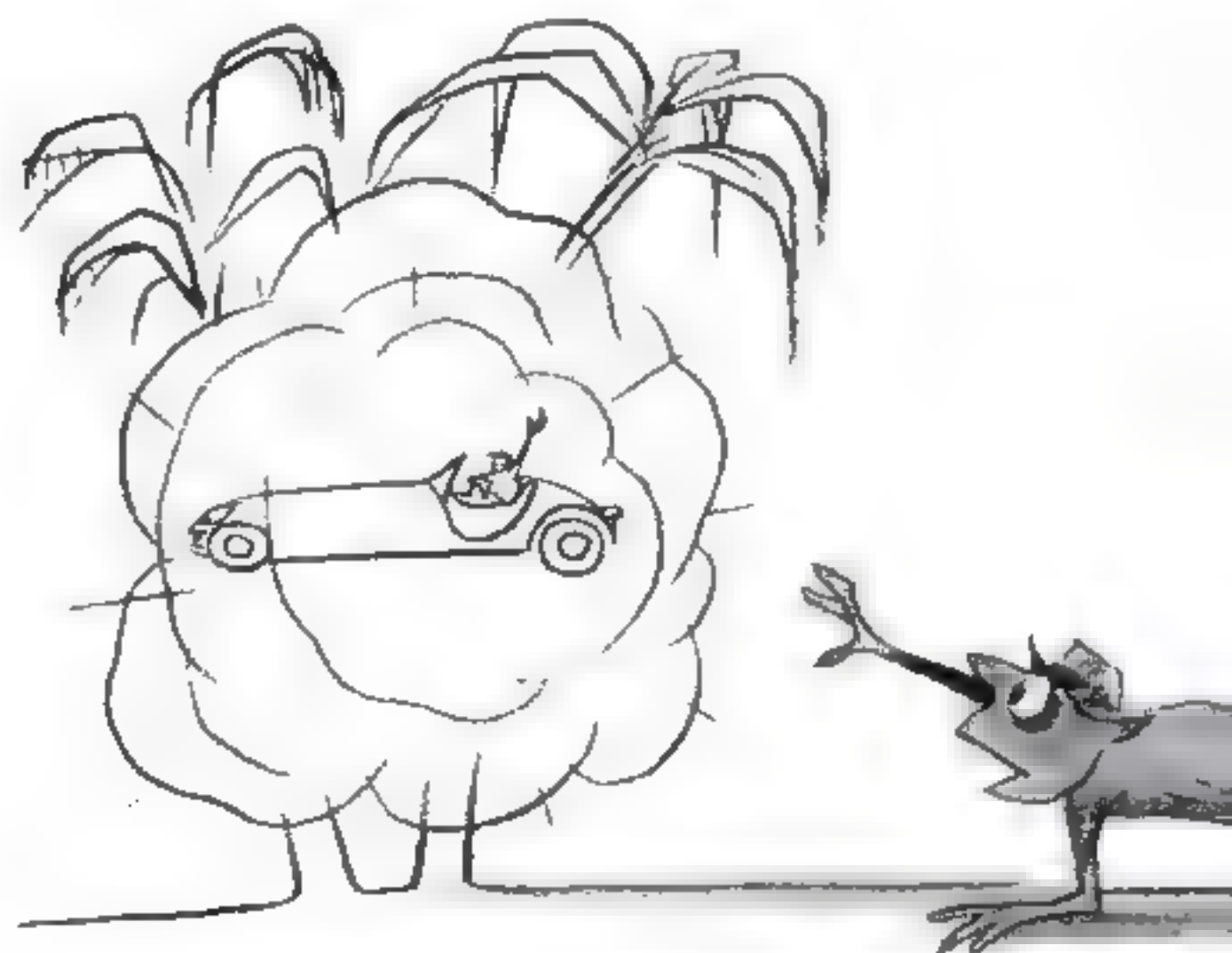
A MAN who overworks for neurotic reasons is not automatically cured when he tries to divert himself. The overworked man's play is often more taxing than his labor, and close kin to dissipation. Does this not help explain the enormous appetite for violence which causes such demand for books, movies and television dramas emphasizing loveless sex and the most graphic enactments of killing, shooting and slugging?

The violence on television at least has the advantage of being confined to a small box, but similar trouble can erupt openly in the widespread perversions of the pleasures to be found in water sports, automobile driving, skiing and other strenuous activities. It is easy to imagine the horror Thoreau would feel if he were taken today on a weekend drive through traffic jams to spend an afternoon on Walden Pond or were given an opportunity to try out a roaring outboard motorboat capable of cutting figure eights at 30 knots. Whether he would want six Sundays of this to one day of work is doubtful.

Ironically, many pleasure-seekers sooner or later become disillusioned with the devices they buy for entertainment. The managers of marinas and boatyards find that people often buy expensive craft with the greatest enthusiasm, only to leave them lying unused and uncared-for most of the time. Foolishness of this kind might seem to be a weakness of only the very rich, but even poorer homes are full of relatively expensive gadgets which seemed much more desirable on the store shelves than they did when they were taken home.

To be sure, there are countless Americans who bear no relation whatever to those cited above and who find in their labor a genuine, healthy pleasure that no entertainment can possibly rival. Many fortunate scholars, artists, scientists and craftsmen find their work is an end in itself which happily brings money as a by-product. At least a few businessmen are unquestionably truthful when they say that they enjoy dealing with people so much, and receive so much pleasure from planning money-making projects, that leisure is dull in comparison. And there are also a good many idealistic individuals who like working for the benefit of mankind or their less fortunate neighbors.

Not all of man's drive to work springs from neurotic bases. To be satisfied in his hammock a man needs, among other things, the assurance that his neighbor is not sharpening up his knife to kill him, and



WE DRIVE OURSELVES MERCILESSLY ON TOWARD NEW DREAMS.





IN THE U.S. ANYONE CAN CLAW HIS WAY TO THE TOP

what is true of an individual is also true of a nation. We do not think the Russians are joking when they say they intend to bury us, figuratively or otherwise.

If it is ever possible for everyone to have a 16-room house with a swimming pool under a plastic dome in the backyard and two helicopters in the garage, there will surely be people saying it is a national disgrace to have to put up with such cramped quarters, such miserable facilities for recreation and such antiquated transportation. Our slogan, then, is not "Please Do Not Disturb." Excelsior is the motto, as it has always been, and if man is criticized for it he can always point out that, for better or for worse, it has carried him from the caves to the skies. Like Aristotle's star pupil, Alexander the Great, most men will always seek new worlds to conquer, and like him, most will lack the ability to seek new frontiers within themselves.

For the descendants of apelike creatures who refused to be satisfied with enough fruit, work—any task on or off the job done zestfully for its own sake—is the greatest continuing joy. And work done for the benefit of others is the source of the greatest pride. Perhaps the time has come to stop the confusing eulogies of leisure which, without the most careful definition, seem to be calls for sloppy self-indulgence, and to start a search for more opportunities for meaningful work. Men do not want to be retired yet. The fierce restlessness which wells up in most of them when amusements become too prolonged is no cause for shame—it is the great itch which has always driven mankind. Even if we all become philosophers some day, there will always be philosophers to write, the moon to reach, and after that, the stars.



FORGETTING THAT REALITY SELDOM CAUGHT UP WITH OLD ONES



## How we retired in 15 years with \$300 a month

"All our married life, Kathleen and I have kept a boat. But now that I'm retired, we spend more time on Chesapeake Bay than on dry land. We anchor in little coves and fish, go crabbing when we feel like it or just cruise around lazily. Thanks to the \$300 check that comes in every month, we're not just Sunday sailors.

"I remember thinking, when we first moved to the point in 1943, what a shame it was we couldn't get more hours of fun out of living near the water. But five days a week and every other Saturday, too, I'd have to drag myself out of bed at seven, take one longing look at the water and hop for the train. Evenings it was dark when I got home. That was our life.

"But one evening, the summer after we had bought the house, Kathleen mentioned she'd seen a neighbor of ours, Mr. Barrett, taking his sailboat out almost every day for the last month. We knew he used to commute to Baltimore, and she was rather worried that he might have lost his job.

"Just as I was about to get into my boat the next Sunday, I saw Barrett coming down the pier. I'd never seen him look so happy and well. And then he told me. He'd retired! I was amazed. He looked much too young, I'm sure I looked downright envious when I told him how lucky he was.

"'Luck nothing!' he said. 'It's my Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan—the one way I could find to get financial security for life. And, believe it or not, it took me just fifteen years!

You could do it, too. You have a good job. And you're still young enough. That's the main thing.'

"That very evening I noticed a Phoenix Mutual ad in a magazine. The plan sounded just as good as Barrett had said it was. I clipped the coupon and sent for the booklet.

"When it arrived in the mail, Kathleen and I read about all the Phoenix Mutual Plans. 'Well, this is real security!' she said. 'We'll never have to worry about ups and downs of the stock market, or about outliving our savings.' Sure enough, part of my salary could buy a retirement income that would last as long as either Kathleen or I lived. The only question was starting young. I was already forty, so I applied right away.

"Last summer, a few days after my fifty-fifth birthday, my first check for \$300 arrived—and was my retirement party ever a celebration! We've been having the time of our lives ever since. And to think we'll never have to worry about an income as long as we live!"

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SAFETY SALUTE works like this . . . energized by the lights from an on-coming car, Guide-Matic fades down your bright beams ○○ 1 ○○ to a soft glow, signaling the other driver to dim his brights ●● 2 ●●. An instant later, the inboard beams turn off ●● 3 ●●, restating . . . with greater urgency . . . a safety message that can't be ignored. Once you've passed in perfect safety, all four lamps instantly switch back to ○○ 4 ○○ bright.

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# Pointers for Playful Fathers

## A ST. LOUIS PARENT IS SENSIBLE AND RELAXED

For decades U.S. fathers complained that they did not have enough time to spend with their children. Now they do, and though it has brought them great joy, it has also started them worrying. Much more is expected of them than a goodnight story, because they are making long and repeated invasions of a child's world. Down on all fours, many fathers awkwardly discover that it can be just as mystifying and impenetrable to them as the adult world is to children.

Trying to help, specialists in child rearing have sensible pointers for harried but earnest fathers. These are some basic ground rules:

- ▶ Fathers should act their age—for children resent adults who condescendingly masquerade as kids.
- ▶ The child should have a vote in the form of play, rather than having it rammed down his throat.
- ▶ If there are children of different ages, activities should be planned to interest the oldest and still not dumfound the youngest.
- ▶ Fathers should relax and enjoy themselves rather than make every minute of playtime a physical or mental workout.
- ▶ Playing with daddy must never intrude on a child's quest for privacy.

In St. Louis, Robert Eskridge, 36, a cereal company executive who has five children and a lot of rewarding fun playing with them, improvises on these principles with a flourish all his own. He doesn't have a set of rules though; the only expert he consults is his wife, Del, who advises common sense. Says Eskridge, "I don't want to jeopardize all the warmth and fun of playing together by turning it into a self-conscious ritual."

Nevertheless, Eskridge has a purpose which is dead serious. At night and on weekends he sets aside time for his children, whether singly or in groups. "Whatever we do," he says, "it teaches them respect for their father and for each other, and I get to peek momentarily into a world which otherwise would be off limits."

**DOUBLE BACK RIDE** up the stairs is given by Eskridge to Mary, 3, on his shoulders, and Diane, 6,







ROUGHHOUSING in the TV room. Eskridge tosses Susan, 7, as Mary and Diane wait their turns. "It's a good way to get them away from a program we

don't think they ought to watch," says Eskridge. "And it sends them to bed laughing. Then their bedtime prayers help to calm them down for a good night's sleep."

CONTINUED

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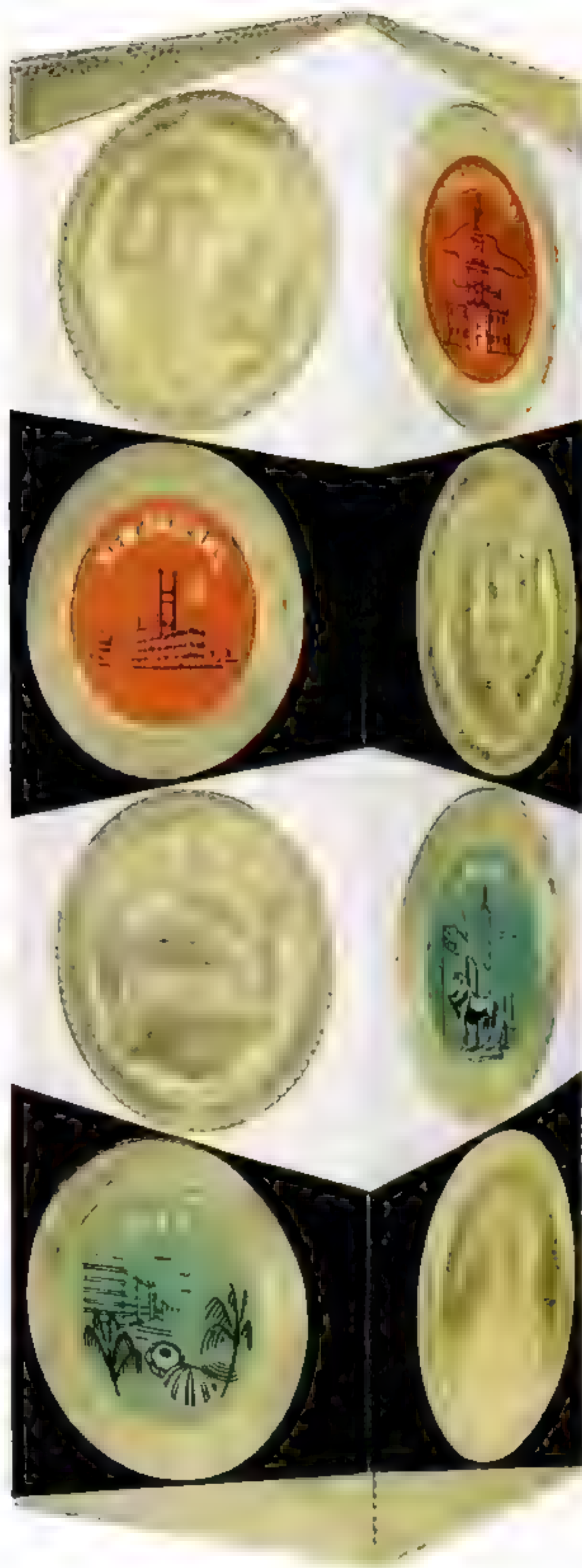
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**HELPING HIS SONS**, Eskridge shows Bill, 9 (left), and Rob, 11, how to remove an old stoker motor from the furnace in the cellar. "A growing boy has to be able to use his hands as well as his head," says Eskridge. "Fathers and sons can't explore caves or mountains very often, but we can explore motors."



**SKIPPING ROPE**, Eskridge cavorts with Susan and Diane on sidewalk. "When I get home from work," he says, "I try to take two or three minutes each night to do whatever the kids happen to be doing. It doesn't take much time, but it gives them a feeling that I'm really interested in their activities."



**AT TEA PARTY**, Eskridge sits with his daughters at miniature table in the kitchen. He explains, "One is playing the father, one the mother, and I'm the baby brother. They are the important people in this little world, and as their father I want very much to be a part of it—even with my big feet."



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IN NATIVE (ESKIMO) CLOTHES PAUL AND CLARA SUFFER THE MIAMI BEACH SUN. PAUL SAID PLAINTIVELY: "WE WEAR THESE ONLY DURING COLD WEATHER"



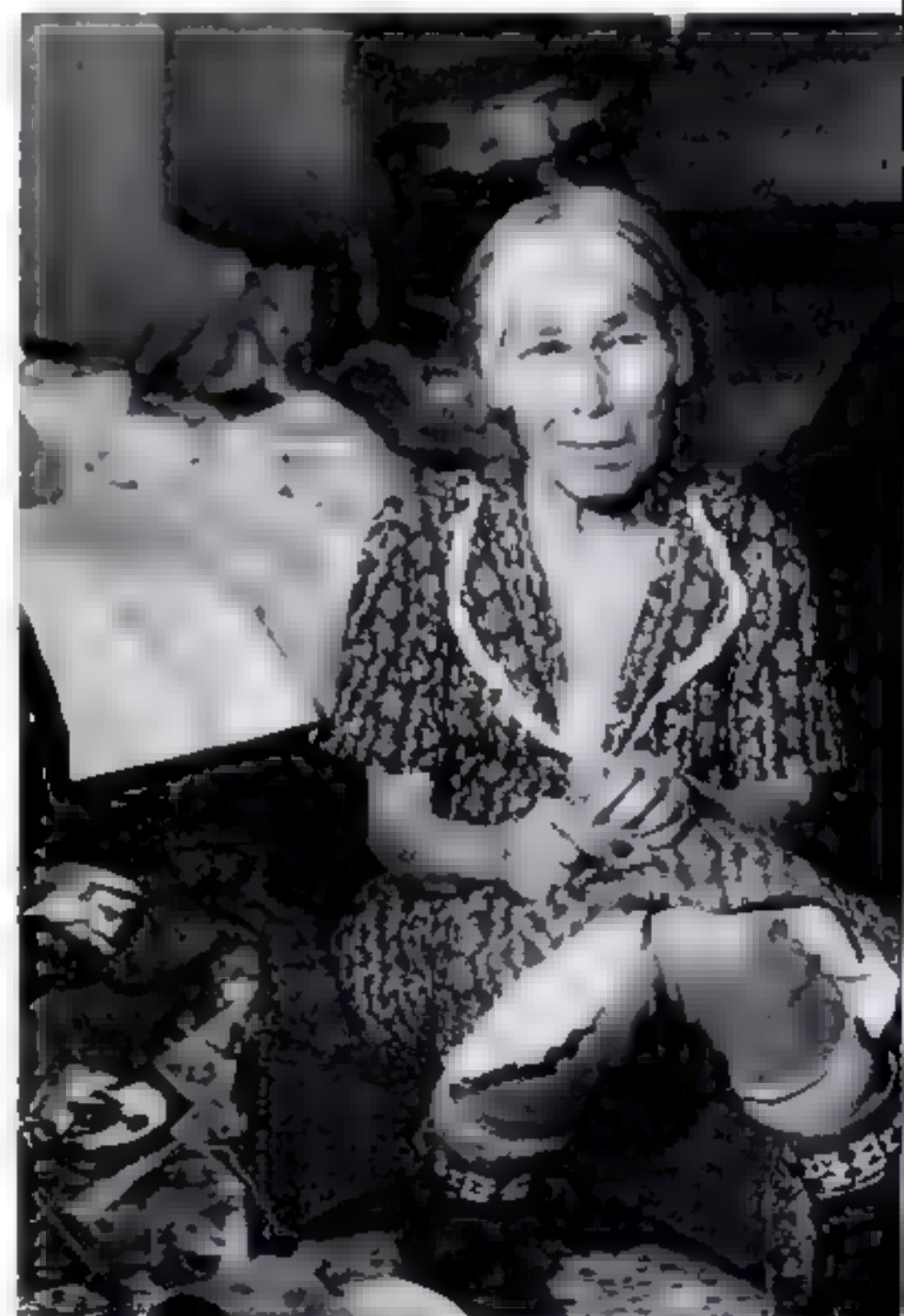
STRANGE STRUCTURE, an unmeltable igloo in plastic foam arouses the Eskimos' interest. They live in houses made of wood, skin and sheet metal.

## A Good Life Goo! It's for FOLKWAYS OF FLORIDA ARE STRICTLY GIGGLY

Nobody in America is more anxious to spread the encouraging word about the good life than the hotelkeepers of Miami's multimarveled beach. Recently one, stirred up by his press agents, reached all the way up into Alaska, just three miles east of Siberia, and invited two Eskimos, specimens of a ruder way of life, down to see the benefits of civilization. Shortly after they arrived Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tiulana began in a soft and polite way to giggle.

After wearing their wintertime sealskin parkas for pictures on a 50° day, they put on Miami standard dress—splotchy sports shirts, bent-brimmed beach hats and upswept movie-star sunglasses. They were initiated into the delights of leisure, like cocktail parties and the cha-cha. They were shown wonders—a flush toilet, bathtub, television, knives and forks.

There was hardly any time for them to explain that back in Nome they took baths and saw TV. Even at their summer camp on Little Diomed Island they had knives and forks. What really was new to Clara in the American good life was an igloo made out of Styrofoam and placed on the hotel terrace. She had never even seen an igloo of any kind before. Both also were astonished at a strange tribal custom of the tourists, thousands of whom, they noted, sat around in their pelts and spent their leisure time busily rubbing each other with oil.



BACK HOME IN NOME, Clara's mother, Marie Sagmigana, baby-sits with three of the Tiulana children, whose mother has left them for the first time.





IN NATIVE FLORIDIAN CLOTHES PAUL AND CLARA APPEAR ON BEACH. ASKED WHAT THEY COULD DO WITH LIGHT CLOTHES IN ALASKA, PAUL SAID, "WEAR 'EM!"

## the Eskimos



IN GALES OF GIGGLES the two Eskimos try on → Florida clothes they were given. When Clara put on a bathing suit, Paul almost split his sides laughing.







**A**t Holy Family Hospital for Negroes, Mrs. Roberts drops in on Herman Zene, 9, who has eye infection. With them is Holy Family's administrator Sister Philippa Maria. Mrs. Roberts raises funds for hospital's nursing scholarships.



**A**t her own church, the Episcopal Church of the Advent, Mrs. Roberts pitches in to fix dinner for 50 members of a businesswomen's unit. She is a first-rate cook, and she says one of her tricks is "always dipping my finger in and licking it."

**P**ulling some loot in the rain, Mrs. Roberts hauls a wagonload of toys she has just begged from a downtown department store. All the toys are earmarked for the Neighborhood House Day Nursery, of which she is past president and trustee.



**ON SIX DECK OF THE CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL MRS. ROBERTS HELPS**







PATIENTS TO FLY A KITE, SHE IS A LEADING VOLUNTEER WORKER IN THE FIGHT ON DISABLING DISEASES

# Up to Her Ears in Good Works

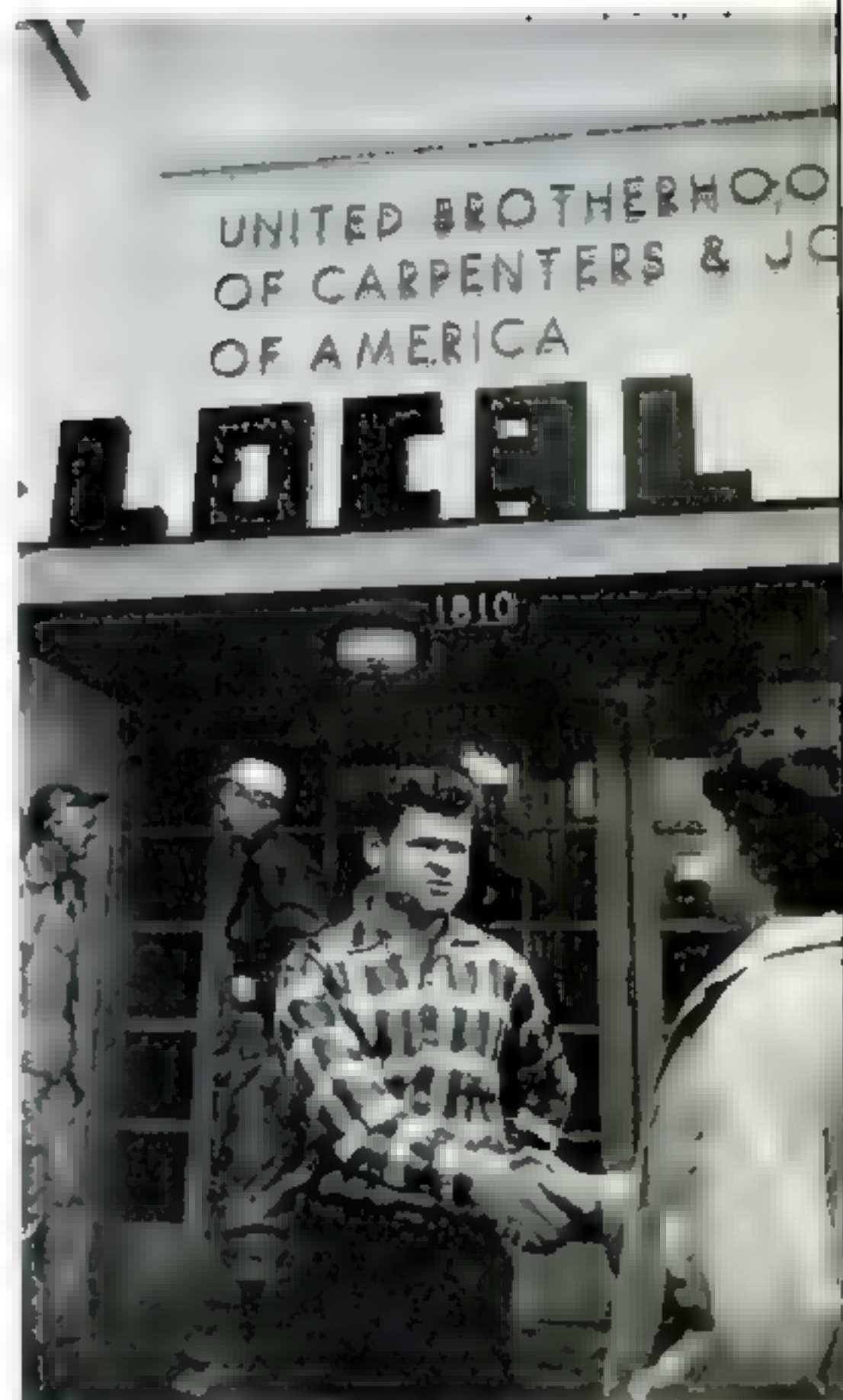
## ALABAMA HOUSEWIFE DOES CIVIC WONDERS

"If she wants to improve the world, that's fine with me," says David Roberts about his wife. "But I don't see how she manages to get everything done." This also baffles countless other residents of Birmingham, Ala., where Mrs. Roberts' will and way have paid off astonishingly in improving civic and cultural affairs. She is the do-gooder par excellence—but she is certainly not stuffy about it. "The thing I detest is conspicuous good-deedness," she says. "My job is just pestering people to do what they think they don't want to do. I've found that a person can say no for only so long."

Mrs. Roberts—she is English-born and her

first name is Cecil—is the chief sparkplug in nearly 50 civic and welfare groups (p. 136). These range literally from A to Z—from the Alabama Pops Orchestra to the board of the Birmingham zoo. In 1956 she was voted Birmingham's woman of the year and by common consent she could keep right on winning hands down.

Mrs. Roberts' surest and best-known skill is raising money by the bagful, whether for her church, the ballet or the sick and poor. "She's the best chiseler I know," marvels Birmingham's Mayor James Morgan. Says Mrs. Roberts, "Just give me a job to do and I'll do it."



A handshake clinches a deal with Horace Moore, chief of apprentices of carpenters union, who agreed to lay new floor in the civic theater without charge.



Long active in March of Dimes. Mrs. Roberts plays with poster girl, Mary Beth Pyron, 2½. Says Mrs. Roberts, "Those eyes are always looking right at me."



## Full life of service around town and at home

Cecil Roberts, who was brought up in England until she was 8, was a fashion consultant in New York when she married David Roberts in 1943. Her friends warned her that with her cosmopolitan tastes she would despise living in Birmingham, David's home town. They were right—for a short while. "I was utterly miserable at first," Mrs. Roberts recalls in her marked British accent. "But today Birmingham has got cultured up."

The cultural catalyst was Mrs. Roberts herself, for she decided not to accept Birmingham's standards but to preach her standards in Birmingham. She revived the civic theater, headed up an arts festival and led financing drives for schools and hospitals. Her technique was simple: to sweet-talk support from every conceivable source in town. "I keep right at it," she explains, "until that inner smile comes out, and I know my man is hooked." Says one of her victims, "Cecil is the kind of charming woman to whom you'd be perfectly willing to lend your yacht."

Nevertheless Mrs. Roberts views her primary roles as those of wife and mother, and every afternoon she lays off by 3 to welcome her sons home from school, then gets set to fix dinner. "I'm an ordinary happy hausfrau who is married to a business executive," she says. "I just happen to prefer riding a broomstick to using a vacuum cleaner." But, more seriously, she explains herself by citing a favorite biblical passage from Isaiah, 6:8: "Here am I, send me."



Wearing an antebellum-style gown, Mrs. Roberts attends a tea party at Birmingham's Howard College, one of the opening events of the annual arts

festival. Mrs. Roberts helped to start the festival which sponsors a three-week-long program of music, art and drama, and is now its honorary chairman.



A surprise party by cast at Town and Gown Theater honors Mrs. Roberts as chief angel. "This is the closest I'll ever come to being an angel," she said.



Scattering clippings, Mrs. Roberts sits in bed late at night poring over the seven newspapers she reads daily to keep track of civic and world developments.

"People say my house is a mess," she admits, "but it is only a kind of intellectual disorderliness. So I plead guilty to keeping a culturally untidy house."



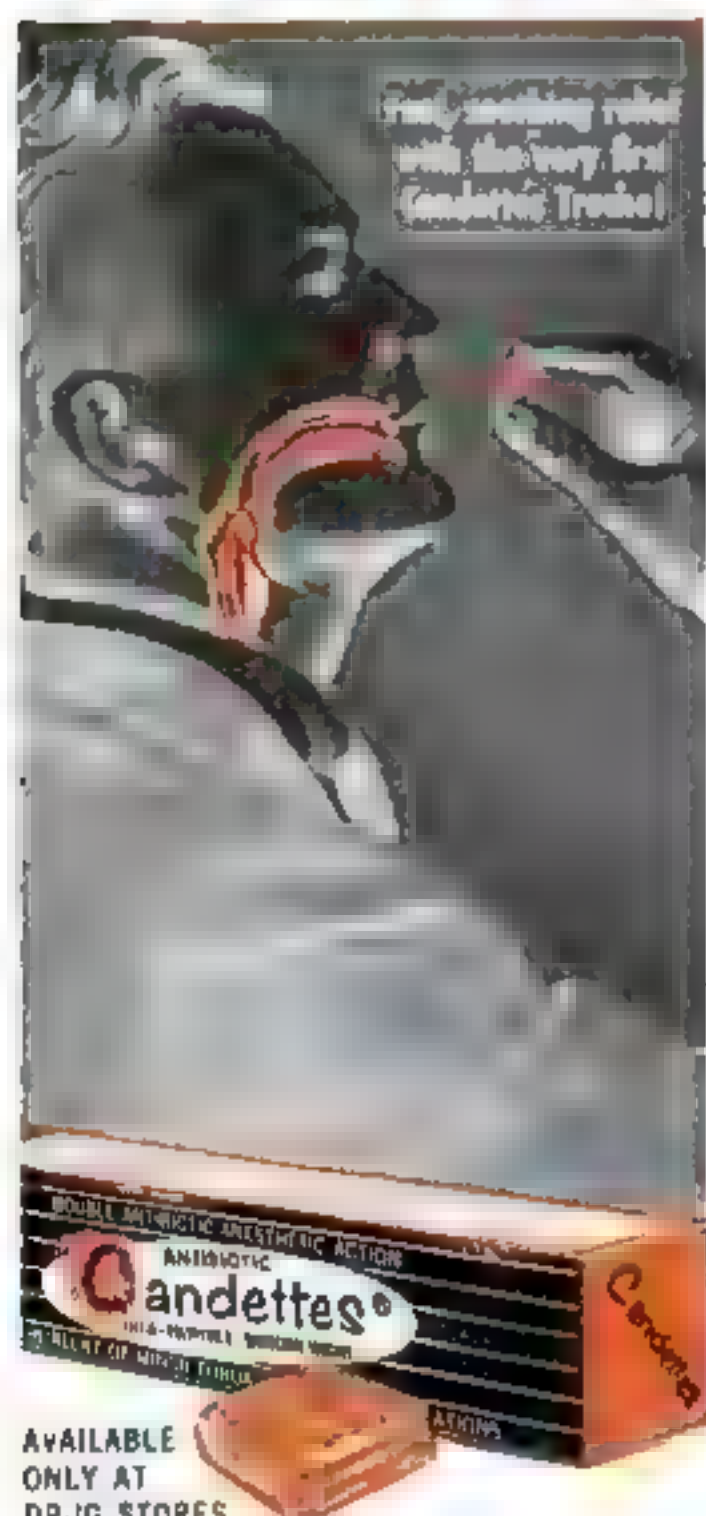


**T**aking a precarious spin on a bicycle, Cecil Roberts gets help from husband and sons, David, 13, and Robin, 12. "I may have some skills," she explains, "but this definitely isn't one of them. I can't seem to make the bike do what I want.

I was the ninth of 10 children and nobody taught me how to ride one. Everyone was afraid I'd fall and hurt myself. That fear left a scar and I'm petrified of going downhill." It is one of the few things which Mrs. Roberts is scared of.



# New antibiotic way to fight **SORE THROAT**



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## GOOD WORKS CONTINUED

# 'All I need is to pull my full weight'

"I don't need a committee," says Cecil Roberts, but nevertheless she belongs to dozens of them, some of which are listed below. "If volunteer groups want me just for cake frosting, then it's no soap. But all I need to get sold on a project—and I don't care if it's for Catholics, Jews or Negroes—is to be able to pull my full weight. Yet sometimes I get so weary that I begin wondering if all my projects are really worthwhile. Then I remember all the unselfish help which people have given me, and I know once again I won't be able to say no."

## SOME OF HER PROJECTS

**FESTIVAL OF ARTS.** *Chairman and executive vice president from 1955-59, now honorary chairman and adviser for 1960.*

**BEAL X ARTS BALL.** *Originator and member of executive committee.*

**BAPTIST HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING.** *Advisory board member.*

**BIRMINGHAM ZOO.** *Board member.*

**WOMEN'S COMMITTEE FOR THE AID OF THE SICK POOR.** *Chairman.*

**BIRMINGHAM MEN'S CAMELLIA SOCIETY.** *Publicity chairman.*

**PLANNED PARENTHOOD ASSOCIATION OF ALABAMA.** *Past vice president and board member.*

**JUNIOR PROGRAMS, CHILDREN'S THEATER.** *Board member.*

**TOWN AND GOWN CIVIC THEATER.** *Board member.*

**ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION OF JEFFERSON COUNTY.** *Board member.*

**NATIONAL FOUNDATION.** *State adviser for 34 counties in Alabama.*

**FUTURE FIRST VOTERS.** *Organizer, sponsor and chairman.*

**NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE DAY NURSERY.** *Past president and trustee.*

**CIVIC SYMPHONY.** *Member of the executive committee.*

**CIVIC BALLET.** *Executive committee member and public relations chairman.*

**EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.** *Past executive vice president of woman's auxiliary; past committee chairman for annual church-sponsored house and garden pilgrimage; substitute Sunday school teacher.*

**ALABAMA POPS CONCERTS.** *Founder, past president and board member.*

**ST. MARTIN'S IN THE PINES EPISCOPAL**

**HOME FOR THE AGED.** *Member of the special gifts committee for the operating fund.*

**BIRMINGHAM MUSIC CLUB.** *Board member.*

**BIRMINGHAM METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSOCIATION.** *Board member.*

**BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM OF ART.** *Member of the advisory council.*

**JEFFERSON COUNTY RADIO AND TV COUNCIL.** *Board member.*

**HUMAN BETTERMENT LEAGUE.** *Vice president.*

**DEMOCRATIC WOMEN'S COMMITTEE.** *State co-chairman.*

**BIRMINGHAM ART ASSOCIATION.** *Student chairman.*

**COUNTY CITIZENS' COMMITTEE ON INDIGENT MEDICAL CARE.** *Member.*

**MOUNTAIN BROOK JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL P.T.A.** *Member.*



Outside the Vulcan Materials Company, Mrs. Roberts winds up another successful foray for funds by holding up a whopping donation from marketing director Glenn Ireland II. It will help to finance the annual arts festival.





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Creslan, the new luxury fiber, gives fabrics a first-class ticket around the world. Here are ideal traveling companions—richly endowed with a talent for keeping you company and keeping their calm, unruffled appearance. Fabrics made with Creslan are uniquely gifted with a sixth sense of color, a light-in-weight strength, a touch-tempting softness, a highly developed taste for textural interest and fashion excitement. Luxury that survives constant wear with minimum care! Look for the Creslan trademark. It means that the fabrics in the fashions you wear, the home furnishings you live with, are well-made, styled right and

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taste—captured in the enchanted land of sky blue waters. Why wait a minute longer? Enjoy this special refreshment *now*. Reach for the one and only Hamm's Beer—refreshingly yours!

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# Spare Time Creativity

**COMES SUMMER, MILLIONS  
TURN A HAND TO THE ARTS**

Straggling under her towering musical armful, the young lady at the right with her companion—both students at Interlochen Music National Music Camp—is giving an outsized demonstration of the way Americans put their idle summer hours to profitable use. Summer culture was once something to be taken in small passive doses—in a book, an art show or a concert. Today increasing numbers of vacationers are discovering that it is more fun to create some culture themselves than just to sit and soak it up.

Next summer more than two million Americans will head for art colonies and workshops to play music, paint, dance, write novels, fashion pottery and poems. They are egged on by the help of professionals, by the fellowship of like-minded enthusiasts and by the inspiration of woods and meadows. The number of summer workshops has risen above the 3,000 mark, a 10-fold increase in 20 years. Now in many a pretty dell the warble of flutes and the clatter of typewriters drown out the song of birds.



CONTINUED



CREATIVITY CONTINUED

## The outdoor workshops in



**JAZZ HOPEFUL** Walter Bernard bends low to peer at the fast fingers of bass leader-instructor Percy Heath at a summer workshop for jazz at Lenox, Mass. The school started up three years ago and has The Modern Jazz Quartet in residence.



**INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHERS** ask the great Ansel Adams (right) about his camera technique. They are attending course at California's Redwood Arts Foundation, one of the finest summer workshops in the country. Most classes at



**STUDENT AUTHORS** hear Robert Frost discuss verse at Bread Loaf Writers' Conference near Middlebury, Vt., the oldest summer writers' workshop.

**RELAXED WRITER**, Mrs. Helen Lane of New Haven, Conn., checks word for story she is writing at Huckleberry Workshop near Hendersonville, N.C.

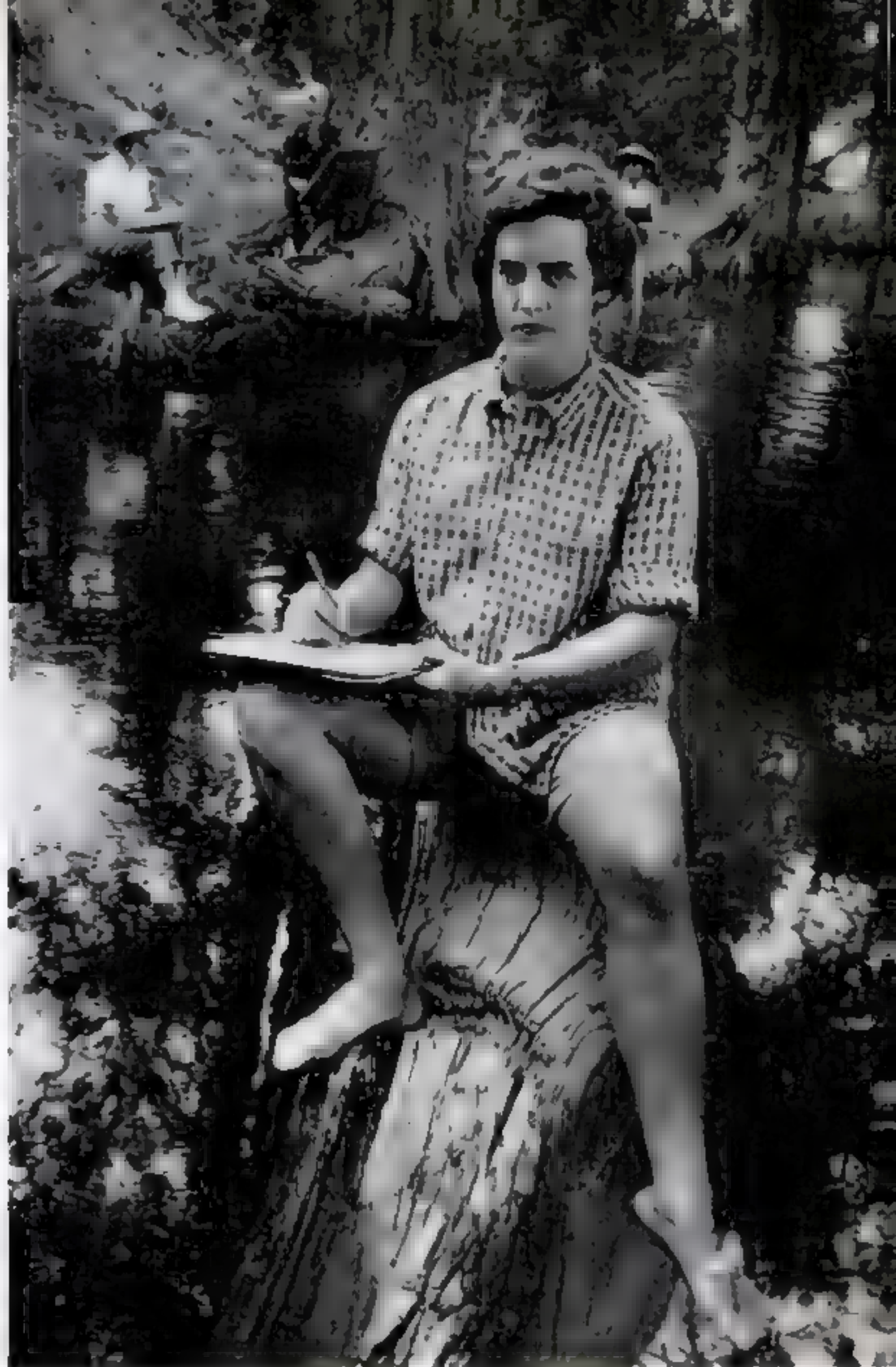




# poetry, pictures and jazz



Idyllwild are held outdoors or in sheds open to the surrounding pine trees. Its beautiful setting attracts so many topflight faculty members from California's universities that participants can earn college credit for many Idyllwild courses.



**SOLEMN ARTIST**, Carolyn Bennett sketches on aypress stump beside river at Hill Country Arts Foundation at Ingram, Texas. Now this area, Hill Country, also teaches theater and has classes in the weaving of mohair & local products.



CONTINUED





CONCERT ON ASSARIA'S MAIN STREET BRINGS OUT RAPT AUDIENCE TO LISTEN TO HARPIST AND PIANIST PLAY 20TH-CENTURY FRENCH AND AMERICAN MUSIC



ARTISTIC INSTIGATORS: Paul Bates and his wife Lillian display pottery they made in studio. Pots are for sale. Paintings by Paul Bates are not.

## Many Sounds of Music

Summer workshops display the most intense concentration of artistic effort (*opposite page*), but home-grown creativity has brightened up many a small town. In the case of Assaria, Kan., it has changed life down to the roots.

Nothing much used to happen during the slack summer months in Assaria (pop. 290), and alfalfa seed merchant Paul Bates and his wife, both art and music lovers, used to travel abroad during summers off in search of culture. In 1957, they decided instead to bring music to Assaria. They lined up a trio, and Assarians turned out in full force for the first concert. Since then good music has become standard summer fare in Assaria, and crowds come from all over Kansas to listen and to look at paintings, sculpture and pottery in Paul Bates's studio. Beauty-conscious Assarians have devoted spare hours to sprucing up the town, painting houses, clearing lawns and planting trees. Assaria's success has jugged other Kansas villages into a search for ways to enliven the hours between chores with a taste of homemade culture.



RUSTIC CUSTOMER: Oscar Almquist, 70, local farmer and former mayor of Assaria, considers some pottery for sale in village studio. He did not buy.





**BEVY OF BASS FIDDLES** at the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich., lines up on the shore of Lake Walhikarretta for instruction from Oscar Zimmerman, former first bass player for Toscanini. Now in its 32nd year, Interlochen is

the most famous summer music workshop in the U.S., attracting talented youngsters to study under noted conductors like Howard Hanson and to perform in seven choruses, eight symphony orchestras, five bands and innumerable ensembles.

CONTINUED





**ATTENTIVE DANCERS** Hetty Mitchell (*left*) and Judi Dorn listen to an outdoor lecture at Idyllwild, a big workshop near Los Angeles which has a 230-acre mountain campus and last summer enrolled nearly 2,500 students. Its courses,

which last from one to two weeks, cover a wide variety of subjects in music, the arts, drama and natural sciences. They include programs for children, teenagers and adults, enabling whole families to take cultural vacations together.



# Yes, Dermott, there is a Santa Claus

1.



"I've never seen such booty—what a Christmas *this* will be!"

Cried Dermott "Mac" McCarthy, piling gifts beneath the tree.

"Appendicitis, college bills, a fire, a damage suit—

We had a year of crises, yet observe our offsprings' loot."

2.



His good wife Barbara noted, "Travelers' man deserves applause.

Without our Travelers plan we'd not be playing Santa Claus."

And Dermott said, "Our eldest daughter's college bills and fees!

Except for Travelers' Life endowment, I'd be on my knees."

3.



"The Travelers footed doctor bills," said Barbara with a smile,

"Paid off the damage suit, re-roofed our de-roofed domicile."

Expounded Dermott, "Travelers' man has done us noble service—

One all-inclusive, monthly-payment plan. I'm *never* nervous."

4.



See why McCarthy's kids all think St. Nick's a Travelers man?

American Family Independence—what a jolly plan!

Whatever might befall, *your* children need not be denied:

A Travelers Budget Plan insures a bounteous Christmastide.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

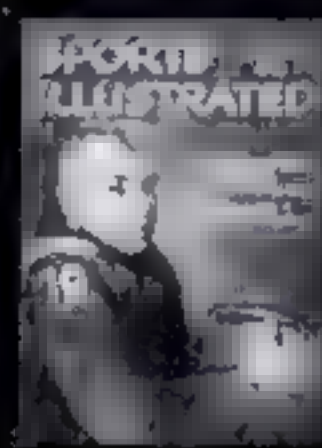
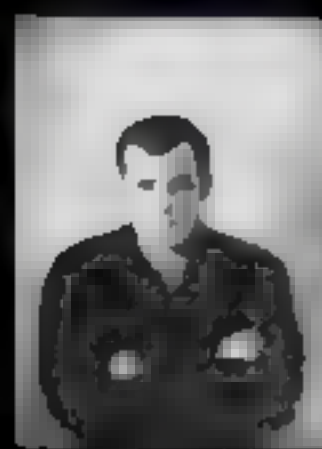
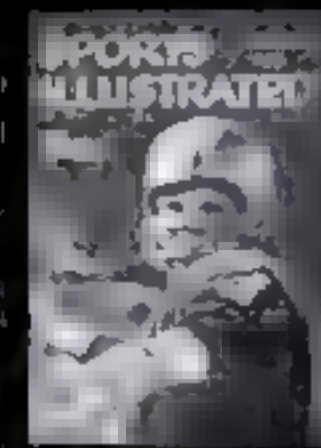
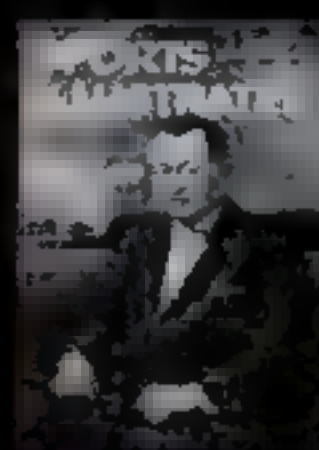
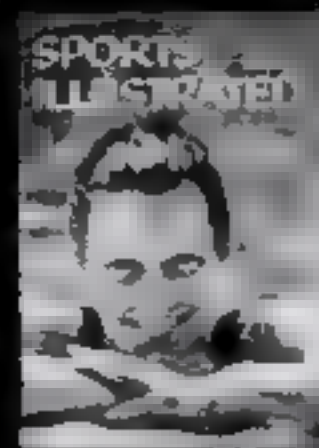
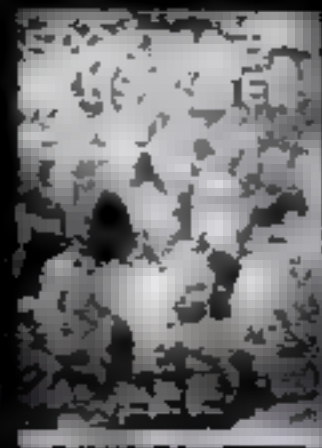
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In his mountain study Dr. Murie works, paints and thinks quiet thoughts.

*"We used to have a phone but all it did was take us away from more important things. So much business today involves a waste of words. It is not the avalanche that carries away our soil—or our soul—but the imperceptible drip and trickle that takes away the particles one by one."*

# The Joys of Solitude and Nature

## NATURALIST FINDS FULFILLMENT IN WILDERNESS

**T**he good and leisured life, as the pages in this issue testify, is full of companionable warmth and romping, noisy delights. But nothing in it is more rewarding than the hours spent stolen away amid the quiet glories of the wilderness. In such places ancient holy men and monks found God, philosophers discovered answers to life's mysteries and troubled men found peace and courage.

For Dr. Olaus J. Murie, a weather-beaten man who lives with and loves nature, the tranquil splendor of the wilderness world is a necessity. "The out-of-doors," he says, "is our true home, and being there gives us solitude and leisure to speak to ourselves and not to others. When we speak to ourselves, we are apt to be more honest."

Dr. Murie, now 70, lives with his wife in a log cabin at Moose, Wyo. He is one of America's greatest naturalists, famous for his brilliant field investigations into wild life and author of *The Elk of North America*. Director of the Wilderness Society in Washington, D.C., he is a 20th Century Thoreau dedicated—through the Society—to the protection of the outdoors. He directs the Society from Wyoming rather than Washington because he finds in the cities nothing to match the satisfactions and pleasures he finds in the wilds. "Sounds heard in the city," he says, "are just noise. When I hear the bugling of an elk or the call of coyote in the mountains it is beautiful."

In the unspoiled wilderness that surrounds his home under the Grand Tetons, Dr. Murie stands in meditation at dusk.

*"Nature gives spiritual values no one can do without, although many think they can or haven't the chance to find out. People become different in the wilds—more hopeful and happy."*





On Lake Jackson, with snow-capped Mount Moran in the center background, Dr. Merriam and his wife canoe over calm waters.

**Climbing Blacktail Butte**  
Dr. Merriam checks  
gross nests. He counts  
eggs and puts back the  
young who have fallen out

"Birds and animals trust one  
who is quiet. Even if  
dangerous animals  
approach I try to stand  
still. At times grizzlies  
have come up to me  
and by my being quiet they  
strolled away. I wasn't  
scared until afterwards."

**Dr. Merriam likes to imitate  
bird calls and  
on occasion can charm one  
out of the trees  
as he did with this raven**

"The natural wilderness  
is a fragile thing  
the material of poetry  
art and music. Most members  
of the Wilderness  
Society come from crowded  
eastern states. People  
have not had  
experience."



"How can one express the  
intangible qualities  
of the wilderness and the  
solitude around a gem  
of a lake in a wild  
mountain setting? How can  
we measure such things  
as happiness, the good life,  
the elation of being  
in high country in free  
surroundings? These  
things bring peace."

**Leading a file of Jackson  
schoolchildren,  
Dr. Merriam sets them to  
identifying animal tracks  
in the fresh snow.**

"There are two cultures in  
the animal world: herd  
animals like elk and  
loners like bear. In herds  
the individual does not  
count for much.  
Caribou, for instance,  
are dependent on each other.  
But with a bear there is a  
difference. He makes  
his own decisions. I  
admire that."







# Amazing new formula Mum® LETS YOUR SKIN "BREATHE"



**New! More natural protection . . .** for the woman who wants to feel free as air! In new formula Mum, Bristol-Myers gives you a way to stop odor without "stopping up" pores. Remarkable new Mum cream works a different way entirely. It has no aluminum salts. No harsh chemicals. New Mum works gently—with hexachlorophene. It destroys the active *cause* of odor much more effectively. Protects for 24 full hours in most cases . . . often more! Effective as it is, new Mum is so safe for normal skin even a "beginning" teen ager can use it daily. It won't irritate the delicate underarm tissues. So try new Mum. You'll be glad you did.

It's the only leading deodorant that stops odor without "stopping up" pores

Leading medical authorities say that oxygen, carbon dioxide, fluids and other substances pass in and out of the skin. This is what we mean when we say the skin "breathes." All other leading deodorants interfere with the natural "breathing out" process. New Mum works in a *different* way.

Unlike other leading deodorants—cream or spray, ball-types or pads—new Mum does *not* interfere with the natural function of the skin. New for-

mula Mum keeps your underarms wonderfully sweet and odor-free without "smothering" your pores. It gives you *more natural protection*.



New formula Mum lets your skin "breathe" freely, naturally. Nature never intended the pores of the skin to be "stopped up." Yet all other leading deodorants "smother" the normal "breathing out" action of the pores (left diagram). But new formula Mum stops odor without "stopping up" pores (right diagram).



**Protects you every minute of the day!** Even when you're on the go from morning to mid-night, new Mum cream keeps on working—doesn't let you down. And it's safe for even delicate fabrics. Contains no harsh ingredients—will not damage your clothes. *Mum is safe* for normal skin . . . won't cause redness or irritation.

**So much softer, fluffier, whiter,** new Mum is a pleasure to use. It vanishes the moment you smooth it on. Won't leave a residue on what you wear.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS







**AUTHOR BENCHLEY**, shown demonstrating how to loaf while appearing to be an avid angler, is in fact a

hard-working writer of short stories, novels and plays. Among the projects on which he is currently busy is

a humorous novel of shipboard romance, *Sail a Cranked Ship*, which is scheduled for publication in the spring.

# Loafing: a Big Challenge to Men and a Laugh to Wives

by NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

**I**T is a sad fact that the true loafer is scorned by his fellow men. Few people realize that real loafing takes more skill and cunning than much of the so-called work on which energetic citizens pride themselves. Even when a man has every right in the world to loaf, he finds that either his wife or his conscience is nagging him to do something constructive, and the ruses and stratagems he will resort to in order to appear busy without actually doing anything can bring him tottering to the rim of nervous exhaustion.

Take, for example, the case of the man who was faced with a month off last summer at a well-known vacation spot. He knew that some sort of work was going to be required of him, so he elected to remove the weeds from the privet hedge bordering his property. This would be fairly easy, it would get him in the fresh air and it would show his wife and neighbors that he was properly industrious and had due regard for appearances. It would also exempt him from the assorted household chores that always fell his way the minute he sat down indoors.

Up to a certain point his plan worked well. People driving past said, "There's old George, still at work on his hedge," and, "You've got to hand it to George—he's never idle a minute." But what he had not counted on was the fact that weed-pulling is a dull and tedious business, and that men over a certain age are seized with leg cramps and creeping paralysis if they remain seated on the ground for any length of time. He thought about this for a while and finally hit on a solution. He stuffed an old shirt and pair of trousers with rags and weeds and propped them in a corner of the hedge whenever he felt like taking a break. His breaks

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 154](#)

by PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

**T**HERE are no two ways about it—I am as out of tune with the times as Miniver Cheevy. I do not smoke mentholated cigarets, go on diets, brag to an analyst, or prefer a compact foreign car to our vulgar, outsized, fin-tailed, comfortable gas-eater. I have never so much as read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, even in the *expurgated* edition.

But how insulated I was from stern reality I did not discover until *LIFE* started doing this purposeful survey. Leisure, the editors assured me, was rife across the length and breadth of the land, and how to use it had become one of the great modern problems. The news struck me like a bolt from the blue. Evidently leisure was like money—something everybody except me had managed to acquire. If so, it deserved to be investigated. And so with the zeal of an explorer I began taking a private poll right in my own suburb.

"How do you while away your hours of ease?" I asked my friends when we were pinching grapefruit at the A & P.

"What about your spare time?" I inquired of my neighbors over the fence when I could catch them between chores. "How do you cope with it?"

I shouted the question out to them as we passed each other in hurrying cars on our way to and from trains, committee meetings, gatherings of Den Mothers, dancing school and the orthodontist. I posed it when we drank a hasty cup of tea together at St. Augustine's Fun Fair. Unfortunately my curiosity got me nowhere. Except for one serene lady whose ankle was in a cast (she had slipped on a ladder while trying to paper her dinette), nobody had time to answer. The most I received

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 155](#)

**AUTHOR MCGINLEY**, besides being a menagerie keeper (*below*) and housewife, is one of the best-known

U.S. writers of humorous verse. She also has written nonfiction and books for children. Miss McGinley's

latest book, *The Province of the Heart*, a collection of her magazine articles, was published in September.





became frequent and protracted—once he even managed to spend three hours under an overturned dory on a nearby beach—and nobody made any comment until one day, at a cocktail party, a man said to him, "George, aren't you ever going to finish weeding that corner? You've been there so long some of us have decided you're stuffed." He laughed loudly and clapped George on the shoulder.

George blanched, then muttered something and turned away. He had just realized that he had left his other self still huddled in a corner of the hedge, and that his wife was bound to see it when they went home.

By drinking a great deal more than was good for him he managed to stay at the party until darkness fell, and then while approaching his house switched the headlights off so that his wife missed the dummy. But the next day she discovered it anyway, and George spent the balance of his vacation making new screens for the porch.

Then there was the man whose only desire on Sunday afternoons was to crawl under the newspapers and lie down, inducing a state of coma which with any luck would last until supper. The only hitch was that his wife wanted an herb rack, to go over the stove. One Sunday, just as he was quietly beginning to make a tent out of the sports section, his wife said, "You know, it really wouldn't take you more than a few minutes, once you got started. All I want is a simple rack, with a rail on it." And there went his siesta.

Numbly he got up and went to the garage, his mind paralyzed with boredom at the idea of making the herb rack

### A backsliding Sunday napper

AS he looked around at the odds and ends of wood, he saw a piece that for some reason reminded him of the hull of a clipper ship, and it occurred to him that a clipper ship would make a handsome weathervane for the top of the house. At that moment he was lost to the ranks of loafers.

By the time his wife called him in for supper, he had the ship's hull roughly shaped. It required several more Sundays for him to rig, paint and weatherproof the ship, and then a week more on crutches after he fell off the roof while he was putting it up, but the end result was quite spectacular, and all the neighbors complimented him on it.

Within a year he had built a coffee table, a bookcase, a garbage bin and another weathervane, this one a model of a World War I Curtiss JN-4D biplane for the garage roof. Finally, and a little bitterly, his wife went out and bought an herb rack at a gift shop for \$7.50. When he saw it, he was furious. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted something like that?" he said. "I could have made you one for nothing!"

Fishing is the classic loafer's occupation, but that too can be studded with traps. Another would-be loafer whose plans backfired was the man who decided to spend a week's vacation doing nothing but fishing. He did not care if he caught anything. All he wanted to do was sit and stare into space, and he knew that unless he had a fishing pole or its equivalent in his hands he would probably be arrested for vagrancy. (No state in the union has a law against staring into space, but it is one of the surest ways in existence of attracting the attention of the police.)

When this man went into a large sporting-goods store and asked for a fishing pole, the

clerk looked him over and said, "Yes, sir, what would you like—a surf rod, a fly rod, or a plain spinning reel?"

"I don't care," the man replied. "I just want to go fishing."

Forty-five minutes later he emerged from the store with a spinning rod and reel, a hundred yards of 15-pound test monofilament nylon line, a pair of chest-high wading boots, a net and creel, a box of assorted lures and sinkers, a fishing knife, a fly-tying kit, a set of hand scales with a tape measure attached, a battery-operated lure to simulate the sound of a bee in the water, a spray can of insect repellent, a pipe with a windproof cover for the bowl, a camera and three rolls of film, a frying pan and collapsible cookstove, and a year's subscription to *American Wildlife*.

### A series of catastrophes

ON his first attempt to cast with the spinning reel, the line came looping off and snagged itself around his wrists and elbows. The second time, his pipe fell out of his mouth and down inside the bib of his waders, where the windproof cover effected such a concentration of heat that he had to squat down and let the water pour into him to avoid being severely burned. The third time, after he had gone into dry dock and pumped out the bulges of his waders, he cast with such force and ferocity that not only did the lure and line sail out into the water, but the pole and reel as well soared out of his hands like a seagull. He watched them disappear, then trudged heavily back to shore and sat down on his collapsible cookstove, mashing it flat.

It might appear from these examples that all attempts at loafing are doomed. Such is not necessarily the case. The men cited failed because they did not observe the Five Cardinal Rules of Loafing. It should be understood that loafing is a serious business, and the true loafer must be constantly alert for the various traps set for him by an ever-watchful society.

The first and most important rule is: Ignore Criticism. Your true loafer will adopt a faintly superior attitude when people ask him what he is doing, perhaps smiling a distant sort of smile to indicate that he knows a great deal more than he is telling. He may even say something like, "By this time tomorrow it won't matter," or "Take my word for it, you people are just wasting your time," and then drift casually away. One man developed this approach so well that people assumed he was with the Central Intelligence Agency, and whenever anything important happened in the news he was deluged with cocktail and dinner invitations. He subsequently married the heiress to a shoe machinery fortune, and nobody was ever the wiser.

Rule Number Two is: Do Nothing, But Appear Busy. This is a tricky one, because it takes no talent at all to be busy; the skill lies in giving the appearance with an absolute minimum of effort. Often a simple prop will help, such as a piece of paper, folded down the middle and carried with thoughtful concentration. The mere carrying of a hammer or tape measure will sometimes give an adequate air of purpose. When carrying a tape measure, incidentally, one can increase the effect by looking speculatively about him, whistling under the breath and appearing to take notes on heights and clearances. The leading exponent of Rule Number Two is a man who may very well be the master loafer of our era, an operator who has brought true loafing to such a high peak of

art that lesser loafers gather around him to observe and marvel. This man's loafing method is to bring the musical score of an opera to the beach with him, open it up and then go through the motions of conducting an orchestra, humming the tune as he calls on the woodwinds or admonishes the brasses. This is very close to perfection in loafing, because:

(a) His equipment is simple.

(b) He is in no conceivable danger of ever being asked to conduct a real orchestra.

(c) He appears to be busy when there is no reason to: *he seems to be working while other people are idle*. This kind of perfection is rarely seen, and those who have witnessed it speak of it with muted awe.

Rule Number Three is: Be Ruthless. The true loafer will never, under any circumstances, let himself be panicked into doing anything useful; he will trample women and small children, if necessary, in order to avoid being put to work. A case in point was a man who retired to his cellar for a short nap, having told his wife he was going to walk to the village for some flypaper. (It is always a good idea, when going on dummy errands, to announce what you are going for, but to make it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

## Guideposts to



AS HIS WIFE COPES WITH HOUSEHOLD EMERGENCY.



PURPOSEFUL STRIDE averts suspicion from prospective loafer. Carpentry tools make invaluable props.



was a blank stare and the automatic response, "What leisure?"

All I can conclude is that our town has not caught up with the rest of the world. We have our personal arrangements for good living here, make no mistake about it. We have TV sets in our living rooms and badminton nets on our lawns and golf clubs in the closet. We have patios complete with grills, intended for relaxed summer dining. We have hi-fis and tennis rackets, books in our libraries, even boats to put into the water come June.

What we do not have is the time to enjoy these pleasures.

I do not pretend to speak for men. Maybe some of them wonder what to do on Sunday afternoon or worry about the devil's finding work for their idle hands. I doubt it, though. Most of the breadwinners of my acquaintance leave the house at half past seven on weekday mornings and return 12 hours later carrying briefcases, and their weekends are spent in a frenzy of putting up or taking down storm windows, replacing faulty washers or laying flagstones for terraces they dream of using in some Utopian season.

But I do know about women. And what I

know is that a more fully occupied group of people has never toiled round the clock in any century.

I fling that statement into the teeth of the sociologists who insist we have never had it so good. We own machines, they say, to wash our dishes and to blend the hollandaise sauce. We have gadgets to burn our toast, grind up our garbage and dry the laundry on rainy days. It has been some time, too, since we have needed to clean smoky lamp chimneys or pump water by hand like our grandmothers.

But I remember grandmother and she was a very leisured woman who worked needlepoint in the afternoons. She left the family baking to Delia who had been doing it for 27 years and the heavy cleaning to a handy man who came in twice a week and was glad to collect the two dollars.

Gadgets solve only mechanical problems. They do not spice stews or mend the linen napkins. They do not shop for groceries, plan menus, clean the car, entertain, administer, take temperatures or roll bandages for the Ladies of Charity. Especially they do not substitute for the one prime requisite of every leisured society, the firm pillar on which it has always rested. I mean some form of serfdom to exploit. Leisure means having the time and tranquility to pursue at one's ease an art, an avocation, a pleasure. It means that the common stunts of life are being taken care of by someone else.

The Athenians had slavery for the masses and because they had it Euclid dreamed up geometry. The Romans had it and look at all those splendid statues in the Forum! The Victorians managed an approximation of it with practically no income tax and good gardeners content to work for £6 a year and tobacco. But for good or bad, this is the age of do-it-yourself, an age when not even money, the greatest labor-saving device ever invented, can completely guarantee gracious living or a taskless existence.

### The need for a radical gadget

FOR while machines multiply, so do our responsibilities. And no gadget can teach us how to best split—perhaps I should say, splinter—our personalities in order to live up to current standards. Grandmother owned no vacuum cleaner but she also had fewer demands on her skills. She knew the simple things that were expected of her. They were to have a plain hot dinner on the table every night and to see that the children spoke respectfully to their elders and wore flannel next to their skins in winter. She was *not* expected, as we are, to combine in her one ladylike person the functions of wife, mother, interior decorator, registered nurse, child psychologist, landscape gardener, participator in public affairs, scintillating hostess, director of budgets and general good sport. She did not feel she was a failure if she could not ski, sail, keep down her weight, chair the literary section of the women's club and understand her husband's business. Ah me! How restful it all sounds in retrospect, even without diaper service or freezers.

Today, at least in my suburb, we are expected to be all things to all men, women, children and the P.T.A. Without a slave to our names except a weekly cleaning woman who arrives late in her own car and says that nobody can't count on her to do no stairs, we must keep our houses looking like something out of a woman's magazine. We must bring up our families, be comrades to our husbands and loyal scouts

for the March of Dimes. We are also expected to have all domestic talents at our fingertips.

Take the art of cooking. Frozen foods and packaged mixes liberating us from the stove? Nonsense! We are just expected to turn out better meals than before. Fifty years ago a woman could build a solid reputation as an inspired cook on one masterpiece like coconut custard pie. Today she has to be Brillat-Savarin with a feminine hairdo.

Now any self-respecting housewife is counted on nightly to dish up savory ragouts, casseroles, crepes and sauces (with the calories properly counted and the vitamins arranged for). These she must serve at tables delicately set and candlelit. She is expected to appear there as *soignée*, neatly coiffured and unflustered as if she had a staff of three in her kitchen. And this after she has already that day dusted the house, weeded the border, cut out the slipcovers, badgered the cleaners about that blue suit which her husband wants to wear at a conference tomorrow, taken the children to school and afterward to a French lesson, washed her hair, canvassed the neighborhood for the Red Cross and picked up the head of the house off the 7:13.

### A few wind-up chores

AFTER dinner, if she is lucky, she has only to clear, rinse and stack the dishes in the not-quite-automatic washer, sweep the kitchen with an unmodernized broom, compose a note to the milkman, supervise the homework, pack a couple of school lunches and write to her sister-in-law. (Husbands, once they have said "I do," never again pen social letters. Letting their wives keep in touch with relatives they consider part of the marriage contract, like the right not to shave till twilight on Saturday.)

If she belongs to a family which keeps pets, her evening is only beginning. There will inevitably be a dog to walk, a cat to feed or tropical fish to be nourished. In our own household we have cared for everything from poodles who spoke several languages to a pair of paranoid chickens given our little ones at Eastertime by a so-called friend. We have harbored mice, hamsters, guppies, turtles, rabbits and even once a lame butterfly who lived out the winter on our African violet, existing luxuriously on a diet of honey and corn syrup. I would not say he made company for us but he did make for conversation. Pets, everyone in town agrees, are just what children need. They give them such a sense of responsibility.

The drawback is that children have too many responsibilities already. How can they find 15 minutes to look after chickens when they are always so overemployed? The children of this generation have even less leisure than their elders. From the time they hup their first intelligible "I won't" until they turn into parents themselves, their time is channeled into a brisk round of planned tasks and organized amusements.

Gone are the long, dreaming days of youth, the aimless, unfettered hours! At 3 they start to nursery school. At 4 or thereabouts little girls begin ballet lessons and little boys get their first footballs (not as toys, you understand, but as tools to get them into the shape Daddy can later be proud of). After that, in dizzying succession, come kindergarten, I.Q. tests, Rorschach tests, personality tests, long division, dentistry, the dermatologist, ceramic classes, camping, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, ancient history, Regents' examinations, sailing lessons, riding lessons, ballroom dancing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

## Smart Loafing



ABLE LOAFER BENCHLEY (REAR) QUIETLY VANISHES



DUMMY WORKER, stuffed with grass, is set to clipping ivy. This enables creator to avoid job, grab 40 winks.



some relatively unimportant item that will not be missed when you fail to get it.) He walked around the block, then slipped down into his cellar and settled himself on a pile of newspapers he had previously secreted in a corner by the water pipes. He was in a blissful state of semiconsciousness when the lights snapped on and his wife came down the stairs, carrying a load of trash she had cleaned out of the attic. Without a second's hesitation, the man grabbed a nearby water pipe, turned on the drain tap, and shouted, "My God, I thought you'd never come! Hurry and get a wrench—this pipe has burst!" His wife fled frantically upstairs, and by the time she had hurried back with a wrench he was able to make it appear that he had brought the flood under control.

And that leads into Rule Number Four, which is: When Cornered, Think Fast. Following are a few sample demands made on would-be loafers, and the proper responses to avoid complying with them without starting an out-and-out fight:

1. Q. "You know what I'd love if you made it for me? A bin for the kids' toys, so they don't clutter up the coat closet."

A. "All right—I'll ask Fred to make me a blueprint of one tomorrow. I don't want to waste a lot of good wood on any false starts."

2. Q. "Dear, while you're on your feet, would you mind—"

A. "You know, I think I strained my back lifting that dresser of yours. I'm going to lie down for a few minutes and see if it feels any better."

3. Q. "If that lawn isn't mowed pretty soon, we won't be able to find the front walk."

A. "By the way, who put that dent in the right front fender? It wasn't there when I left the car at the station."

And now we come to Rule Number Five, which concerns How To Stop Loafing. Like hypnotism, loafing can induce a trancelike state that may be hard to shake off. The dangers of too much loafing were exemplified several years ago by a man who was such an accomplished loafer that whenever anyone asked him to do something, he automatically looked behind him to see whom they were talking to. If somebody was there, he stepped aside and let them do what was asked. If nobody was there, he simply kept turning until he was 180° around and then walked off, pretending he hadn't heard the request. This served him well until one day in Spain, at the Running of the Bulls in Pamplona. When the bull ring was opened to swarms of amateurs, our man found himself unaccountably trapped in the crowd. Somebody thrust a red cape into his hands, and purely by instinct he turned and passed it to the man behind him. Luckily, the bull broke only three of his ribs.

How, then, to stop loafing is the question, and the only answer is: If You Think You Are Loafing Too Much, Lie Down Until the Feeling Passes. You will arise fully refreshed, ready to plunge once again into the difficult task of loafing.

lessons, enrollment into some local assembly, and assorted sports.

One of the saddest things that has happened to the once-leisured young, in fact, is that sports have supplanted sheer play. Small fry do not romp in swimming holes any longer for fun. They practice the crawl for prizes. One o' cat has been displaced by the Little League with its tearful pitchers and 9-year-old tantrums of despair when the game is lost. Tennis must be professional caliber or it is nothing. Skiing is done at famous resorts with equipment costly enough for an Olympic champion instead of on homemade runners down village slopes.

No wonder, then, with children so dragooned into civic activities and "recreational hobbies," that their mothers look after pets and hesitate to ask daughters to make beds or sons to empty trash baskets. I have even noticed parents in our village pinch-hitting on paper routes when the pace got too much for their progeny.

Just having children these days is done in a rush. When grandmother was a young wife she knew she could look forward to a long, leisurely respite when an heir was expected. She gave up entertaining for months beforehand and sat around a lot on convenient sofas. People fed her egg-nogs and calf's-foot jelly and warned her against overexertion like lifting that heavy silver teapot. And for six weeks after baby came, she lolled in bed, got her back rubbed and was encouraged to complain about woman's difficult lot. Is it really so remarkable that 14 infant blessings were not uncommon in that enlightened era?

Now, the little mother finishes painting the nursery just before she hurries off to the delivery room. Five days later, back she speeds, baby under one arm, Dr. Spock under the other, her engagement calendar already full for the week after next.

She has not missed a beat in the brisk, busy symphony of her life. But where is her leisure? Where is it for any of us? I am reminded of the remark passed by a Frenchwoman I met some summers ago. Her husband, an important scientist, had been sent to the States on permanent assignment. A house had been found for them and their six children in our village. It was a handsome house, handsomely equipped with the most admired inventions, from an electric grill to automatic doors in the garage. And monsieur and the children became enthusiastic Americans almost at once. But madame, after six months, was willing to trade every machine in the mansion for just one of the good little nonautomatic servants she had trained in Paris. "America!" she cried to me one day when I ran into her on a shopping errand. "They call it the land of the free! For women it is a land of slavery."

She was not being fair, of course. There are no more slaves. There are only housewives, living the Good Life, fully, and no doubt profitably, employed. But there is no more leisure, either. Leisure is the one commodity missing in this century. And I think I could convince almost anybody of that, if I had just a bit more spare time.



CAUGHT TAKING A NAP IN THE BASEMENT, ACCOMPLISHED LOAFER IMPROVISES BRILLIANTLY, DISTRACTS HIS WIFE WITH A FAKE LEAK





Good living from the Alcoa Forecast collection. (1) Aluminum play sculptures designed by David Aaron. (2) Aluminum so ar-energy toy designed by Charles Eames. (3) Portable aluminum oven designed by Greta Magnusson Grossman. (4) Aluminum chairs designed by Paul McCobb. (5) Aluminum foil packaging concepts designed by Harley Earl. (6) Aluminum summer house designed by Robert Fitzpatrick. (7) Aluminum hors d'oeuvre tray, salad service and electric casseroles designed by Don Wallace.



ALCOA ALUMINUM

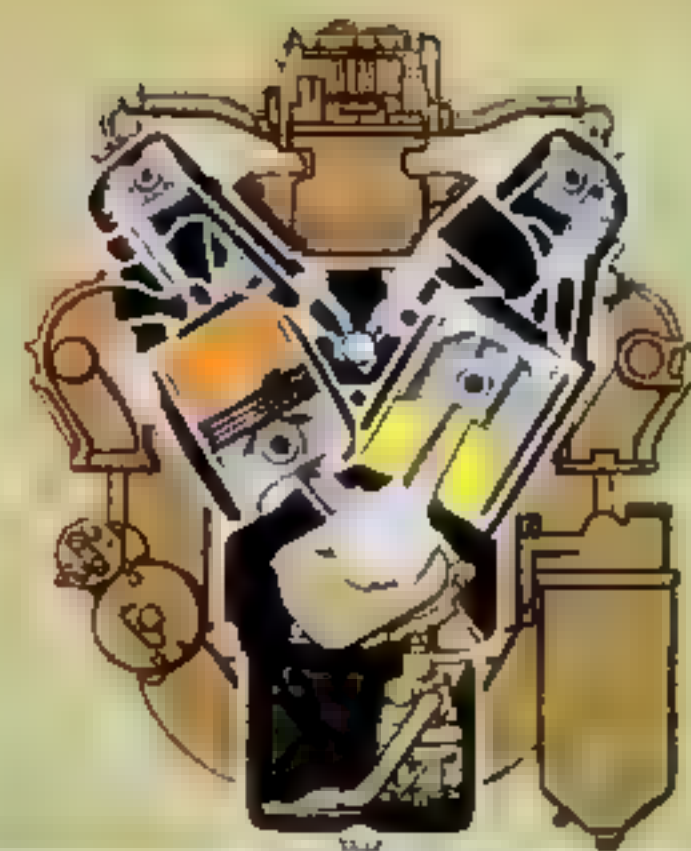




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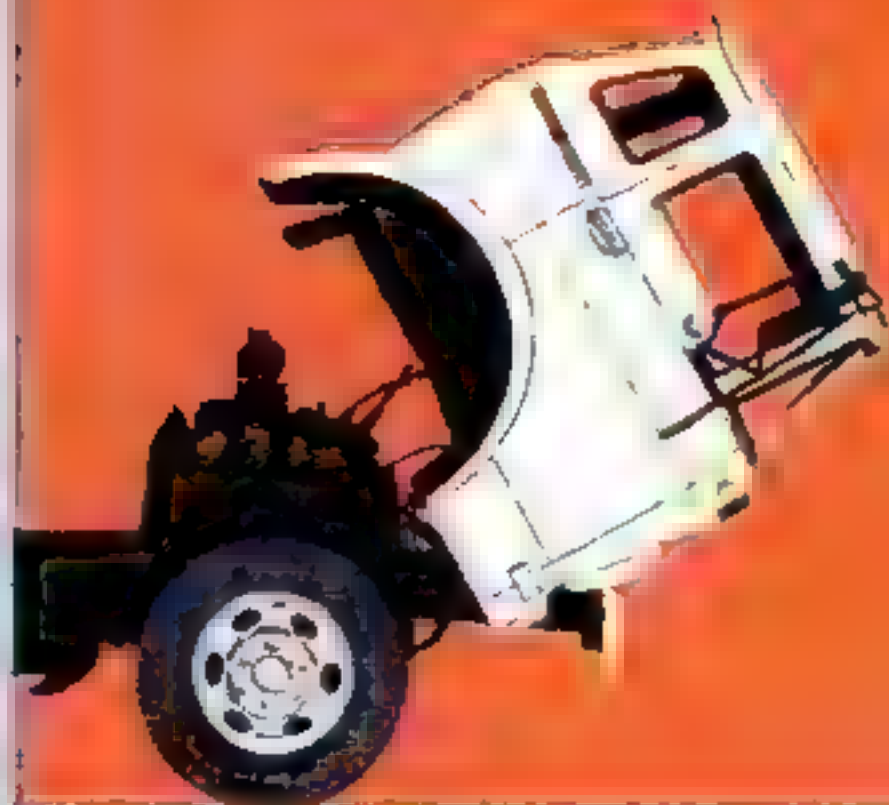
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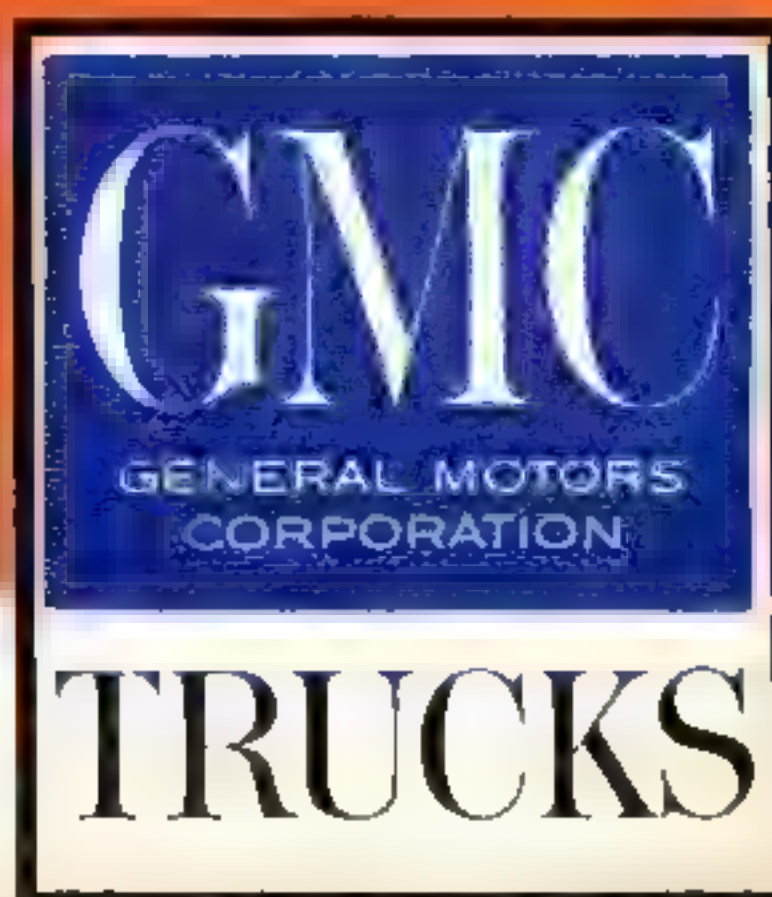
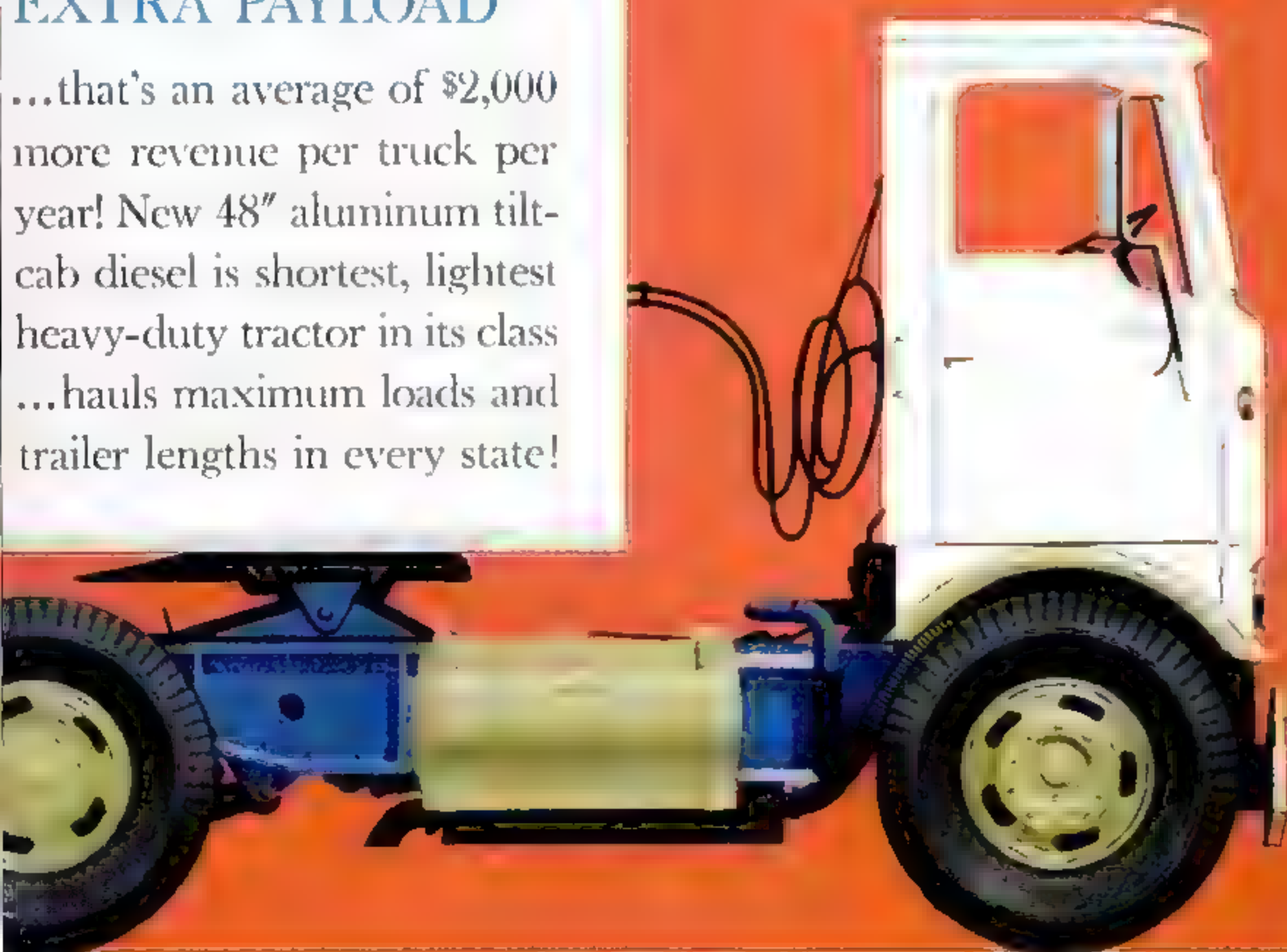
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**RECEIVING TRIBUTE**  
at his retirement dinner, John Hall sadly bows his head as vice president Edwin Olson describes him as "one of the great salesmen of the Chicago and North Western Railway."



## A Man Retires—and Works at Finding Ways To Be Busy

To John Hall, dazed with emotion at his testimonial dinner, there was small comfort in the friendly hand and words of his boss at the Chicago and North Western Railway. The "congratulations and best wishes on your retirement after 45 years of loyal service," read from the railroad president's farewell letter, fell as heavily as a judge's courtroom sentence. "The word for retirement," Hall said later, "ought to be 'scared.'"

An energetic, convivial man, Hall had always been

completely absorbed in his work, rising from a self-taught stenographer to general agent. During 15 years in this position, Hall ranged out of Cincinnati through five states making freight-hauling contracts and genially cultivating customers. Many of the thousands who are arbitrarily retired each year at 65 have made specific plans for spending the days they looked forward to. But many like Hall have made no preparations and soon learn that, with no job to rest from, leisure could be only pointless puttering.



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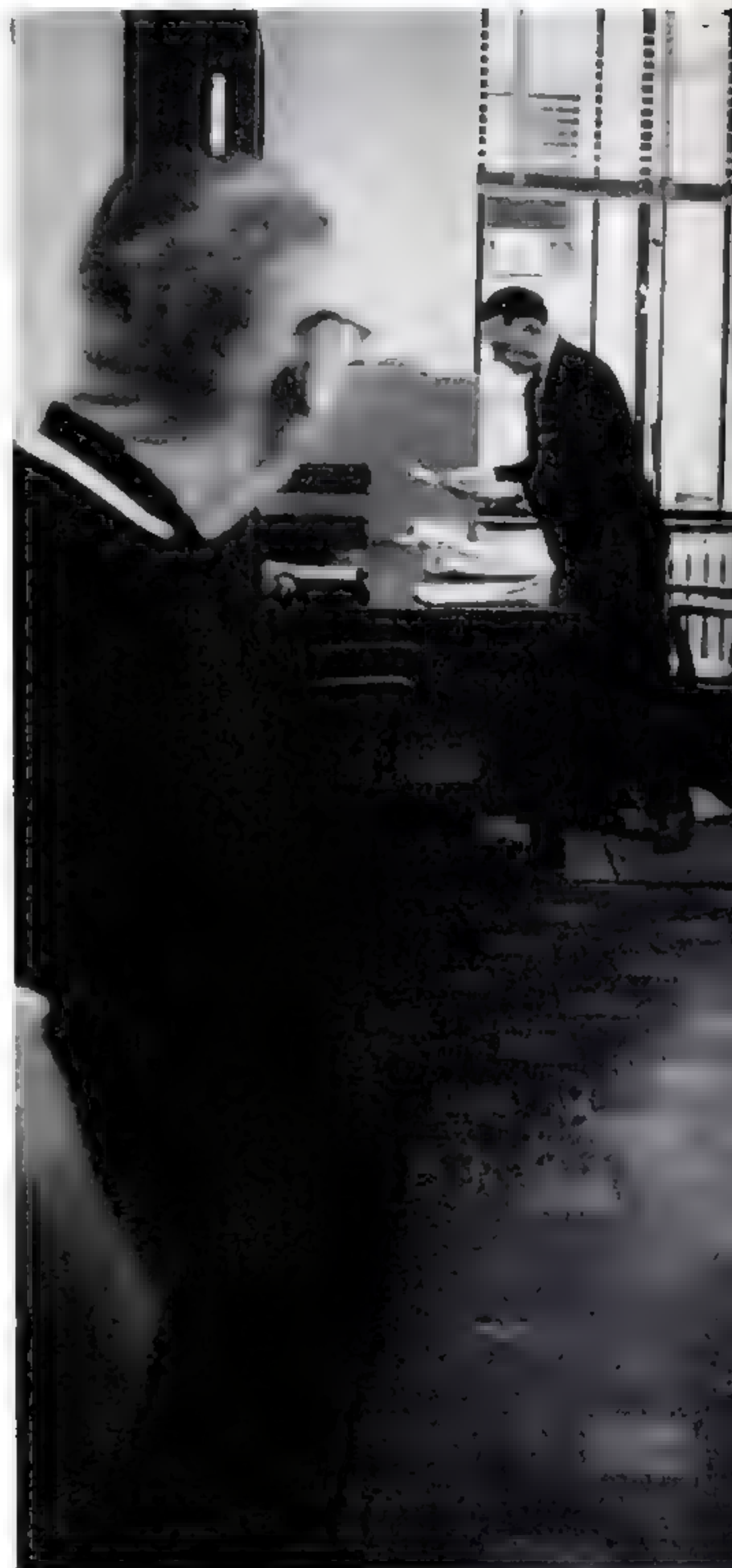
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REVISITING HIS OFFICE, Hall, in sport clothes, looks longingly at his successor Lewis Stroten going through the morning mail at Hall's old desk.

## A Longing Backward Look

"Look at him," said John Hall half jokingly on a visit to the office, staring in at his successor. "He's at my desk, looking at my mail." This was the moment when he fully faced the fact that he was irrevocably severed from his career, and that the railroad was getting along very nicely without him. At home he braved his wife's displeasure and crowded a desk into one corner of her laundry (above, right). "I don't know what I'll do with it," he admitted ruefully, but then told Barbara, "From now on this is no-lady's land."

Hall soon found that there was little left to him but lady's land. There were household chores which he was very willing to do up to a point. After years of constant absences, he would now enjoy a lot of





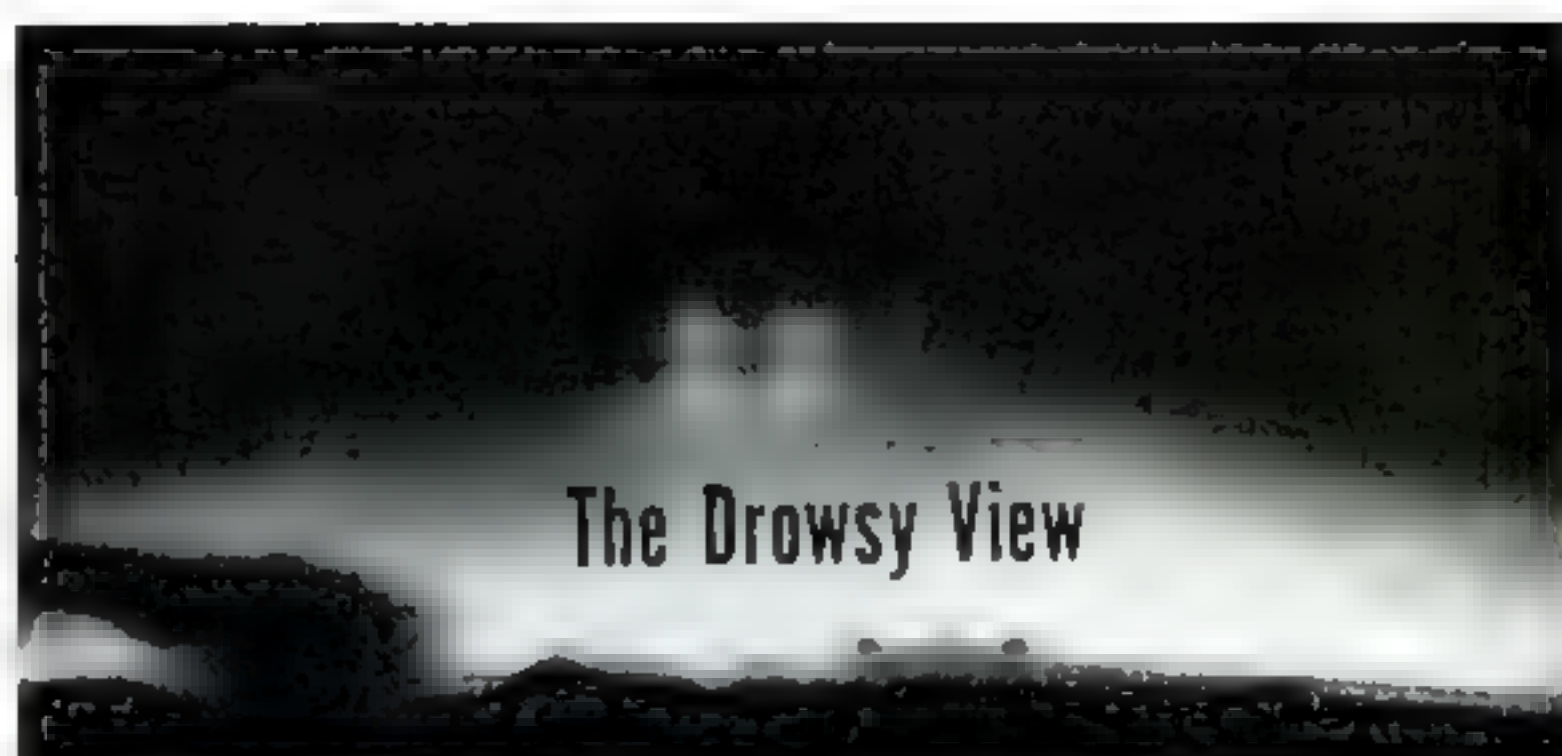
ESTABLISHING A DESK at home, Hall arranges one in basement laundry while wife Barbara hangs clothes. "He's in my territory," she complained.

## From Out of Lady's Land

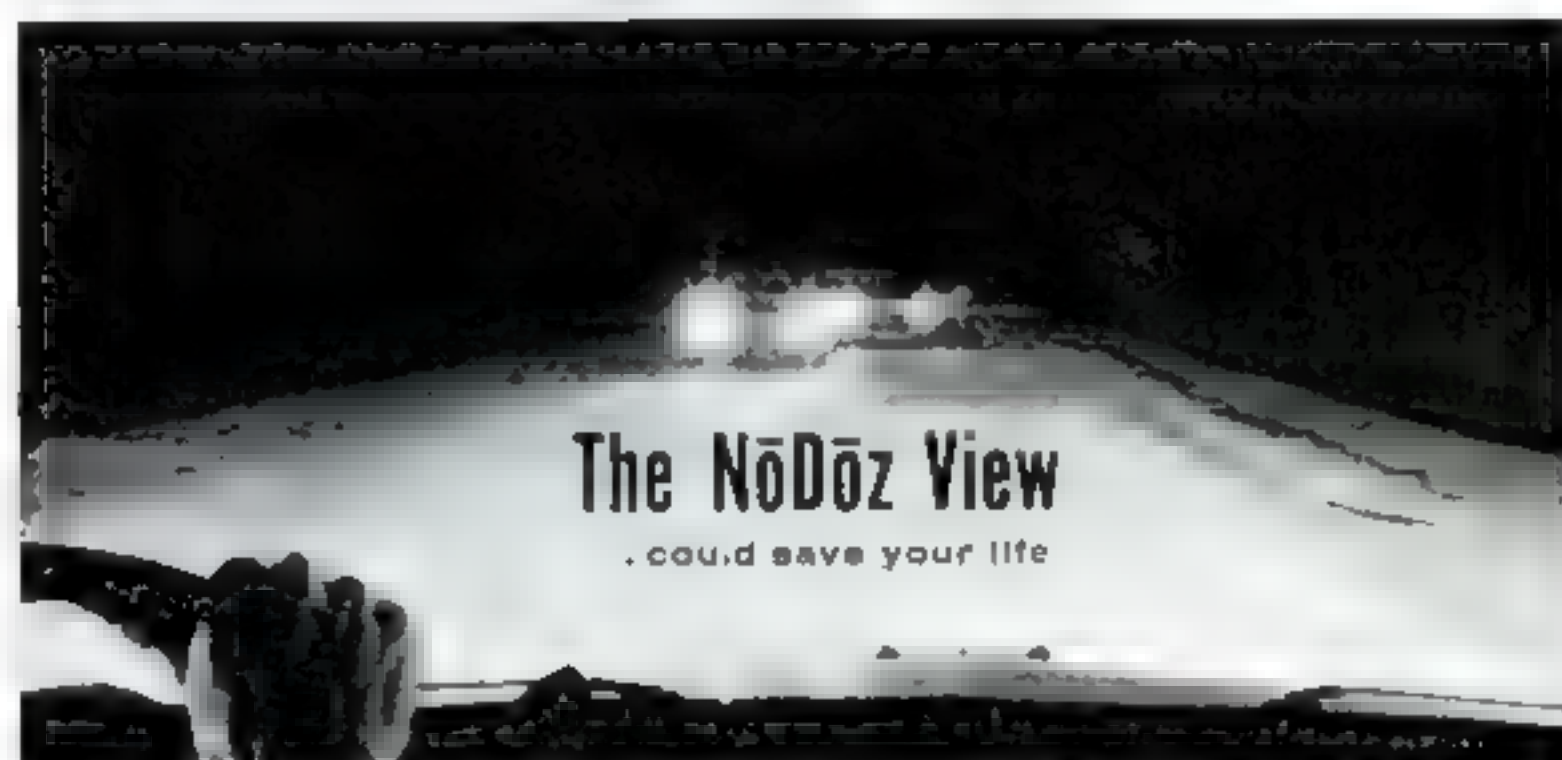
time with the Hall clan: five generations, from his own 94-year-old mother to his great-grandchildren (p. 164). And he and his wife must get used to being almost constant companions. "We've been living such different lives," said Barbara, a shy, quiet woman, "that it's going to be tough on both of us."

The old camaraderie of Hall's business world had become almost out of reach. He could taste it briefly at his occasional transportation club dinners, or by lunching downtown with the boys—but he could less and less participate in their busy lives. "I'm getting jittery and restless," Hall confesses. "I'm the busiest man that ever lived, doing nothing." For his own solution to forced leisure, see page 167.

CONTINUED



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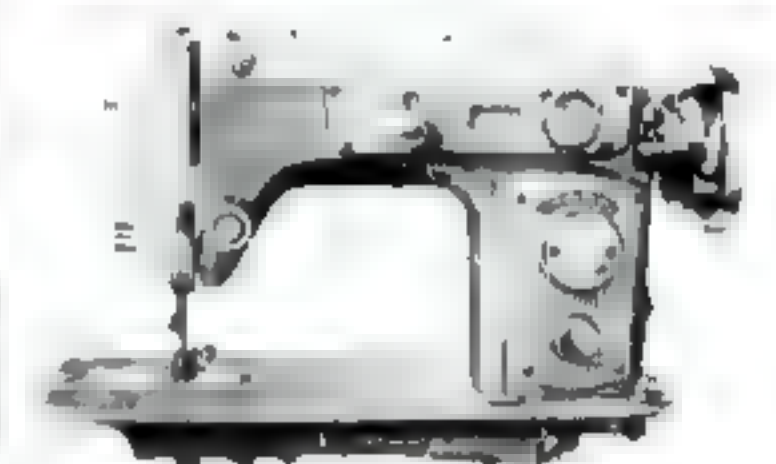
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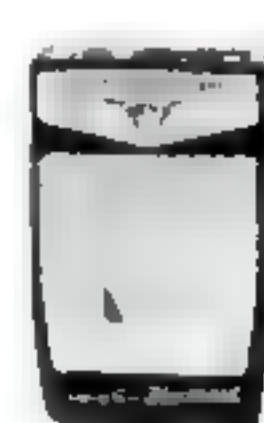
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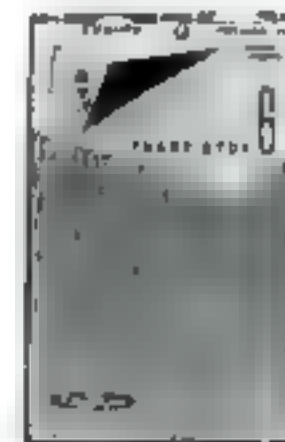


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**GOLFING ALONE** on weekday while his usual companions are working at jobs, Hal finds the course almost deserted as he waits under tree for shower to pass.

Golf was Hal's favorite recreation. He used to teach it professionally and still shoots regularly in the '70s. "But I don't want to play it every day," he says.



**WITH GREAT-GRANDSON**, Douglas, 2, during a family reunion, Hal builds a teetering block tower.



**WAITING PENSIVELY** for his office pals, Hal sits at their old lunch spot. He got there early.

**IN A DOZE**, Hal snoozes away in favorite chair, before TV. "Mustn't be too tired," he says.







Only a full-service bank meets *all* your banking needs!

## \$1...\$1,000...or any amount...here's why the best place to save is at a full-service bank!

There are three big reasons why it's wise to put your savings in a *full-service* bank:

**1.** Your money is completely safe in a full-service bank because a bank keeps a large percentage of its funds in cash, government bonds and short-term loans. What does this mean to you? It means that you can be sure you get your money, in cash, whenever you want it.

**2.** A *full-service* bank answers *all* your banking needs, so it's by far the most convenient place to do business. Whether you want a

savings account, checking account, low-cost personal loan or car loan—no matter what it is—a full-service bank can take care of you!

**3.** You help build your *personal bank standing* when you do business with a full-service bank. Bank standing means simply that a bank knows you and works with you. In a manner of speaking, bank standing is the most helpful credit card of all!

So why not put your savings where you get these three important advantages? Open your savings account in a *full-service* bank today! You'll be glad you did!

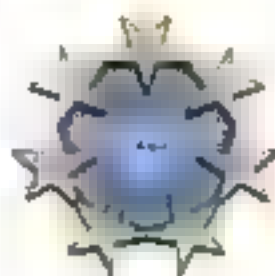
**What is a full-service bank?** It offers you more than any other savings institution. It's the only place that meets all your banking needs. Here are some of the many services available at full-service banks:

	Full-Service Bank	Other savings Institutions
Checking accounts	YES	no
Savings	YES	YES
Personal loans	YES	no
Car loans	YES	no
Home loans	YES	YES
Business & farm loans	YES	limited
Personal bank standing	YES	no

You'll find exceptions to this chart in certain States. Nationally, however, it reflects the services offered.

©Foundation for Commercial Banks

*Better living begins at your full-service bank...*







❄️ How does Christmas come?  
Children know—  
Christmas comes softly as the snow  
Not with trumpets—not with drums  
But softly...softly...  
Christmas comes



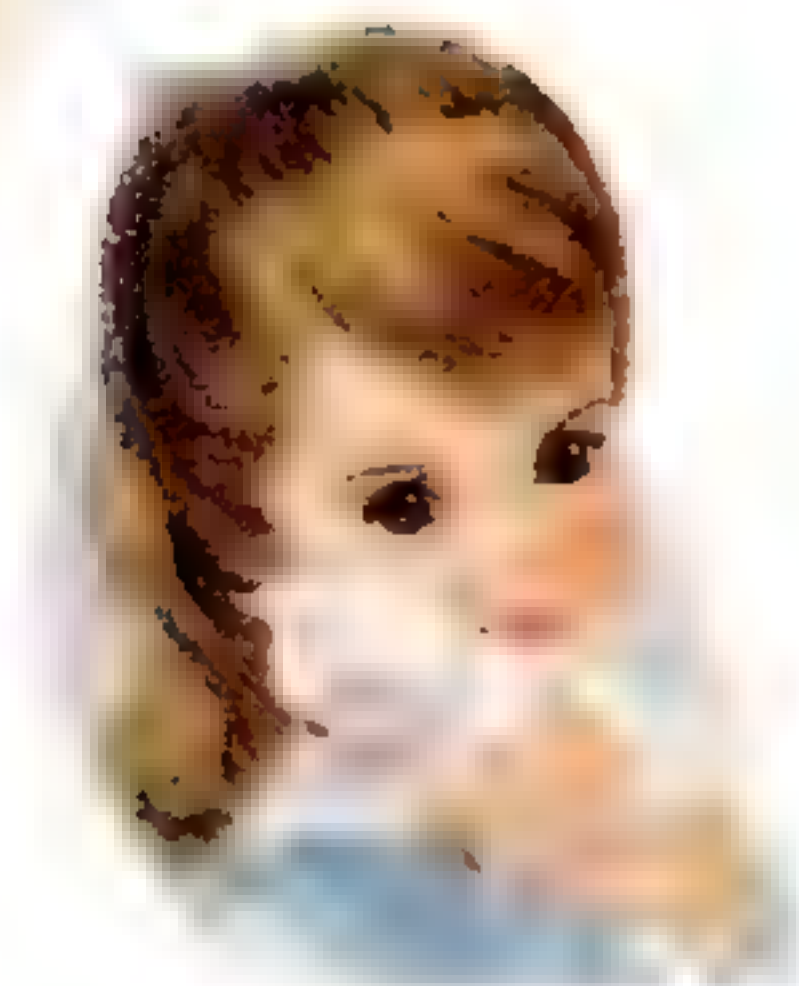
❄️ Soft as the sound of a tiny hoof  
Tippy-toe tapping  
Up on the roof!

❄️ Soft as the tiptoe sounds downstairs  
( They think we're asleep  
Having heard our prayers)



❄️ Soft as the rustle of wondrous wings  
Soft as the anthem  
A far choir sings

❄️ Soft as the wonder of years gone by  
When a Mother crooned a lullabye...  
While a star stood high  
In the Christmas sky.



*Softness is Northern*

❄️ All of us ~the grownups who make  
Northern Tissue ~join our  
little girls in wishing you  
a truly joyous Christmas





**CONSIDERING A NEW JOB**, even though he has no money worries, John Hall finds himself seriously discussing an offer from a railroad man's archrival—a trucker named B.L. Haesmann who values him for all his old customer contacts.

While thinking the proposition over, Hall took a temporary job solving a transportation problem for a local greeting card company—and has obtained a license to sell real estate. "I'm not going to let the rocking chair get me," he insists.



# HOW ABOUT TOMORROW:

No sooner does any American settle himself down contentedly with the idea that life in America has been pretty darned good lately than he is tormented by a question: "What will it be doing for us later than lately?"

The future he and his children will know, the America of 1975, has already been charted and predictions are being made. To get a picture of tomorrow's good life, *LIFE* consulted city planners, economists, businessmen preparing for the next decade's consumer goods and architects

whose success will depend on figuring how the four million Americans born every year will live. Their optimistic prophecies are shown on these following pages—along with some sobering misgivings (p. 172).

Housing will still be crucial in 1975. But most architects agree that with proper planning and imaginative building, the next 15 years should bring the beginning of the end not only for the grimy apartments and grim tenements of America's congested cities but also for the one-family



## MASS HOUSING IN THE CITY

An architect's conception of city housing in 1975 shows a landscaped 20-acre park, with 30-story apartment buildings, playing areas and swimming pools.



Cutaway view shows one-family duplex built around a large private balcony. It gives each member of family his own bedroom-living room unit to insure increased space and privacy needed when most Americans will have much more spare time for projects and hobbies. Here father paints (*left*) as son (*above*)

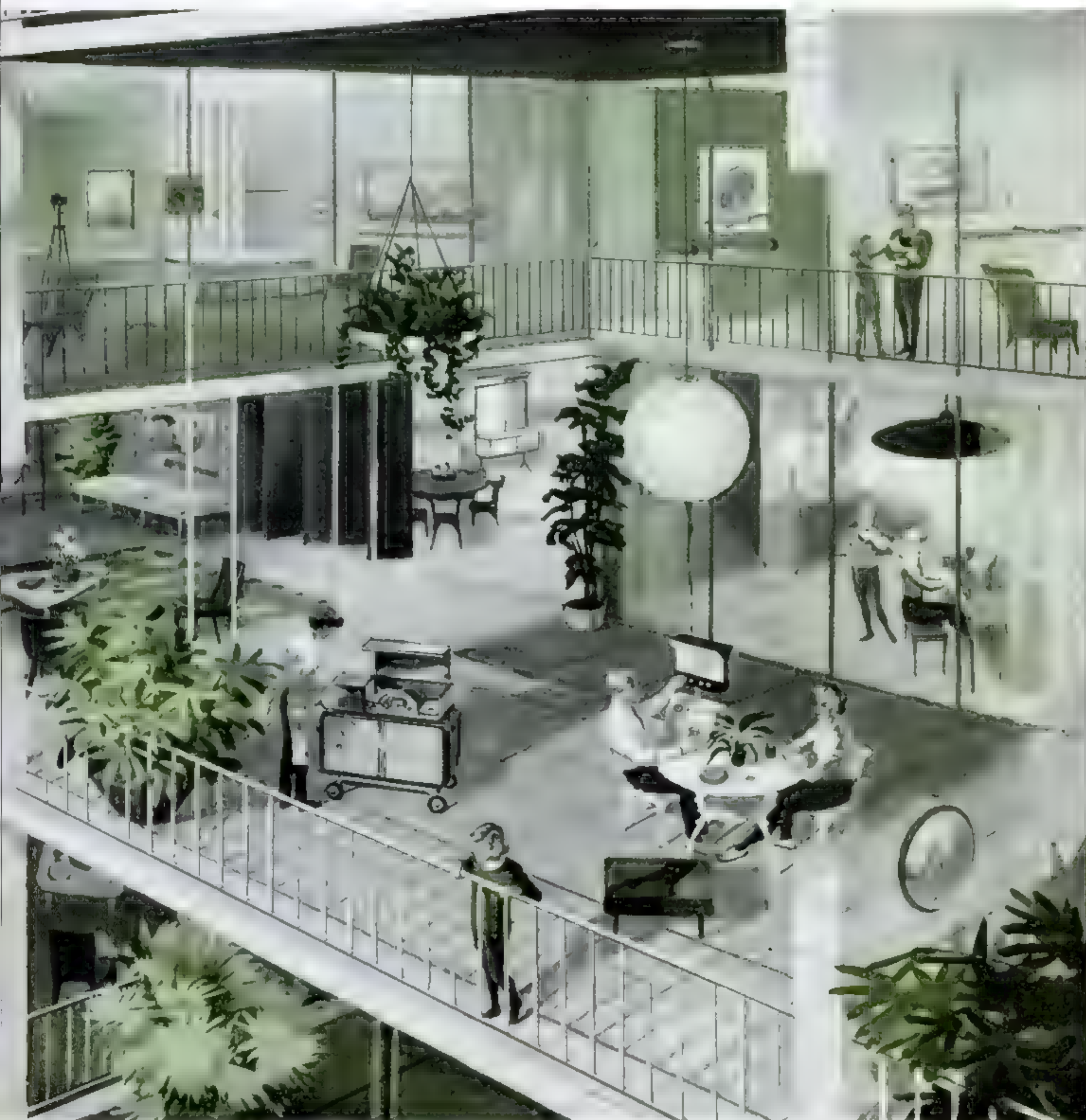


# A PRACTICAL PROPHECY

home on the small suburban parcel of land. Replacing them all as basic mass housing of the future, according to New York Architect William Ballard, of Ballard, Todd & Snibbe, who designed the drawing of it below, will be something called "The Tower in the Park." Six of these modern towers, each 30 stories high with duplex apartments for 720 families (about 3,000 people), will be built in a 20-acre park. Starting at the very edge of any city's business section, a series of these units would extend

across what are today city residential areas and on through the suburbs.

Ballard estimates a town of 12,000 people could be housed in towers on just 80 acres (an average suburb of 12,000 population uses 1,800 acres) and include more play areas than any housing development. By freeing the suburban householder from the chores of do-it-yourself home upkeep, the towers will give a family more time to enjoy the assortment of worldly goods and selected services ready for them (*turn the page*).



him) does science homework in room with small private laboratory. Sisters (behind balcony) play duet. Kitchen (background left) has thermoelectric cabinet—freezer and oven combined—for keeping and quick-cooking prepared food. On balcony, mother cooks outdoor meal on thermoelectric hostess

cart. Architect estimates that the apartment would sell for same price as an average suburban home. In the distance tenement buildings are being demolished by a crane and beyond that are skyscrapers of city downtown business section, near enough so apartment dwellers can get to work easily and quickly.





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WORK HRS.  
PER YEAR

7,000,000 MORE  
WOMEN WORKERS

COMMUNICATION  
VIA SATELLITES

ACCURATE  
WEATHER  
FORECAST  
& CONTROL

60% MORE  
DISPOSABLE  
INCOME

LONGER VACATIONS

PARIS

SKI IN  
CHILE

MORE HOLIDAYS

JAN | FEB | MAR | APR | MAY

1 | 12 | 15 | 8 | 30

JULY | SEPT | OCT | NOV

4 | 6 | 12 | 25

MORE  
COMPLEX  
HOBBIES

DAY &  
NIGHT

WINTER &  
SUMMER

50% MORE  
IN SCHOOL

NO CARS  
DOWNTOWN

MORE  
THEATER  
GROUPS

MORE AND BETTER  
HOME APPLIANCES

INCREASED  
PARTICIPATING  
SPORTS

DIAGNOSTIC  
MACHINE

Flora



# SHOWCASE FOR SHOPPERS OF FUTURE

The eager young salesman on the flying platform at left is introducing his potential customers to the wares of 1975. From the family helicopter (*top shelf*) to the replaceable plastic heart (*bottom shelf, right*) the goods on display give the premises the look of a shopful of dreams. But many of the items—like the various aircraft and the automated highways—are already on the drawing boards. Everything else shown here is an estimate based on present population growth and current consumer trends projected for 1975 by the Research Institute of America under the guidance of Executive Director Leo Cherne.



LEO CHERNE

The Institute's basic over-all prediction is that in 15 years, given a peaceful world, America will be a consumer's utopia. By 1975 more Americans (230 million) will have more money (average national family income up from the present \$5,000 to \$7,500) and more time to spend it (15% fewer work-hours, 50% more holidays). Technology and salesmanship and industry will conspire to make every American's life safer and easier. Rockets will whisk special delivery mail anywhere in the world and relay stations on orbiting space satellites will speed his radio messages on their way. Electronic devices will cook his food faster, purify his air supply, diagnose the weather and also his health. If something goes terribly wrong with his insides, tiny, complex self-powered spare human parts—heart, kidneys and livers—will be available.

The American of 1975 will travel—and then some. On long hauls electronic guides will keep his car on the road. If he feels like going on foot, moving sidewalks will help him glide around town. For foreign trips he will have a choice between giant jet airliners shuttling across the world at 1,500 mph or giant ocean liners (already in the planning stage) which will serve 6,000 passengers cafeteria-style meals and get to Europe in four days for just \$50 fare. Along with regular commuter helicopters, the family helicopter will be as attainable as a fancy convertible is today.

With 45% more young people and 25% more old people than today, schools will be running on night and day schedules and spare-time pursuits will boom astronomically. With so much time and cash people will turn to cultural diversions like painting and amateur theater, and hobbies as costly and complex as home astronomy or making stained glass. If all else fails the American of 1975 will be able to fall back on good old television by then adapted to low-cost tape so that the viewer can choose his own program by slipping a taped show into the machine.





# BUT WATCH OUT FOR PITFALLS

Though most of America's producers and planners foresee great leisure and astounding material benefits for 1975, many other Americans foresee pitfalls ahead. Their concern is reflected at various points in this issue—in the Editorial (pp. 62, 63), for example,

and in the article by Sloan Wilson (pp. 117-123). At LIFE's request three distinguished Americans (see pictures below) of widely differing experience warn of problems that may lie ahead—and explain how, if we plan ahead, some of the pitfalls can be avoided.

BY VICTOR GRUEN

I am something of a skeptic about the future of leisure and its enjoyment, if we are to judge leisure's future from the present uses of that commodity. Even now our leisure is eaten up by our having to travel great distances on the hideous approaches to our sprawling cities to do what we want. As working hours shorten, we may continue to fritter away the gain by ever-longer and more taxing trips to and from work.

Although we are the richest nation with the highest individual living standard, we have one of the lowest "public living standards" of Western nations. Our cities are littered with ugliness and choked with automobiles. Our parks, schools, museums, municipal buildings and transportation systems are unattractive and poorly maintained. Our urban areas sprawl, constantly swallowing up agricultural land and ignoring the need to preserve the countryside.

If the good life of the future is not to degenerate into a vast traffic jam and a strangled complex of cities, there is urgent need for immediate urban, regional, statewide and nationwide master planning.

Such planning must separate the areas where people live and work from traffic and transportation. It must preserve and re-establish recreational areas and landscape. It must reorganize urban areas into compact pedestrian islands, surrounded by open space, within which public and private transportation can speedily move.

Soon the spreading metropolitan areas will engulf 90% of our population. This is not in itself an evil. I believe that open and accessible cities can offer a variety of goods, services and facilities that no suburban centers—no matter how numerous and well-stocked—can match.

The growth of the cities will not be an evil if we make them once again a pleasant place to stroll, eat, shop, sightsee, enjoy cultural amenities, and live. Only then will our leisure time be worth living. Otherwise, we will spend our precious hard-earned leisure within our own four walls, cut off from society by the foes we have created: murderous traffic, smog, disorder, blight and ugliness. We will be trapped in our suburban or city homes, all dressed up with no place to go,

BY DEVEREUX JOSEPHS

Behind the good things that our future holds there lurks a gloomy threat—the threat of increasing divergence between man's technical ingenuity and his capacity to master the social and personal problems this ingenuity creates. The problems we foresee are too complicated for us to expect that the right thing will always happen if we just leave everything alone. We would not tolerate such nonsense in the management of our own private affairs, but in national and public affairs we seem strangely willing to suffer the influence of outworn custom, accidental procedures, debilitating anachronisms and illogical behavior.

If there is to be a future good life for a majority of people, a great deal of intelligent planning will be necessary. For too long the word "planner" has been in disrepute; it used to be enough to ruin a political career. But the old and still common idea that the least government is the best government isn't true any more in its original sense. To maintain the good life we need more than just awareness and acquiescence; we must be able to cooperate intelligently in the planning for an increasingly complicated society.

The key to this intelligent cooperation is education—not the point-scoring of so many of our colleges but a lifelong process of education for self-development. Our youth has more years of exposure to formal education than the young of any other country. But the hard fact is that our students are intellectually two years behind their European age group. A university president once admitted to me that the best goal for a college might be to teach its undergraduates to read intelligently and then to turn them loose. But we are not used to educating ourselves—and this is an ability we must cultivate.

Men who are properly educated—those men who teach themselves, who continue to read and study and discuss after their formal education is complete—will fill their future admirably, no matter how much leisure they have. Right now our factories are making leisure faster than we are developing intelligent uses for it. And no amount of time-killing do-it-yourself or pursuit of happiness with an ever more expensive safari can substitute for the satisfactions of personal development.

BY A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

Although we may soon go voyaging among the planets, we shall have to return from our travels and continue to dwell upon the earth. Our ability to do so successfully—more successfully than other animals and civilizations that have become extinct—will depend upon three things: scientific competence, political and social competence, and artistic competence. The source of all three is education, particularly the kind of education that develops to their fullest potential the intellectual, moral and esthetic powers of the individual. This is the key to our future.

We must learn to use the key. Today we are more adept at getting around education than at mastering its disciplines and reaping its benefits. We spend more time and energy on short cuts to learning and imitations of learning than on learning itself. We are so conditioned to these ways that most of us failed to notice or object to the deceptions recently practiced in the name of learning on certain television programs. These are alarming symptoms. They conjure a nightmare picture of a nation with no ideas, no ideals, no integrity and, ultimately, no civilization.

The remedy is education, especially liberal education, whose aim is expanding the individual's capacity and desire for self-education; for seeking and finding meaning, truth and enjoyment in all he does. For centuries this type of education, redefined and re-interpreted in terms appropriate to its age, has been sought after as the education of the ideal citizen. But because the condition for receiving it in the past was leisure, and this in turn was a condition of wealth and privilege, the educational opportunity that depended upon it was limited to the few. Now we stand on the threshold of an age that will bring leisure to all of us, more leisure than all the aristocracies of history, all the patrons of art, all the captains of industry and kings of enterprise ever had at their disposal. With this leisure the opportunity to educate ourselves up to the limits of our own individual capacities will be brought within the range of us all.

What shall we do with this great opportunity? In the answers that we give to this question the fate of our American civilization will unfold.



**CITY PLANNER GRUEN**, a Vienna-trained architect, has for the last eight years replanned many U.S. cities to reduce congestion in downtown areas.



**BUSINESSMAN JOSEPHS** is past board chairman of New York Life Insurance Co. Deeply concerned with education, he serves as overseer of Harvard.



**EDUCATOR GRISWOLD** taught history before becoming president of Yale. He published recent book *Liberal Education and the Democratic Ideal*.



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... with orange juice—extra rich in Vitamin C and other elements that help you keep fit.

Doctors are still baffled by the common cold—but most of them say, "Drink lots of orange juice," when a cold threatens. That's because it provides so much Vitamin C plus valuable liquids, and because it helps maintain the body's alkaline reserves.

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How economical—one 46-ounce can fills eight big glasses.



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# Love: the Elixir of the Good Life



**O**n a plain beach where chickens scratched about, a boy and girl sat close to one another. Oblivious of the chickens, sea and sand, the two—as Henri Cartier-Bresson passed and took their picture—were sipping the very elixir of the good life. The good life would not change love, nor deepen it, nor increase it. But the ease that the good life brings also brings time and chance to savor love and express it.

To illustrate this quintessence of the good life, LIFE gave a few diverse photographers a broad assignment: to capture an aspect of love any way the photographer saw it. The results, shown in this portfolio, range from unconditional devotion between child and parent to the deep affection of an aging couple who have shared much together. In between

are the attitudes of romantic love, endearment and passion.

Some of the photographers tried to catch reality. One of these was George Silk who took the engaging picture on the opposite page. "You couldn't do it any other way," says Silk, "to capture that totally innocent and complete love between mother and child." Some of the others, concentrating on the more intimate realm of romance, posed their subjects so that they could move close in without embarrassing them.

These pictures, taken in such various ways, all preach a modest sermon about the good life—that the mechanization that brings man the good life should not imprint itself on man's spirit. It should be used instead to enrich the warm attachments, affection and love that can turn the dross of the world into pure gold.













**Y**oung love and its many moods inspired all three photographers represented here. At the left George Silk records a wistful moment in the lives of an engaged couple on a southern campus waiting out the college year until they can marry. Howell Conant was caught up with the playful spirit of young lovers alone together (above).

To give his camera the personality of an intruder, he climbed a tree and peeked down through the branches at the carefree couple. In his portrait of the couple below, Mark Shaw shows a boy and a girl against the glitter of New York City—she a bit flirtatious, he a little pressing, each newly in love and wondering about the other.





## LOVE CONTINUED



**A** man's hand, a woman's face—to both Bert Stern and Nina Leen these sum up the deep tenderness of a woman in love. Stern feels that the cherishing look in the girl's eyes (above) and the gentleness of her lover's hand against her cheek reveal the “sympathy of understanding and concern”

that exists between true lovers. At right Nina Leen shows in a timeless way the complete and utter adoration it is possible for a woman in love to feel. “You know she is pure woman, any time, any place,” says Leen. “She has forgotten all about emancipation and equality. To belong is her happiness.”





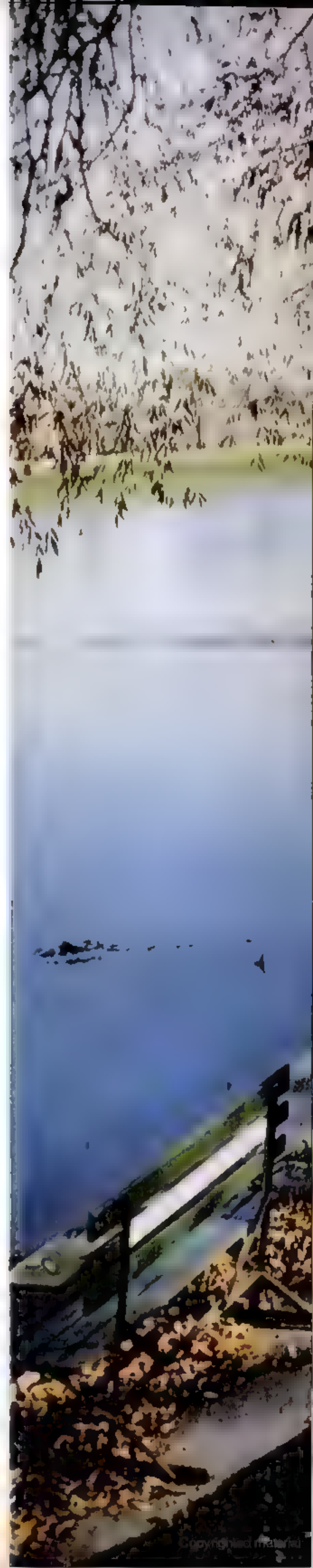


## LOVE CONTINUED



**T**ies that bind a marriage are suggested by these pictures. In Philippe Halsman's haunting portrait above, the youthful couple are Actress Jean Seberg and her husband.... In Howell Conant's tranquil scene at right are

his own parents, married now for 45 years. This moment evokes times past, years of sharing, understanding, memories of children long grown up—all the many things that have helped build a life of love.









# **LIFE** AND THE GOOD LIFE IN

# 1960

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AMERICA'S FIRST SPACE TRAVELERS: THEIR PERSONAL STORIES

DEMOCRACY AROUND THE WORLD: A SERIES

THE SERVANT PROBLEM • THE CHINESE PEOPLE • TWINS

WHAT'S NEW IN GARDENING • ASTROLOGY • NEW COMICS

GREAT HOTELS • WHEN AND HOW TO REMODEL

CHILDREN'S ROOMS • THE NEW LOS ANGELES • LITERARY AFRICA

CAREERS FOR TEEN-AGERS • THE COMMUTING LIFE

HERITAGE OF THE NORTHWEST • COOKING ALL OVER THE HOUSE

NEW CHAPTERS IN AMERICA'S FOLKLORE

WINTER AND SUMMER OLYMPICS IN COLOR • SEX APPEAL IN BANKING

1960'S PRIZE-WINNING HOUSES • IGY DISCOVERIES: A SPECTACULAR

SERIES ON HOW THEY HAVE ENLARGED OUR KNOWLEDGE

MAR DEL PLATA, RIVIERA OF LATIN AMERICA

A MAJOR NEW WORK BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY • THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS

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NEVER BEFORE have so many Americans had so much time to call their own; never before have so many leisure hours been devoted to the pleasures of reading; never before have so many readers sought out books and magazines that are rewarding as well as relaxing. And so it seems to us that LIFE in the year ahead will be more than ever a part of "The Good Life" of millions of Americans. What will you get out of LIFE in 1960? A year ago we failed to foretell that you would eyewitness the Khrushchev visit to the U.S., the television quiz scandal, the growing power of Hoffa's Teamsters and many another story that LIFE readers applauded. Today, as always, some of the best things in issues of LIFE to come are unpredictable. But we think you will find our more-or-less predictable features (listed below) entertaining—stories well worth reading for their own sake, even if they did not contain the dividend of information. We also like to think that every week in 1960 every one of LIFE's more than 32,000,000 readers will close the new issue with the satisfaction of having seen for himself, with his own eyes; the confidence that he saw what happened just as it really did happen; the knowledge that, having seen, he understands better the times in which we live, the past out of which the present grew, the future which is growing out of the present. You can be sure of having your own copy of LIFE regularly in the months ahead by using the postage-paid card bound into this issue to enter or renew your subscription.

Andrew Heiskell, *Publisher*

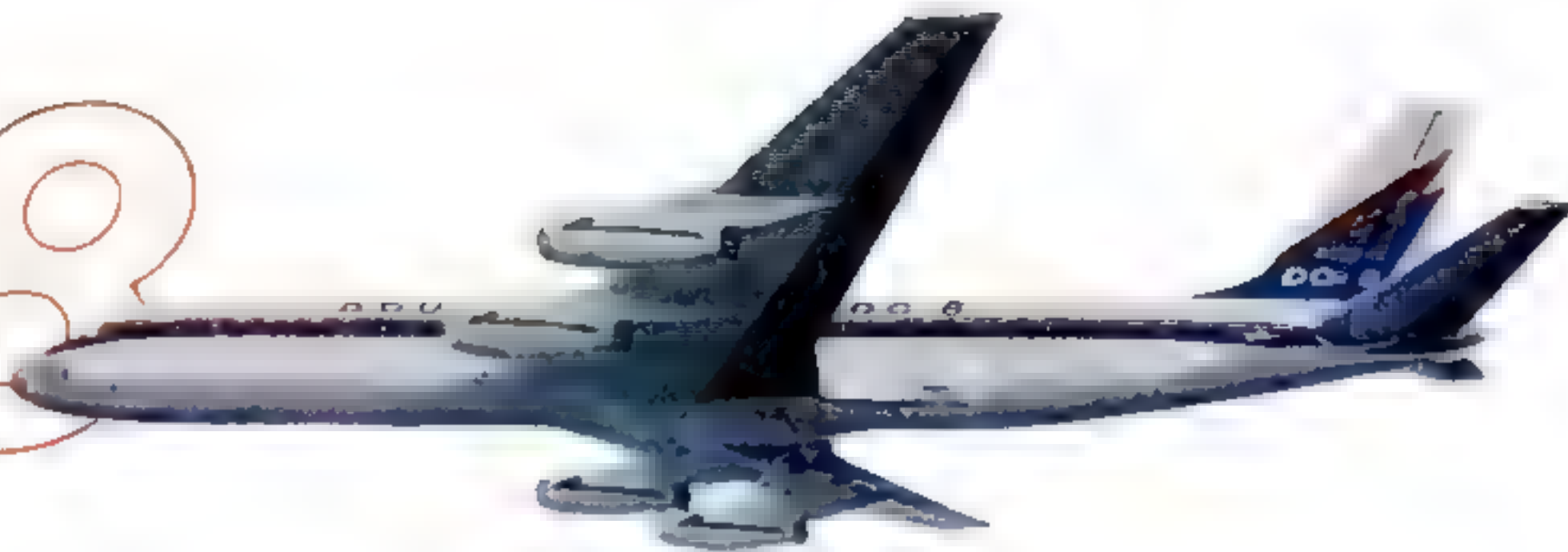
*It's part of the LIFE tradition to plan ahead. It's also part of the LIFE tradition to move swiftly, to alter plans if need be, when the unexpected happens. At year's beginning, some of the features already in work are shown below.*

THE HISTORIC ADAMS FAMILY: AN EXCLUSIVE SERIES • HOMEWORK  
DO-IT-YOURSELF ART COLLECTING • SWIMMING POOLS  
THE LIFE OF FRANKLIN: NEW REVELATIONS • EUROPE'S PRINCESSES  
FRIENDLY FRONTIER: THE U.S.-CANADIAN BORDER  
THE DEB BUSINESS • BIBLICAL PLANTS • ALASKAN WILDLIFE  
MORE COLOR STORIES ON THE UNSEEN RUSSIA  
VIRUSES • GREAT SALT AND FRESH WATER FISHERMEN

INTERNATIONAL CRIME: A SERIES • FRATERNITIES  
CONTINUING REPORTS ON GREAT U.S. AUTO TOURS  
DEATH AND IMMORTALITY • PRESIDENTIAL 1960:  
THE CANDIDATES, THE CONVENTIONS, THE CAMPAIGN—  
AND A SPECIAL ISSUE ON U.S. POLITICS,  
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE  
NIGERIA • UNDERSEA ARCHEOLOGY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN



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*The DC-8 Jetliner offers you the height of leisure—at almost 600 miles an hour!*







# Trip of Tomorrow—Today

COUPLE WHIRLS OFF ON WEEKEND OF VISITING AND SIGHTSEEING

Soaring over Las Vegas (above), Albert and Rita Bayer look like the shoppers of the future, described on page 171, who have just whisked a flying machine off the showroom floor. The Bayers got this head start on the good life of tomorrow because he works for the aircraft division of Hughes Tool Company and often has company-built helicopters at his disposal. Recently he and his wife set out on a three-day, 750-mile helicopter weekend.

Freed from the restrictions of highways and airports, they skimmed wherever their fancy drew them, landing in many places that no other vehicle could possibly get to. They stopped for lunch at a cliffside

restaurant overlooking the Pacific, threaded their way over mountain passes and down the gorge of the Colorado River. They picnicked on secluded beaches and the beds of dry lakes. Drifting along, they came low for a better look at a ghost town, speeded up to make a lunch date with friends on a remote ranch. They brushed the tops of mountains and ocean waves, descended into salt seas hundreds of feet below sea level. They paused in mid-air to admire the glitter of tourist resorts and the barren grandeur of the desert. When, tired and happy, they landed at their home again, they had seen and done more in a weekend than they ever could have dreamed possible.

CONTINUED  
Copy





**SETTING OUT** from heliport Bayer built on a golf course near his home in Palos Verdes, Calif., the couple climb into the helicopter as their children wave.



**IN MOONLIKE TERRAIN** the Bayers rise slowly above the barren mountains surrounding Bristol Lake, a dry sea in the Mojave Desert that is famous for



**DRIVING PRACTICE** from a cliff's rim hundreds of feet above the Colorado River amused Bayer. He was sure that no one had ever slid off from there before.



**LANDING FOR LUNCH**, the Bayers come down at Marineland Restaurant on sea east south of Los Angeles. It frequently caters to helicopter customers.



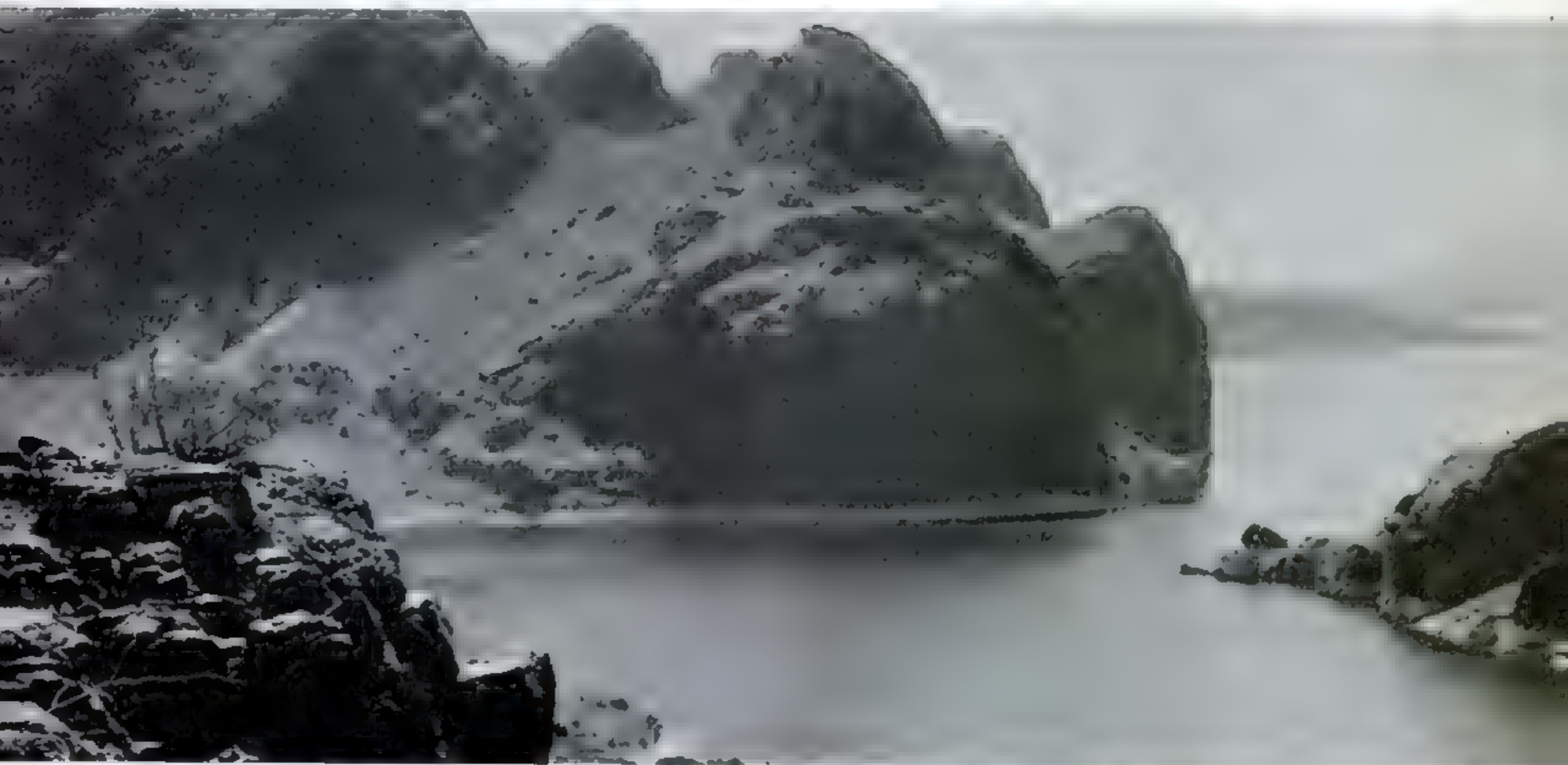




its shimmering mirages. Earlier they had set the ship down briefly to look at the peck-marked surface. Afterward they flew over the Mount Palomar Observatory.



**WASHING UP** before a picnic lunch, the Bayers stop on a remote section of the Colorado River. They had flown down the gorge from the Hoover Dam.



**SKIPPING ROCKS** in the sea (above) ended day in which they had been 244 feet below sea level at the Salton Sea and 6,500 feet above it in the mountains.



**VISITING FRIENDS.** Bayers stop for lunch at ranch of Don Beldun. The white chalk marks a heliport Beldun has laid out for a spot he plans to use.

CONTINUED

ed material



TRIP OF TOMORROW CONTINUED



HOMeward BOUND, BAYERS WHIRL  
OVER ROCKS AND PACIFIC'S WAVES





THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

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You get something extra with Schlitz—a most important extra. It's the special refreshment you enjoy in a beer that's brewed with a real love for the art. Let Schlitz add this extra pleasure to the holiday fun at your house.

Watch Ray Milland as "MARKHAM" on CBS-TV. See local listings for time and station.

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*This is a whole new kind  
of Chrysler. New in concept!  
New in construction!  
New in detail!  
Never before has a car  
done so much to bring  
excitement and roomy comfort  
back to driving.*

**New Unibody construction** makes Chrysler roomier—with lower floors, higher seats, wider door openings. Quieter, stronger, safer! Body and frame are constructed as a single rattle-free unit.

**New rust-proof dip** during construction protects vital areas from rust inside and out.

**New AstraDome** instrument panel projects boldly toward you and clusters controls at your fingertips. New Panelescent lighting makes instruments instantly easy to read.

**New pushbutton controls** make driving a soft touch. Torqueflite automatic transmission, heater, air conditioner, radio, power windows and power

seats are all available—all part of Chrysler's push-button concept of driving ease.

**New automatic Swivel Seats**, offered on every Chrysler, swing out to meet you as you open the door, swing in when you leave the car. They're upholstered in the richest, sturdiest fabrics ever.

**New High-Tower seat** sets the driver importantly apart—gives him shoulder-high support.

See the car of your life. Compare its dramatic new lines outside—its roominess inside—with any other car. Then, have the time of your life testing this new kind of Chrysler out on the road. Your dealer will arrange it. Anytime you say.

*This is Chrysler's greatest . . . the lion-hearted 1960 CHRYSLER*







GENERAL ELECTRIC



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